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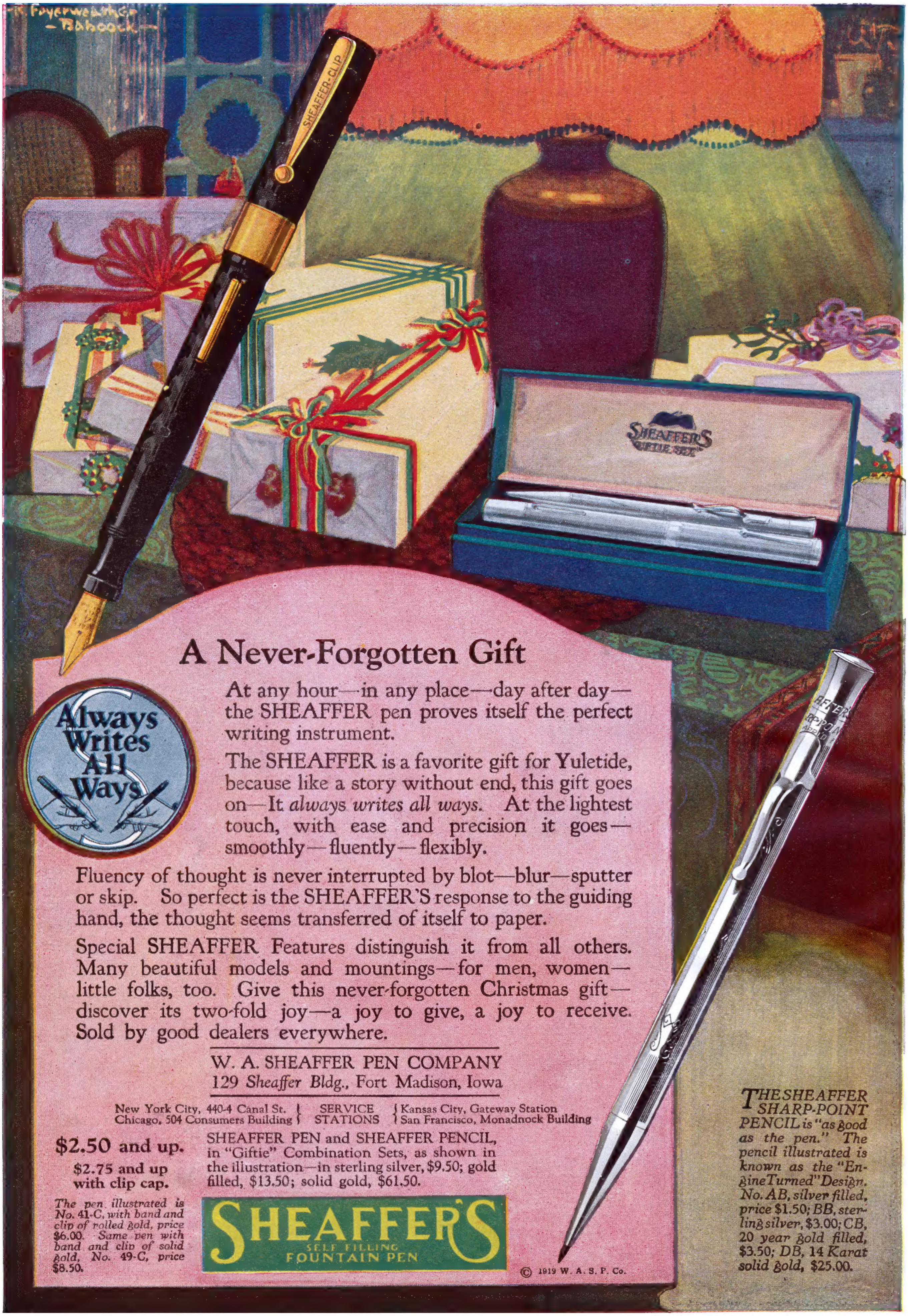

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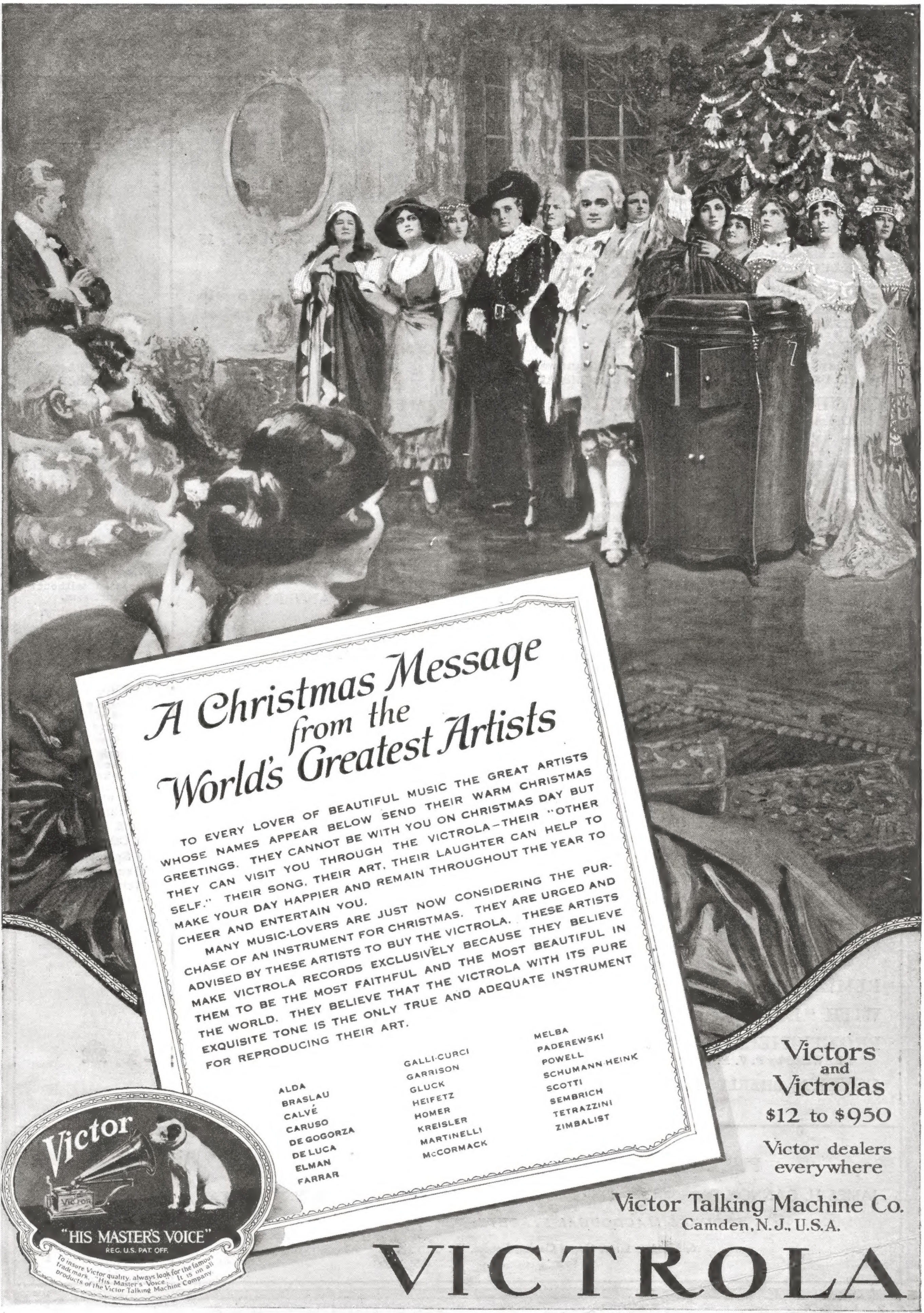

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VICTROLA

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Number 6 DECEMBER, 1919 Vol. XLI

CONTENTS

ON THE TRAIL OF BROKEN KINGS WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD 9
Close-ups of the royal derelicts of Europe in their refuges

THE VILLAGE GAME ANNE HERENDEEN 15
The hide-and-seek of love and fame in Greenwich Village
ILLUSTRATED by JOHN BARBOUR

YOU CAN'T MISS IT. A Two-Part Story GEORGE F. WORTS 16
About a young Broadway fellow who was too darn sure he couldn't
ILLUSTRATED by ROBERT A. GRAEF

THE MAD VIRGINS. A Story VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ 25
One of the Spanish favorite's best—a poignant war picture
ILLUSTRATED by HENRIETTA COLLINS McCAIG

CALVIN COOLIDGE, AMERICAN WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY 28
The man, and the Boston crisis that spot-lighted him

THE MAN WHO WAS ROVER BETTY SHANNON 33
This man can make anyone love animals

THE CARRIAGE WAITS RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL 34
A story of love and a brogue and a garret
ILLUSTRATED by BERNARD J. ROSENMEYER

A MAN FOR THE AGES. A Serial Story IRVING BACHELLER 38
In this instalment Abe sees Chicago born
ILLUSTRATED by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THE KING'S THUMB FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON 45
A story of Wall Street
ILLUSTRATED by JOHN R. NEILL

THE PASSING OF THE ST. LOUIS BEARCAT. A Story T. S. STRIBLING 51
Showing that the main thing is to fight the good fight
ILLUSTRATED by GEORGE E. WOLFE

LINDA CONDON. A Serial Story JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER 57
In which Linda finally comes out clear
ILLUSTRATED by FREDERIC DORR STEELE

HIGH COMPANY HARRY LEE 63
More soldier hospital sketches

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME ALFRED SINCLAIR CLARK 66
A talk about some recent good books
ILLUSTRATED by JOHN R. NEILL

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE 68
DRAWINGS by RALPH BARTON

TEARS, MOVIE TEARS PETER MERRITT 92
How they make 'em

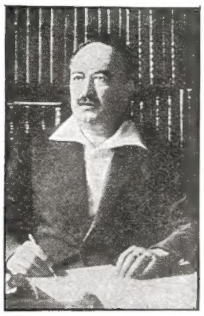
WONDERS OF THE WAR JOHN H. VAN DEVENTER 96
Gunpowder and the Gas Engine

REMEMBRANCE. Verse AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR 111

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS 4

FRONTISPIECE: The Tree of Joy 7
DRAWING by P. V. E. IVORY

COVER by CHARLES MacLELLAN



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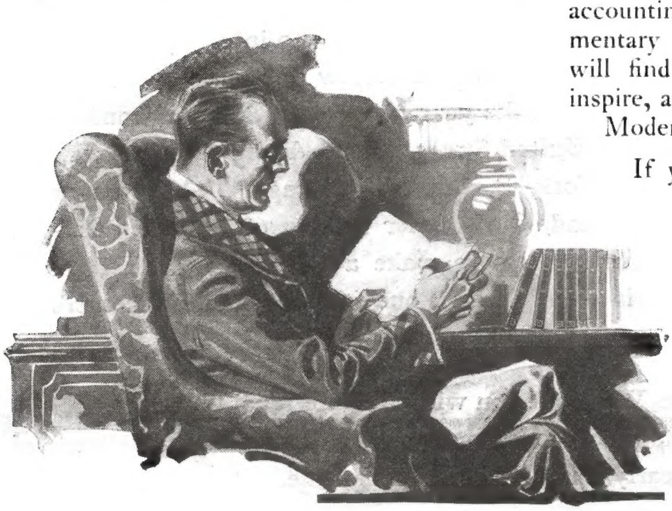


With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

We assume that our readers are informed of the situation in the Printing Trade in New York City where *Everybody's,* in common with perhaps ninety per cent. of the nationally circulated magazines, is published. So there is nothing to be gained in a discussion here of a controversy which has interfered with the regular issue of practically every one of these publications.

There are phases of the Labor disturbances that mark the Fall of 1919 which, at the right time, will reward careful study, for their mainspring and their bearing upon the American political and industrial structure are as important as the corresponding excesses of capital a score of years ago.

Our purpose at the moment, however, is to assure you that whether you are a subscriber or a newsstand buyer, you are not going to miss a single number of *Everybody's.* There may be delay in putting the magazine in your hands, and it may be that we shall have to break precedent in delivering to you two issues in a single month, but our intention is to see that you get, in some way, every number in its regular sequence.

We should like to add just a word as to our plans for *Everybody's* in 1920. On the article side, we are preparing to present to you, beginning with the February issue, Dr. Vernon Kellogg's story of Herbert Hoover's amazing service and activities throughout the war. We think you will find this as appealing in its way as was Brand Whitlock's story of Belgium. Dr. Kellogg was Mr. Hoover's aid. He has the sanction of his Chief for this series, and will have access to private diaries, reports and so on, which assure you an altogether remarkable story of a great American's war work for his own and allied nations. This story will run through at least five numbers of the magazine.

Still on the article side, Major William Brown Meloney presents in this number, Page 28, a study of the Boston policemen's strike which will bring to the foreground the strong figure of Governor Coolidge. Major Meloney, a trained observer of men, finds Presidential timber in this Vermont-born boy who handled with absolute fearlessness a situation in the Bay State irresistibly reminiscent, in its ultimate effects, of other great occurrences in that Commonwealth. From Major Meloney's pen we are hoping to present to you studies of other "Presidential possibilities" which should form an absorbing series in this Presidential year.

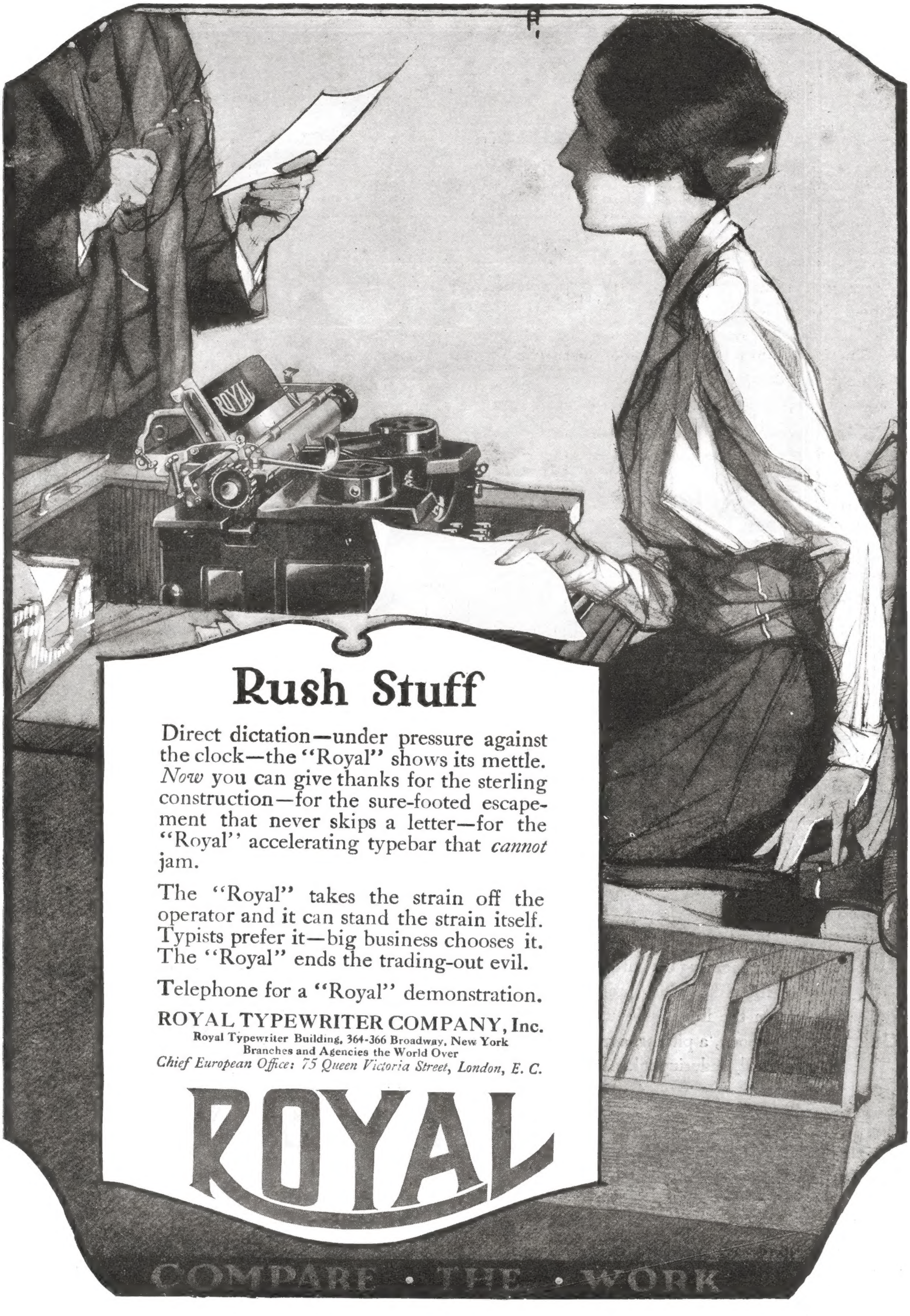
William G. Shepherd is home from the war—it would be interesting to know just how many wars he has come home from — and starts his home work with *Everybody's* with the arresting article "Why?" which describes strikingly the homecomer's sensations on finding his country in turmoil.

From Captain Ferdinand Tuohy, of the British Secret Service, there will be a series of articles describing the amazing inside workings of espionage—before the war, in the cities, behind and across the lines, in England, in France, Greece, Turkey, the Orient, and even in Germany. These stories, told for the first time, are as fascinating as fiction.

Increasing emphasis will be placed on strong fiction. The year's serials will include "Mary Wollaston" by Henry Kitchell Webster, whose place in American fiction is made; "Hidden Creek" by Katharine Newlin Burt, whose "Branding Iron," presented to you serially in *Everybody's,* is, at this writing, in its fifth printing in book form; and a serial by Samuel Merwin whose novels with the China setting or with *Henry* have had irresistible appeal for thousands upon thousands of readers.

Everybody's short fiction, always conspicuously successful, will be maintained, and in the way of a humor feature, it is pleasant to inform you that you are going to see and review in consecutive numbers throughout the year, the great "Colyum" conductors of the United States. F. P. A. and Don Marquis of New York, B. L. T. of Chicago, Ted Robinson of Cleveland, Christopher Morley of Philadelphia, and enough others to make a full dozen, will tilt with their pens against one another and all comers in *Everybody's* through 1920.

We think you will be richly repaid for any momentary inconvenience you may suffer in the delivery of early numbers of the magazine.



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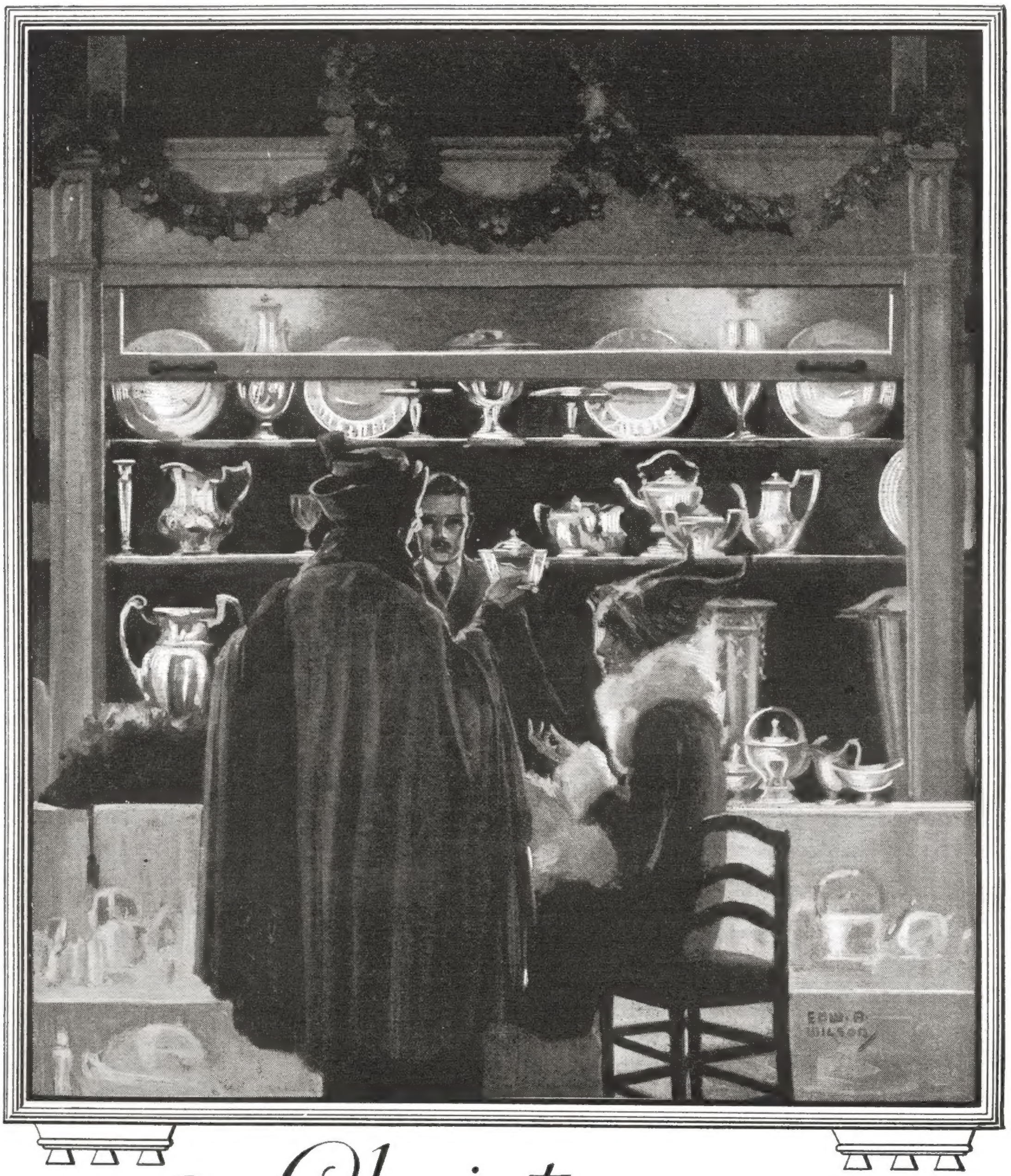

Christmas

When The Gifts Are Opened

ON the morning of Christmas Day, and through the years that follow, the true spirit of love or friendship which prompted the selection is reflected both in the happy face of the favored one and in the lustrous beauty of the *silver* gift. And thus it is that *silver*—whether it be a tea service, a spoon, a pitcher, a cigarette case, or what not from the field of choice—has come to stand as the useful, enduring token of those tenderest thoughts which Christmas symbolizes.

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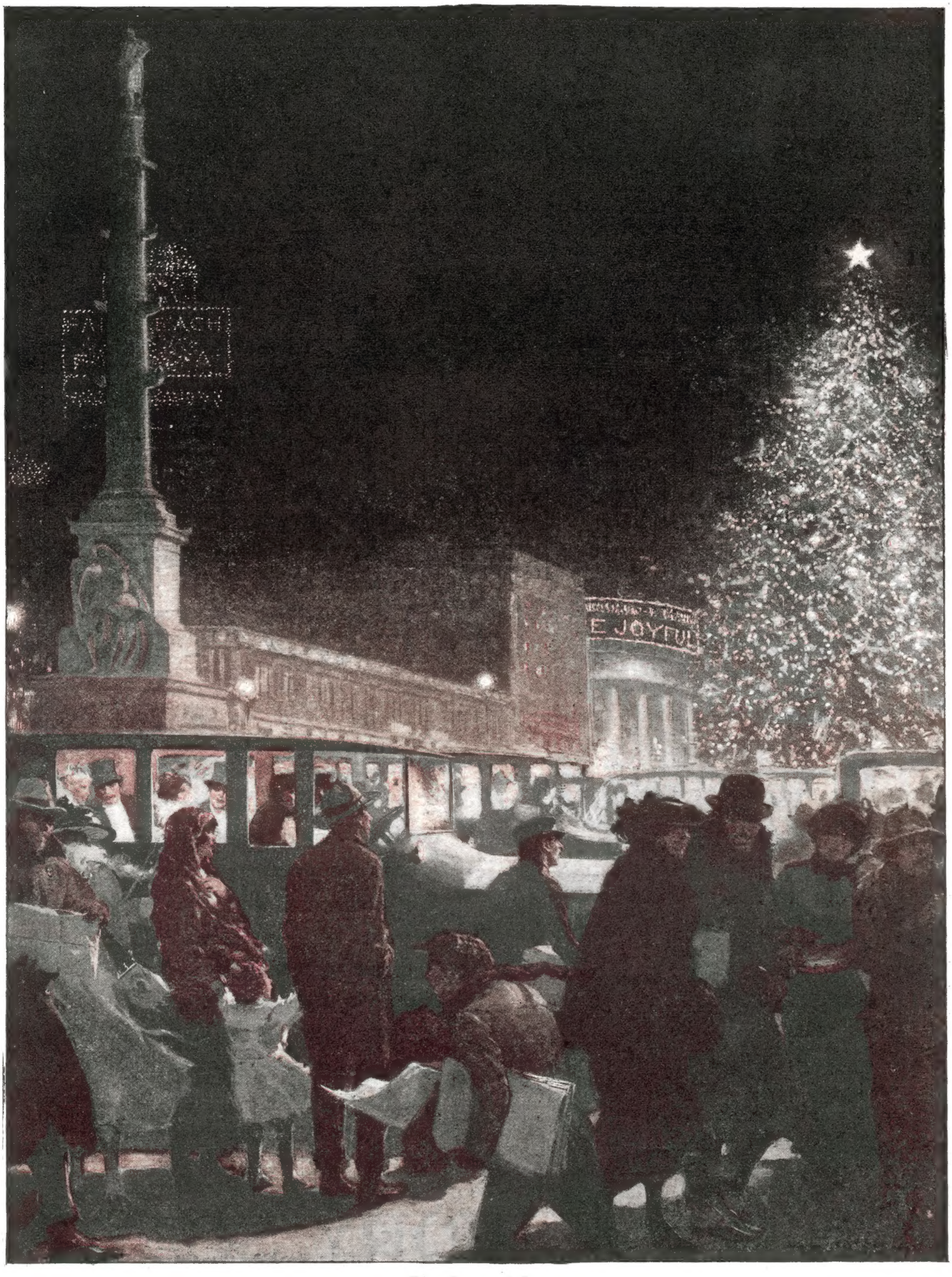

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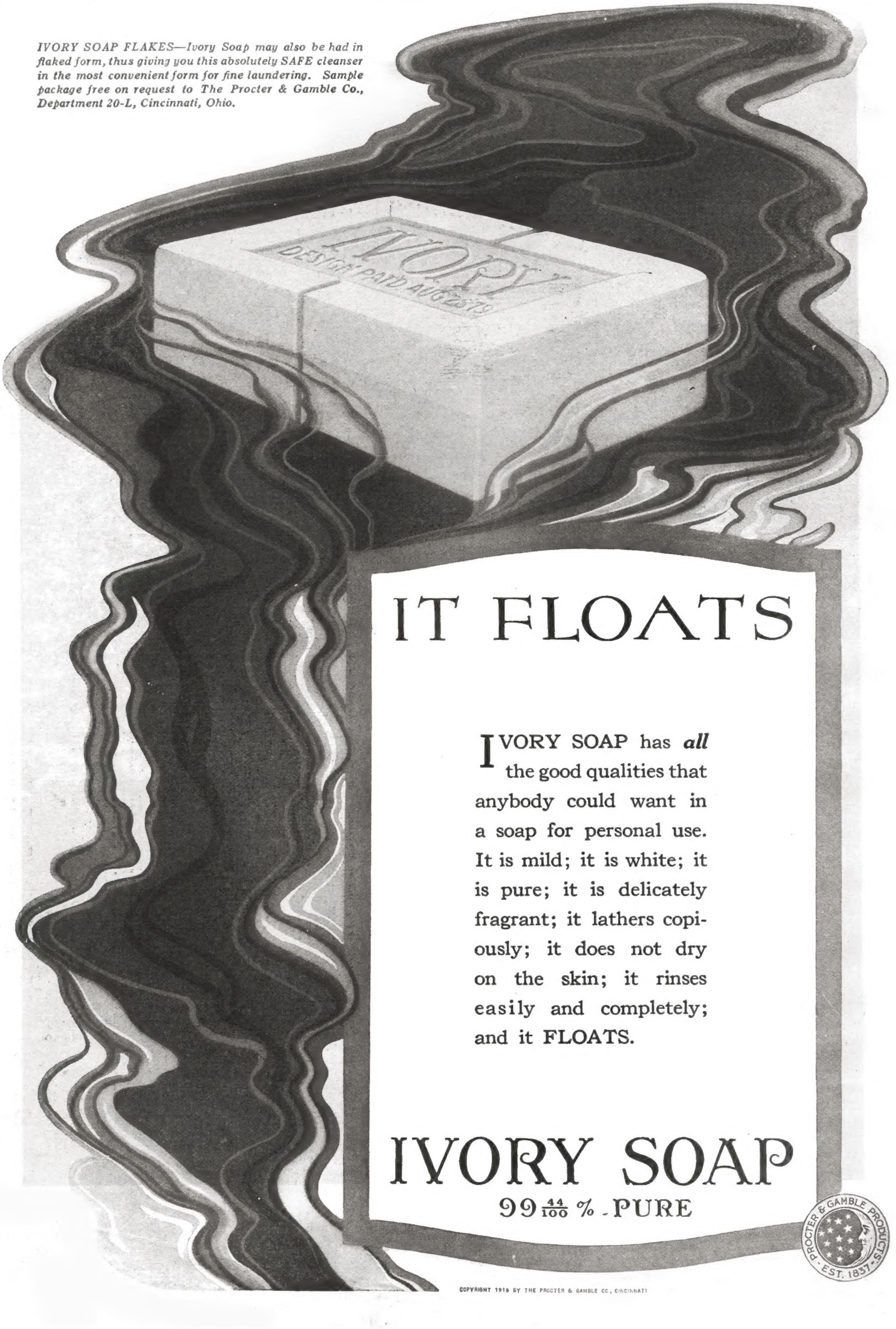

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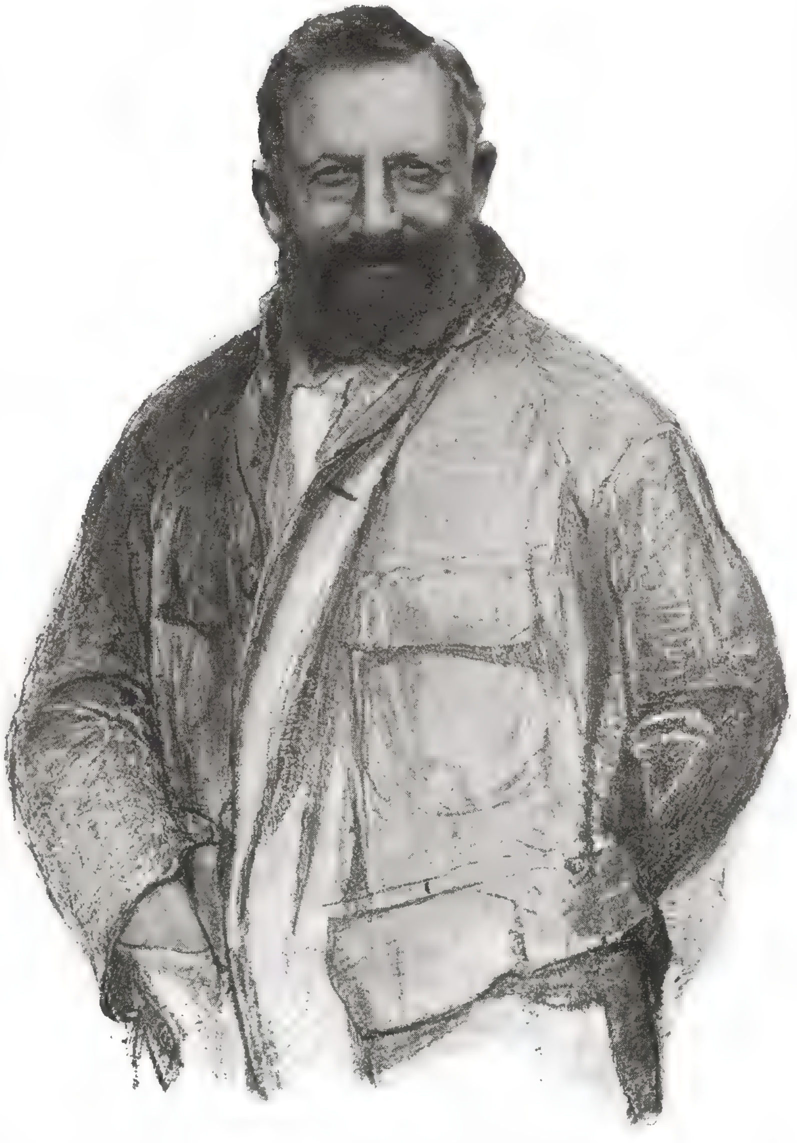
Everybody's Magazine

NUMBER SIX DECEMBER 1919 VOLUME XLI

On the Trail of Broken Kings

By William G. Shepherd



The ex-kaiser no longer wears his mustache ends upraised; he trains them to droop. EVERYBODY'S correspondent discovered, too, that he had grown a great, shaggy beard. With these two changes in his face and with the misleading smile—all of which the artist has worked out skilfully in this imaginary sketch—the former emperor might flee to any corner of Europe and remain unrecognized.

A LOT of royalty have been milling around little Switzerland this past half-year, like bears in a cage.

Outside the door of my hotel room a line of trunks almost choked the hallway. They belonged to a runaway semi-royal person from Russia. Every trunk bore the label of every known first-class hotel in Switzerland. This person, within the space of six months, had rampaged around from one town to another in this small land, which one can traverse in six hours' time; he had, so the hotel porter told me, even picked up the nervous habit of moving from one hotel to another in the same town, just to get a change. So a bear circles his cage, sniffing bar after bar, but always missing freedom.

Royal freedom is popularly supposed to be the limit in liberty—though my recent first-hand views of royalty lead me to think otherwise—and to be cooped up in a little country no bigger than a small American state is enough to make an ex-king regret his lineage.

You could go almost anywhere you pleased in Switzerland this fall and find some of the ex-royal individuals of central Europe and other parts indulging in this nervous pastime of milling around. I saw lots of them; so did all the other Americans who went to Switzerland at any time during 1919; many more than any ordinary human being from any ordinary republic would have ever seen if he had been forced to depend on being introduced at the courts.

I was just getting ready to ask a certain king I know to write this article for me—all about kings and things—if he could, when suddenly it dawned upon me, after talking with him for a while, that he couldn't.

Before I'm through with the article I shall put down a lot of things that this king told me; a lot of questions that I asked; how he looked and what he thought about himself and about several other kings and presidents and czars and emperors, and so forth.

But he couldn't have written this article. He had an idea that you and I and all the other common folks in the world were to blame on account of the recent slump in the king business. Which isn't true, exactly. If you were to run about Switzerland and Italy, as I have recently, looking up and looking over the broken kings and queens and other royalties who have taken refuge there, you would readily understand that it is the kings themselves who have hurt their own game.

This king I talked to could have written an interesting article, indeed, about the king business, but not one that would have contained much truth, as you and I, from the republican view-point, see the truth about the thing.

To get this truth as best I could, I set out on a trail to seek out the fallen kings of Europe. Switzerland to-day boasts two hundred and thirty-seven royal refugees from defeated lands. I have in my quest seen kings and queens and royal children riding in street-cars, walking on common sidewalks, shopping, tramping through the woods, eating in public dining-rooms; I have seen a male royal father scolding his children for noisiness in a hotel lobby; I have seen a royal young man and his royal young wife—between the two of them they were cousins, by marriage or blood, of almost every king or emperor in Europe, on both the German and the Entente side in the Great War—walk into a cheap little pension hotel, or rather boarding-house, in Switzerland to eat a meal that the average well-to-do American would scorn, and to sleep in beds that were far from luxurious.

I didn't go on my quest in any spirit of meanness or spite, or with the purpose of kicking a man who was down; to prove this, I will set it down in cold words, right here, that all the royalty I saw was having a fairly good time—if it had only known it. Had you gone with me on this royal trail you would have had little opportunity

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to stick out your American chest and say to yourself, "I'd rather be me, a free and unworried citizen of a great and free republic, than yon poor broken king." You would have little opportunity to gloat over fallen monarchs. As near as I could make it out, after looking them all over, they have fallen about down to you and me; which still, it is to be hoped, gives them a margin for a life filled with a degree of comfort and some little luxury. Those of them who did seem unhappy were those who had been unable to forget past glories and departed power; these, indeed, I found in small numbers, and they were incredibly unhappy. One of them was a queen who has made trouble for herself by her attitude in this regard ever since she and her husband left their throne and fled to the neutral Alps. But all the real troubles that any of them possess are, so far as I could discover, purely mental ones. We all like kings more or less—I shall tell how much a certain group of Americans like one—and if we, in sudden anger, don't chop a king's head off, we are more or less bound to see that the impetus which he gained in falling from his throne doesn't carry him clear to the poorhouse. A dethroned king may fall into his grave but never into the gutter.

The game is up, for kings. That is one of the first things I discovered in my quest. The old game of demanding and receiving blind fidelity and homage and of having folks think that royal blood, chemically and otherwise, is different from human blood, is finished; at least it is dying at a rapid rate. And I learned this from royalty itself.

The only member of the ex-Kaiser's suite who seems to retain his old-time vim is the ex-Kaiser's personal cook. This ex-royal cook, undaunted and unbroken, still jauntily wears his mustaches smartly upturned. EVERYBODY'S correspondent caught him with the camera, just as he was gallantly saluting a lady of Amerongen village.

Up in the northwest corner of Switzerland, in the town of Basle, Madame Bossi runs a famous old hotel known as "The Three Kings." All the kings of northern lands who used to run down to Nice or Monte Carlo or San Moritz, or to visit their royal relatives in the south of Europe, and all the southern kings who voyaged northward, passed through Basle, and stopped for a rest at Madame Bossi's hotel. For a hundred years in that hotel of "The Three Kings" there has been kept a special register for royalty. It is known as "The Golden Book," and Madame Bossi showed me on its gilded pages the autographs of kings and queens of all the nations of Europe.*

The Guardian of an Exiled Emperor

No grim soldiers stand at the gateway that leads to the house where the ex-emperor of Austria was held, for a time, in Switzerland. This little girl, daughter of the lodge keeper, opened the iron gate for all callers who looked decently dressed and of amiable disposition. She smiled for EVERYBODY'S correspondent.

Not long ago His Highness Herzog Ergen, of German royal blood, came to the hotel. He is a tall, worried, hounded-looking man, who takes the slump in the royalty business much to heart. He seated himself in a corner of the lobby. A porter, knowing him as royalty, brought him "The Golden Book." In other days, if he had followed the royal code, Mr. Herzog Ergen would have haughtily signed the one white page which would have been devoted solely to his name and have asked the bellboy to bring a pitcher of ice-water or something up to the suite. But to-day he took the book on his lap, slumped back into his chair, and dolefully turned the pages. They were a record of royal comings and goings and of royal good times; the book is so old that the first royal signers had written their names therein long before some of the later royal signers had been born. For an hour Mr. Herzog Ergen scanned the pages. Then he arose and went over to the hotel desk.

This is the ex-Kaiser's personal physician spending his time—between calls on the Kaiser and the Kaiserin—dolefully reading German newspapers in the yard of the little hotel at Amerongen. This is the first and only photograph ever taken of him. Since then, the newspapers report, he has "struck" for higher wages and resigned because the Kaiser couldn't pay them.

"I haven't any pen good enough to write in that book," he told the clerk with a wan smile. He picked up the desk pen, dipped it into the public inkwell and wrote his name down on the ordinary hotel register. And he didn't put down his titles, either. It's a great thing

"Grandpa's Dog"; That is what the children of the ex-emperor of Austria call this venerable white and black old pet of theirs. "Grandpa" in this case was old Franz Joseph, emperor of Austria, who died halfway through the war. The dog is named "Miss," though there is at least one good reason why he should have been named something else.

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* It is from the pages of "The Golden Book" that the photographs of royal signatures, used in illustrating this article, were taken. They have never before been published. The book is considered priceless.

to be able to know when you're an "ex."

As I have indicated, the unhappy ones among the once-royal persons who have taken refuge in Switzerland are those who do not as yet realize that the game is up. They can not always be blamed for this shortsightedness, for, as far as I could discover, many of them have been dealt such a mass of misinformation in their early education and have been so sheltered from contact with the general run of their people and of mankind at large that they have little knowledge of human nature or of the codes and problems of every-day human life. Some of them have known as little about people as the contents of an acorn knows about squirrels.

One of these is Sophia, ex-queen of Greece, sister of the German Kaiser. When she and her king-husband, after the Allies had removed them from Greece, took shelter in a hotel in a certain Swiss town, she decided that a certain little English church in the town would be her place of worship. She declared that the Episcopal creed came nearest to the Greek Orthodox creed, and that she and her two little daughters would therefore sit under the religious instruction of the British vicar. Some one in her entourage fixed it up with the church warden to rope off a few pews for the ex-royal family, and, on the first Sunday, the ex-queen and her entourage, including her daughters and a lady-in-waiting, entered these pews with a lowering of ropes and a considerable to-do that attracted no little attention. Now, English folks like certain sorts of kings; kings, for instance, who do, more or less, what folks want them to do, but the old idea of the divine right of kings has passed away in England, and any royal fuss that leads them to believe that this idea is still alive is bound to make them sit up and take notice.

The former Crown Prince of Germany at the gateway of his little cottage at Wieringen, where he has received visits from hundreds of German officers and where the Holland government officials permit him to plan and even spread his personal propaganda.

This little English congregation in Switzerland did this very thing. It is made up of gentle, God-fearing subjects of King George, but, as they themselves say, in their British way, "There was a row." It was about the ropes. Anybody could worship with them in their little church; that wasn't the point. The Kaiser himself, to say nothing of his sister, might step in at any time—perhaps with considerable benefit to himself—to sit under the doctrine of their good vicar. But to have a member of the Hohenzollern family rope off a set of pews in *that* British church and sit exclusively in *these* pews in royal worship was not to be endured. The church warden got his come-uppance that very Sunday before the folks had left the church, and the next Sunday the ex-queen of Greece and her entourage took their chances for seats with the other worshipers humbly and in that now world-famous but somewhat one-sided spirit commonly known as "kamaradship."

With Madame Sophia, as with many another royalty, the belief that royalty is royalty whether it is enthroned or not seems unalterable, like all the things that are pounded into our minds when we are children. In the early days of the armistice, when the kings and queens were fresh from their courts, several of them tried to keep up court customs among themselves, even in exile. This meant that all of them tried to enter Switzerland with large followings of servants and ladies- and gentlemen-in-waiting. The republican Swiss government, without the consent of which no fugitive royalty can enter Switzerland, was forced to make special rules to cover this point. The Swiss rules for royal refugees are very strict; for once in its career, royalty in Switzerland is under orders, and the household lists were scanned very carefully by the Swiss authorities before passports of admittance to Switzerland were issued. Food was not any too abundant in Switzerland, and the mouths of Swiss peasants had to be filled before foreign servants, who catered only to ex-royal whims and royal love of court ceremony, could be fed. It came hard on the ex-kings and ex-queens at first, but last summer, after they had spent half a year or more in a republican atmosphere, they seemed to have adjusted themselves to the new idea, and you saw them mingling in the hotel lobbies and coffee rooms, shopping like ordinary mortals and in other ways coming down from their royal perches; and all this, seemingly, to their own delight.

"I'm having the time of my life," said the Infante Alphonso, of Spain, an upstanding young man of forty, who, with his wife and two children, are living in a pension in Zurich, in conversation with American friends. "I never knew how much fun it was to be on your own."

The Infanta Victoria, his wife, said to her friends during the war:

"I wish you'd please tell me what side my husband and I ought to be on in this war. Almost every crowned head in Europe is either his first cousin or mine. Alphonso has had a quarrel with the government in Spain, where we have our home, and all we can do is to wait here in neutral Switzerland until the war is over." Which they did, as gracefully as possible.

First they lived in a big fine hotel; then they chose a more moderate-priced place and, at last, they took their children to a big roomy pension—which is the American boarding-house turned into a real home—and from here they issue forth to play tennis or to skate or ski, according to the season, and seem to be the happiest of all the folk around them.

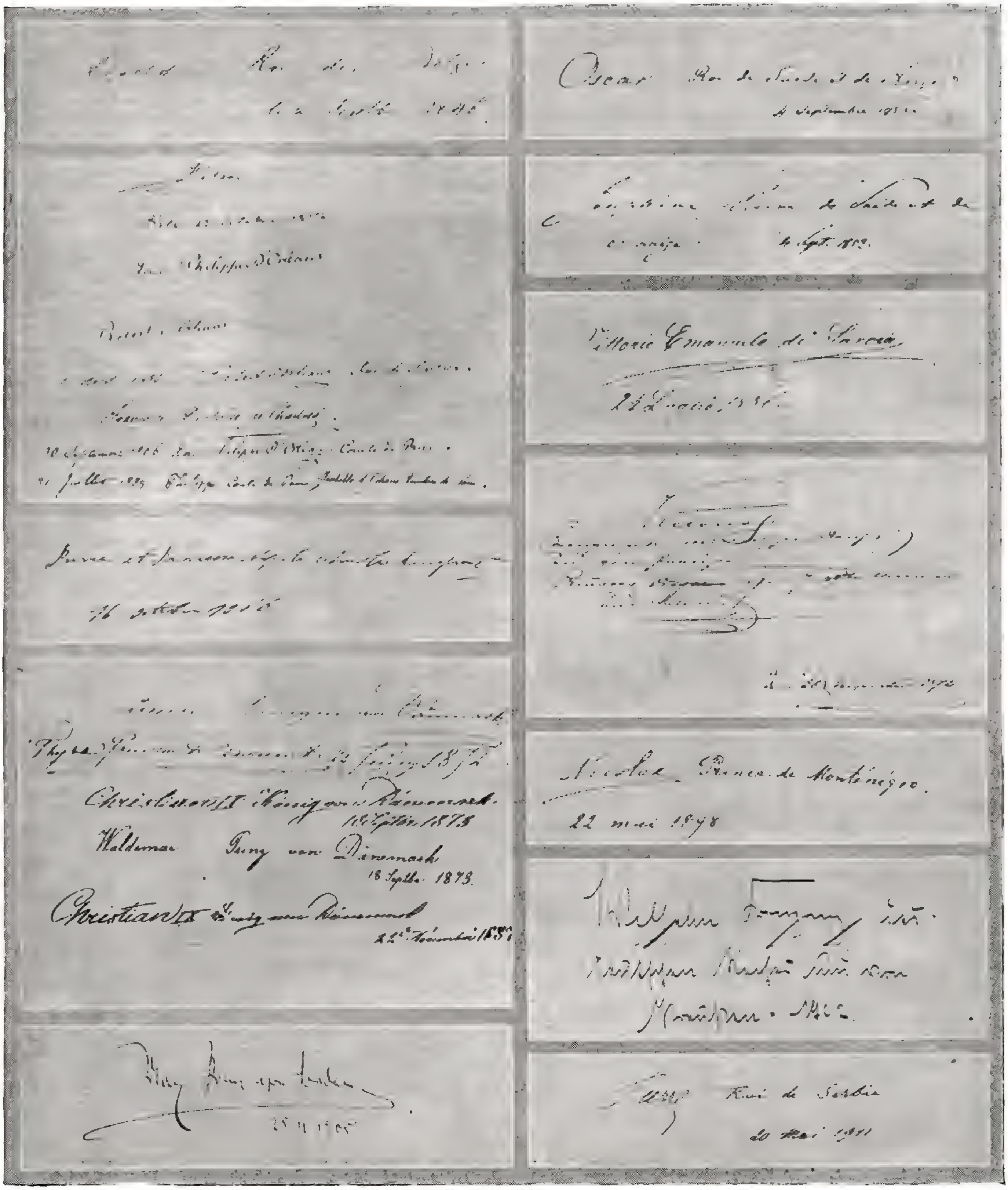
The quarrel in Spain which made these two royalties exiles from their own neutral land grew out of an incident about the Spanish aeroplane supply. The Infante Alphonso belonged to the Spanish Flying Service. As he told the story of the row, it seems that King Alphonso of Spain was taken to a certain flying-field near Madrid one day and shown a magnificent covey of thirty-two aeroplanes.

The next day the Infante said to him, in effect:

"Cousin Alphonso, the flying men played a trick on you yesterday. They permitted you to believe that those thirty-two aeroplanes belonged to that one flying-field and that every other flying-field in Spain was proportionately well supplied. Come on out to that same field with me to-day and I'll show you that they put something over on you."

King Alphonso made a second trip to the field and surprised his air department. He found only fifteen planes there. The other seventeen had been flown away to another field which he had intended visiting later in the week. The king caused an upheaval in the air service, but the Infante suffered by being practically ruled out of the flying department.

With their quarrel at home and with their neutrality of blood, these folks were, nevertheless, the happiest and liveliest of all the royal refugees in Switzerland. This may be explained, perhaps, by the fact that they had been refugees for nearly three years, while the others



Vittorio Emanuele di Savoia

Waldemar Prinz von Dänemark
18 Septbr. 1873.

Nicolas Prince de Montenegro.
22 mai 1898

Pages from "The Golden Book," the special gilded register of the famous old hotel of "The Three Kings," in Basle, Switzerland, in which the royalty of Europe for the past hundred years have written their names. The photographs of these pages reproduced here have never before been published. The book is considered priceless.

(a) The signature of Leopold, King of the Belgians. The three quarters of a century that has passed since then has seen his family dynasty grow to a brilliant luster.

(b) The page devoted to the family of Philippe of Orleans, the ex-royal blood of France.

(c) The page of Prince and Princess Charles Napoleon Bonaparte, whose royal sun set in the last struggle of France with Germany.

(d) The signatures of the royal family of Denmark. In 1872 Louise, Queen of Denmark, and her daughter Thyra, signed "The Golden Book" in "The Three Kings" hotel. The next year King Christian IX of Denmark, and his son, Waldemar, passed through Basle and signed the book. Fourteen years later, in 1887, King Christian, in a handwriting less firm and curiously different, again put his name down on the family page.

(e) The signature of Prince Max, of Baden, who, after the fall of Emperor William, exchanged notes with President Wilson. Wilson asked him whether he represented the German people.

(f and g) The signature of another fallen king. Old Oscar, king of Sweden and Norway, proudly set his name down in "The Golden Book" of Basle, on the page next to his wife's (shown below), in September, 1852. He lived to see his kingdom divided.

(h) Victor Emanuel, still, more or less, king of Italy, registered in "The Golden Book" in 1886.

(i) The signature of the mother of a fallen monarch. Victoria, wife of Frederick William and mother of the ex-kaiser of Germany, put her name down in "The Golden Book" in November, 1872. Victoria here gives herself the titles "Crown Princess of the German Empire and of Prussia and Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland." Only two years before her visit to Basle the German empire had been formed at Versailles.

(j) The signature of an allied fallen king. When Nicholas of Montenegro gaily put his name down in "The Golden Book" at Basle in 1898, he could not see that one day his kingdom would be taken from him and put under the rulership of old King Peter, of Servia, whose signature is last on the page (l).

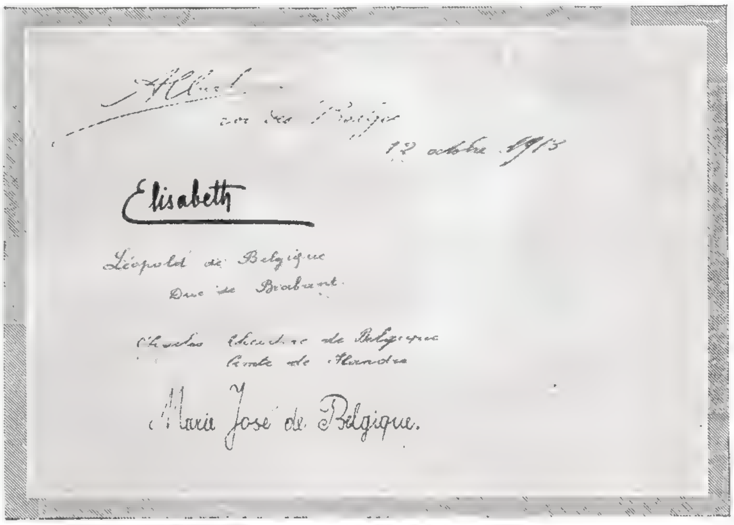
(k) This is the signature of William, Crown Prince of Germany, written in "The Golden Book" of Basle in 1902, when, as a boy, he was on his way to St. Moritz for winter skating.

Colonel Strutt, of the British Army, with the ex-emperor and ex-empress of Austria. He helped them out of Austria into Switzerland, together with their family, servants, and plenty of money, and remained with them for some time after they had reached the safety of a neutral land.

haven't got entirely used to it yet; haven't, in other words, quit trying to be royal.

This struggle to remain royal though throneless was the cause of considerable unpleasantness for Charles, the ex-emperor of Austria. I am inclined to believe that the British, with their considerable regard for crowns and folks wearing them, were partly responsible for this. The British sent a colonel of the British army to conduct the fallen emperor of Austria and his family to safety in Switzerland. With the aid of the Britisher the Austrian ex-royal family traveled in semi-state in a special train, bearing large sums of money. There was the royal dog "Miss," favorite of the old Emperor Franz Joseph—I've met the dignified old fellow personally and photographed him, and no one can blame the Swiss for permitting him to enter their republic—and a retinue of nurses and several aides-de-camp and gentlemen- and ladies-in-waiting. They took a villa near the Austrian border, and for a few weeks their establishment was like a bit of the Austrian court transferred to Swiss soil.

The neighbors didn't like it; neither did the local officials. Word got around that the villa was a place of plots against the new Austrian government. The Swiss federal government noticed the situation, and one day the ex-emperor of Austria was officially notified that if he would cut down his elaborate establishment, give up his big villa and move into the interior of Switzerland—say in the French part, near Geneva—he would be welcome to remain. No orders that he had ever given as emperor were more forceful than these from the Swiss officials. The ex-emperor took his wife and children, two nurses and two former officers to Villa Prangins, on Lake Geneva. Though the British officer was frequently seen with the ex-emperor and his wife at their frontier abode, I did not see him when I visited Villa Prangins.



Albert
roi des Belges
12 octobre 1913

Elisabeth

Léopold de Belgique
Duc de Brabant

Charles Théodore de Belgique
Comte de Flandre

Marie José de Belgique.

A page from "The Golden Book," of Basle, on which King Albert, Queen Elizabeth, and their three children wrote their names ten months before the war began. For little Marie José, the youngest, it was necessary to rule the page with pencil lines.

It was rather a disturbed household I found there. As I make it out, the Swiss folks in the neighborhood, who, like all Swiss, are none too friendly to kings, hadn't spared any pains to make the once-royal household mentally uncomfortable. Both of the aides-de-camp of the ex-emperor took our little party over the estate.

"In that place next to us," one of ther said, pointing to the roof of a great summer-house, "lives Louis Bonaparte. He's an awful fierce man, they tell us. We hear that he has issued orders that anybody that goes on to his land is to be shot. They say he issued these orders to his gardener and game-keeper and that he goes around himself looking for some one to shoot at. His brother, Jerome Bonaparte, used to live in this house where Emperor Carl lives now, and the village folks say that the two brothers used to shoot at each other over this stone wall and have real pitched battles. We never go near that wall." These two Austrian officers, one a Tyrolean mountaineer and the other an Austrian flying man, spoke as seriously of the blood-thirstiness of their Bonaparte neighbors as if neither of them had ever dodged shells and shrapnel in the Great War—which they both had—but, at Geneva, when I told the story at a business-men's club, my hosts all laughed aloud and said that Louis Bonaparte was one of the quietest and gentlest men on Lake Geneva. Neither he nor his gardener would shoot a fly.

The neighbors on the other side of the ex-emperor's place were even worse. "His royal highness"—so the two aides-de-camp explained—"had been told that Pade-

Three little children who have dodged a hard life. Their father, the ex-emperor of Austria, will probably educate them now just to be good decent citizens instead of royalties. Otto, the tallest, is seven; he would have been emperor of Austria, had things gone well. The little girl is Adelaide. Her brother on her right is Robert, four.

rewski owned the place next door. "Isn't it funny," one of them asked me, "that we should have to live here, neighbors to the new President of Poland?"

"Let us take a walk to the frontier between Poland and Austria," one of them suggested. We walked along the bank of the lake through the woods.

"If the emperor comes this way you can photograph him," suggested one of them. "His highness won't object to that. He often goes walking here in the mornings. But I must ask you not to try to speak with him. He has promised the Swiss government that he will conduct no affairs that might seem political while he is here, and he is very much afraid of interviewers."

I kept my camera at alert, and we listened like Indians on the trail for the sound of royal footsteps along the pathway—the aides seemed as anxious as I that I should get a good snapshot—but we finally reached without incident the edge of the estate, the "frontier between Austria and Poland."

"Over there lies the estate of Paderewski," said one of the pair, pointing dramatically to the trees.

I believed them. I got one of them to photograph me, standing on the very dividing line between the two estates. And I'd have asked the editor of EVERYBODY'S to print the picture, too, if that boundary line had really been Paderewski's. But it wasn't, as I found out later, at Geneva. It is true that a great musician lives in the next place—Schelling—who is famous in the United States, but some of the Swiss country folks, with a liking for jokes, had told the Paderewski story to the servants in the Austrian household and it had been received in blind faith. Paderewski has a place twenty miles down the lake, a fact which probably helped the Austrian household to believe the story.

We saw no royal refugee in the woods that day. We passed the court where Carl plays tennis every afternoon at four. We saw the nurses put little ex-royal Charles Louis, one and a half years old, into a baby-carriage, which they lifted bodily down the steps on to the gravel walk, and start him off for his morning ride. We saw a big bed, right outdoors beside the tennis court, where the three elder ex-royal children take their sun-baths of an afternoon while "daddy" is playing tennis, they having promised that they would lie still in the sun for an hour every afternoon if they could simultaneously watch a certain ex-emperor at a tennis game. We couldn't, in fact, help seeing many things that went to show that a home is a home, even if it is a royal home.

As we had entered the iron gates of the villa I had expected to see, at least, a guard of huge Swiss soldiers. Instead, we had seen only a smiling little country girl, who came out of the gate-house to let us in. As we passed out again, she opened the great gate for us and, as I snapped her, she gave me a smile that no grim guardian of royal blood could ever have summoned.

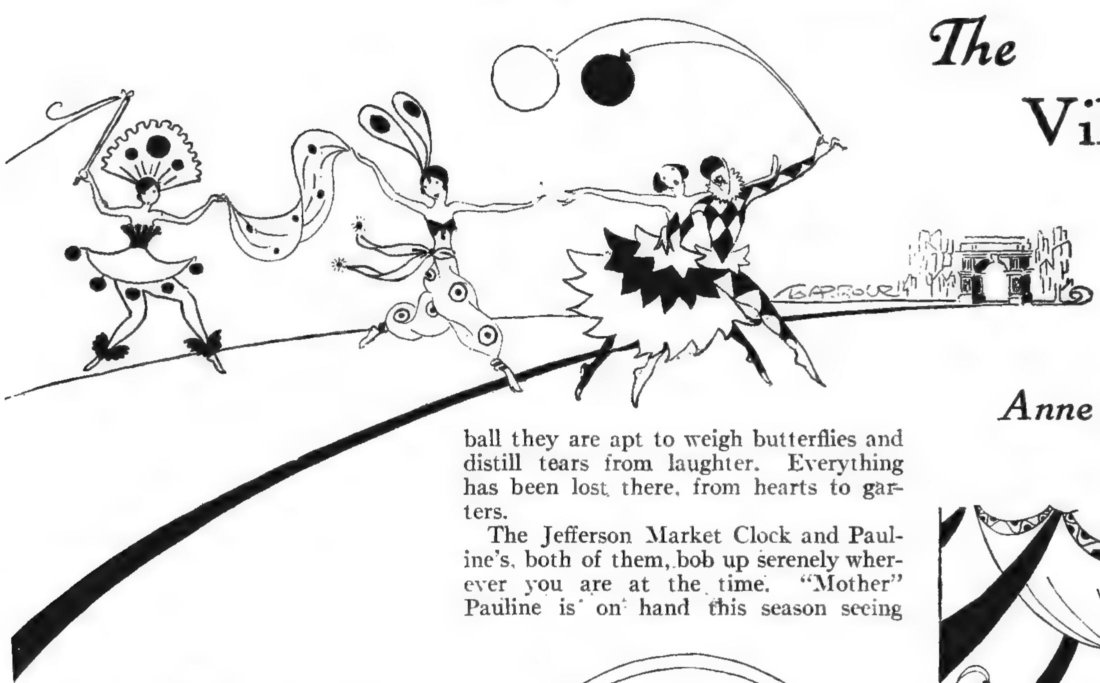
(Continued on page 90)

Ex-Emperor Charles of Austria, on the shore of Lake Geneva, where he was exiled. With him, on his left, is Prince René of Bourbon, whose sister is Charles' wife; on his right, Archduke Maximilian, his brother.

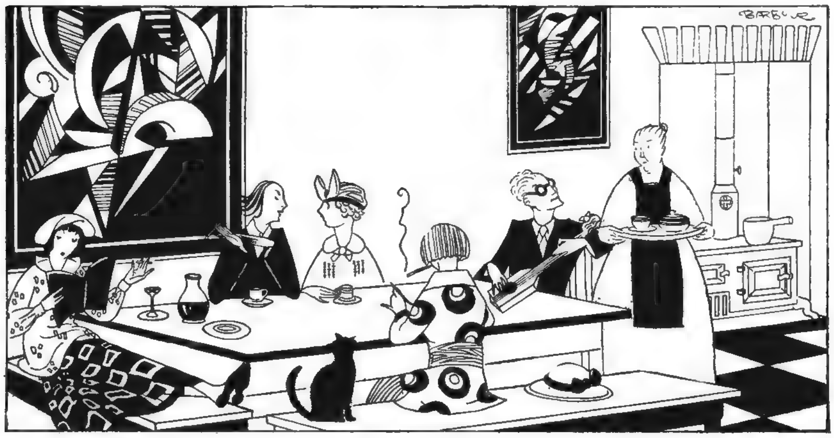
The Village Game

By

Anne Herendeen



WHEN you were a child, did you play the game that consisted of melting into corners and circling slowly round trees and crawling endlessly through the long grass because a Grown-Up must never see you? If a Grown-Up saw you, you were put out of the game. And the Grown-Ups heard the suppressed giggles and the rustlings and the scurryings. And the uncertainty and the intangibleness made them quite wild. And they forgot themselves. And they scolded and threatened, and generally made themselves ridiculous.



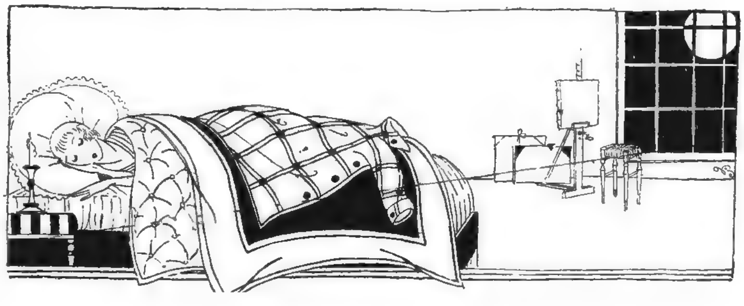
WELL, if you were that sort of child you grew up (if you call it growing up) into a Villager, resident or non-resident as the case might be. Yes, ma'am, a Villager is what you grew up to be, meaning a Greenwich Villager, a denizen of what the sight-seeing busses call "New York's Latin Quarter." They play the same game there to this day, only the trees are funny restaurants and the tall grasses are streets that forget themselves and little squares with a different name at each corner. And the Grown-Ups that must never truly see them are called Up-Towners.

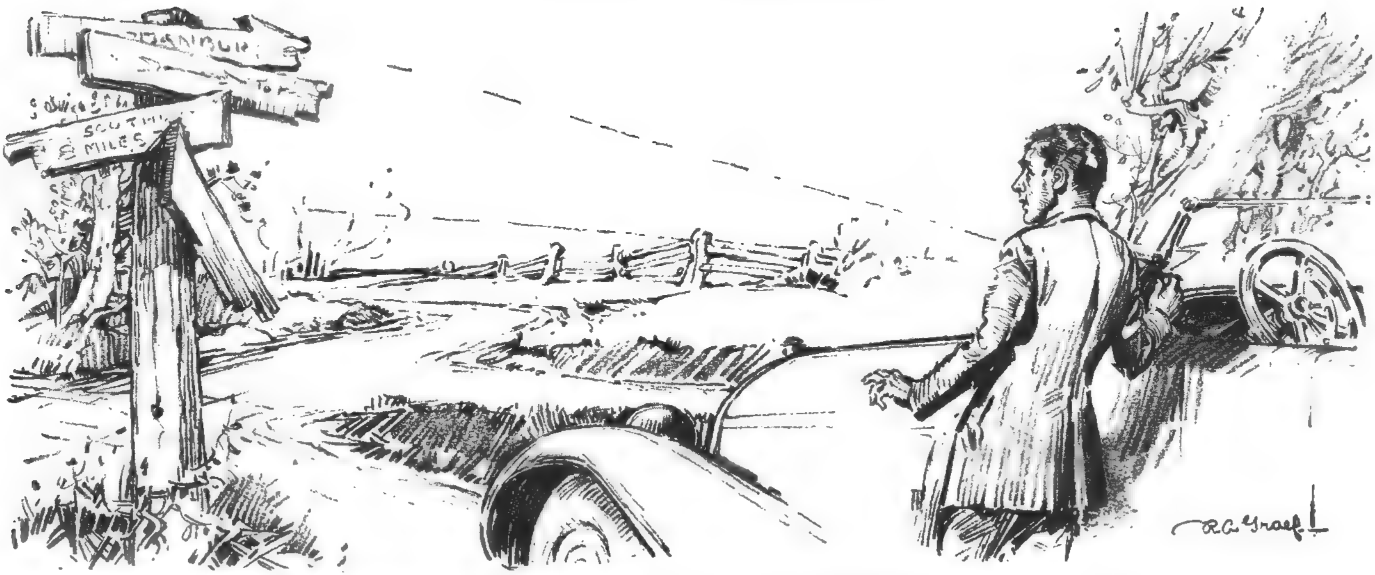
Drunk? Certainly. On music; on color; on ankles. The Villager was never in love with alcohol. Still, it doesn't lose its head over Prohibition. At a Village ball they are apt to weigh butterflies and distill tears from laughter. Everything has been lost there, from hearts to garters.

The Jefferson Market Clock and Pauline's, both of them, bob up serenely wherever you are at the time. "Mother" Pauline is on hand this season seeing to it that thin Villagers get rice pudding and fat ones jello for dessert.

Rich people come down and play at living in the Village. Stupid people play at loving. The real Village is not made of such as these. The real Village is poor and young and gallant. On cold nights it sleeps under its carpet and its coat and writes home how bracing winter is. Money doesn't matter very much.

Friends matter, and parties and creative work. It is playing a game. But you can only see the players and the playground if you are playing too.





He shot the beam up one road and down another, then back to the grisly black post which suggested a gibbet.

You Can't Miss It

By George F. Worts

A Two-Part Story - Part One

I

A BULLFROG not more than three months old sat on a crumbling log at the edge of the pond and in accents bold and throaty conversed companionably, not to say defiantly, with an older bullfrog on the opposite shore of the pond, a mile or so away. On the surface between them bursting bubbles provided a hissing accompaniment.

Billings Pond, you see, always begins "working" around the middle of August. That is to say, small and large bubbles swim in an up-pour to the green overcoated surface, these bubbles containing gas of a low and unhealthy order, generated by the dead leaves and other lifeless things which sink to the bottom and remain there to carry on certain necessary processes of nature. Billings Pond was, at the time with which we are concerned, is now and no doubt always will be, a lonesome place.

A wistful night wind provoked husky whispers from parched roadside grass and tree leaves. Crickets chirruped. Somewhere offshore a lazy bass leaped at a firefly, and with alacrity the firefly wended its way to safer quarters. A ghoulish bat winged mournfully across the water toward a mass of deeper shadow which, with the coming of daylight, would translate itself into a hemlock thicket.

It was midnight at Billings Pond.

With shocking abruptness the conversation of the bullfrogs was suspended, for an alien sound had penetrated through the warm summer night. It was comparable in a way with the prolonged rolling announcement of a deep bass drum. Presently this sonorous brool acquired crackling overtones and shuddering undertones. It was metallic, explosive—heavy with importance.

A glow in the purple skyline accompanied it. The glow increased. And all at once, over the hilltop, three glaring white lights, like the incandescent eyes of a dragon, burst upon the peacefully whispering landscape.

Three horizontal columns of blinding glare flung themselves downward and upon a hard white dirt road which ran alongside the murmuring pond and joined other roads, all of them converging in a tangle at a little dusty grass plot, like an island, cut off completely from the more fortunate sedge bordering the roads. Altogether five hard white roads, all practically the same in width, all showing evidence of enjoying the same patronage by wagons, buggies and automobiles, met at the marooned grass rectangle.

As the now mute and probably envious young bullfrog might have recognized from the hub-caps, the shape of the radiator and the air of luxuriousness which attended it generally, the night-flying intruder was nothing in the world but a Dulcier-66 roadster, probably the private vehicle of a very wealthy individual; for, altogether aside from its fabulous first cost, any intelligent bullfrog should know that the Dulcier-66 does very well indeed when it wheedles five and a-half miles out of a single gallon of to-day's low-grade and costly gasoline.

The Dulcier roadster was slipping along the road with such rapidity and it was brought to such an abrupt stop that the cloud of dust sucked along behind it flowed on into the thirsty little grass plot for many seconds. Now its wonderful motor was chugging away with such beautiful slow precision and smoothness that you could have counted with ease the unmuffled grunting of each of its huge six cylinders.

The instant the powerful brown brute rolled to a standstill the door nearest the steering-wheel burst open and an agitated man sprang down to the road.

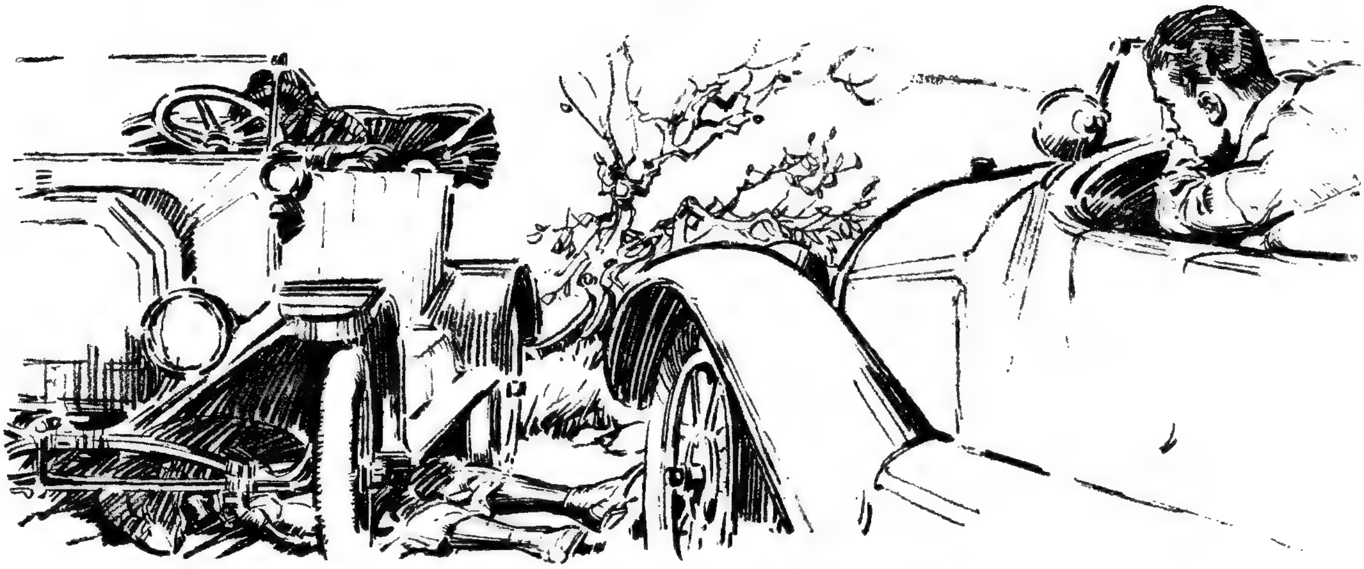
The diffusion from the piercing spotlight fastened to the left side of the windshield pointed him out to be young and very dusty.

He wore no collar, and the amount of grime which had collected where the collar had been would have led you to conclude that he had discarded the linen band hours ago. There was road-dust in his hair, a crude circle of it about his lips and veritable caves of it in the recesses out of which his bright and bloodshot eyes were peering.

With his right hand on the gun-metal knob which controlled the spotlight he shot the beam up one road and down another, then back again to the grisly black post which occupied the center of the grass plot and suggested a gibbet.

Once upon a time the gnarled black post had been young and burdened with freshly painted signs, but these had long ago lost their clear instructive lettering, washed away by rains and bleached to indistinctness by the passage of countless suns. Mischievous vagrants or boys from near-by farms had contributed to the confusion by twisting the signs, so that now not one of them pointed in any logical direction.

The agitated young man continued to breathe rapidly and audibly, and once or twice as he jerked the signs this way and that, as if to impart to them some spark of their former intelligence, his dry lips framed such sinister words as "damn" and "hell" and certain delightful and unprintable others.



The shrill, frightened voice of a woman caused him to throw out the clutch and apply the brakes in haste.

The driver of the Dulcier-66 was, it was true, in an unprintable hurry.

Quickly he gave up in disgust his futile toying with the tipsy sign-boards, jerked from his hip-pocket a folded map and crouched before the spotlight and traced the road he believed himself to be on with a dirty slender finger.

He counted the roads angrily. There were five of them. And there was not a single five-corners on the road he had believed himself to be on. He must therefore be on the wrong road. He must be lost. Q. E. D.

Reduced to the predicament of flipping a coin, he produced a silver half-dollar, tossed it high into the air, mumbling, "Heads—turn left; tails—bear right—jimminy!—what about going straight through?"

But the road straight ahead was unpromising; it hinted at a lane that might terminate in somebody's back yard.

The gracious profile of Columbia was uppermost when the half-dollar flopped into the dust. Its owner gave another thought to "straight through" as he climbed back into the richly upholstered seat.

"Oh, rats!" said he to himself: "you can't miss it."

The Dulcier leaped away like a spanked horse; it accelerated with incredible swiftness. In almost no time at all big fluttering black numerals—60—were illuminated by the cowl lamp. For nearly two miles the crescendo of the great motor did not diminish. The road went downhill most of the way.

He drove mechanically, settled far back into the corner of the seat, with one hand on the walnut wheel, paying no attention to bumps or sharp stones.

The Dulcier-66 was like an express locomotive; it seemed to flow through the night, a creature of superlative construction. Its patented headlight flooded the road; its piercing spotlight furnished ample warning of oncoming curves.

In a shade over two minutes he reached the bottom of the long down grade. As he was on the lookout for a sharp curve, he was not unprepared when a sharp left curve arrived. And it was fortunate that he took the curve at a sane speed, for halfway around it and precisely in the middle of the road there bulked a black obstruction.

It had four wheels and a dull black body. It, too, was an automobile, but it was, compared with the mighty newcomer, as is the sparrow to the American eagle or the perch to the brutal muskalunge.

Now let us pause a moment to explain that the young man driving the Dulcier-66 was none other than Thomas Allen Bennett, of New York, New York. Yes, indeed, *the* Thomas Allen Bennett, and knowing Thomas Allen Bennett, as you certainly must, by reputation at least, you can easily participate in the state of his injured artistic feelings induced by finding his important ride interfered with by a stupid Flinnet, which when new certainly cost not more than one-twentieth of the amount indicated in Tommy's check for the custom-built Dulcier.

His headlights showed him that the stupid Flinnet was without tenants. Prudently he was edging his uninquisitive way past when the shrill, frightened voice of a woman caused him to throw out the clutch and apply the brakes in haste.

In measuring the distance through which he was required to squeeze he had overlooked a pair of small brown walking boots and a few inches or so of translucent brown silk stockings about ankles splendid in their roundness. The boyish boots and the lower extremities of the admirable round ankles extended outward into the road, with the toes pointed upward; and if Thomas Allen Bennett had driven a yard farther he most certainly would have run over them.

It can not be said with any degree of accuracy that the first words he uttered were typical of the Bennett personality. Instead of proffering consolation to the unseen lady in distress, or going on to supply her with the fruit of his own motoring experiences, he said, in a voice tensely impatient:

"Hey! Is this the road to Baker's Junction?"

That is precisely what he said, although almost any one, and particularly a non-mechanical, exhausted person, perspiring and aching under a profane, dishonorable and broken down Flinnet, could have discovered between the lines or in the tones such bellicose inquiries as, "What in the name of Sam Hill are you blocking up the middle of the road for?" or "Don't you know any better than to park that nuisance around a hidden bad curve at this time of night?"

Her voice emerged from underneath, petulant and silky.

"So glad you've come to my assistance! What do you know about automobiles?"

Grudgingly he answered: "Just about enough to put in gas, oil and water when necessary. Did you say that this is the road to Baker's Junction?"

"Yes," said the sub-automobile voice sulkily; "this is the road to Baker's Junction. But can't you tell me *something* about this do-funny under here?"

"Sorry," he growled, racing the motor to give her a clearer conception of his failing patience. "Haven't a moment to lose. Matter of life an' death. Back in an hour. Help you then. Would you mind—ah—removing your—ah—feet from the road, and let me get by?"

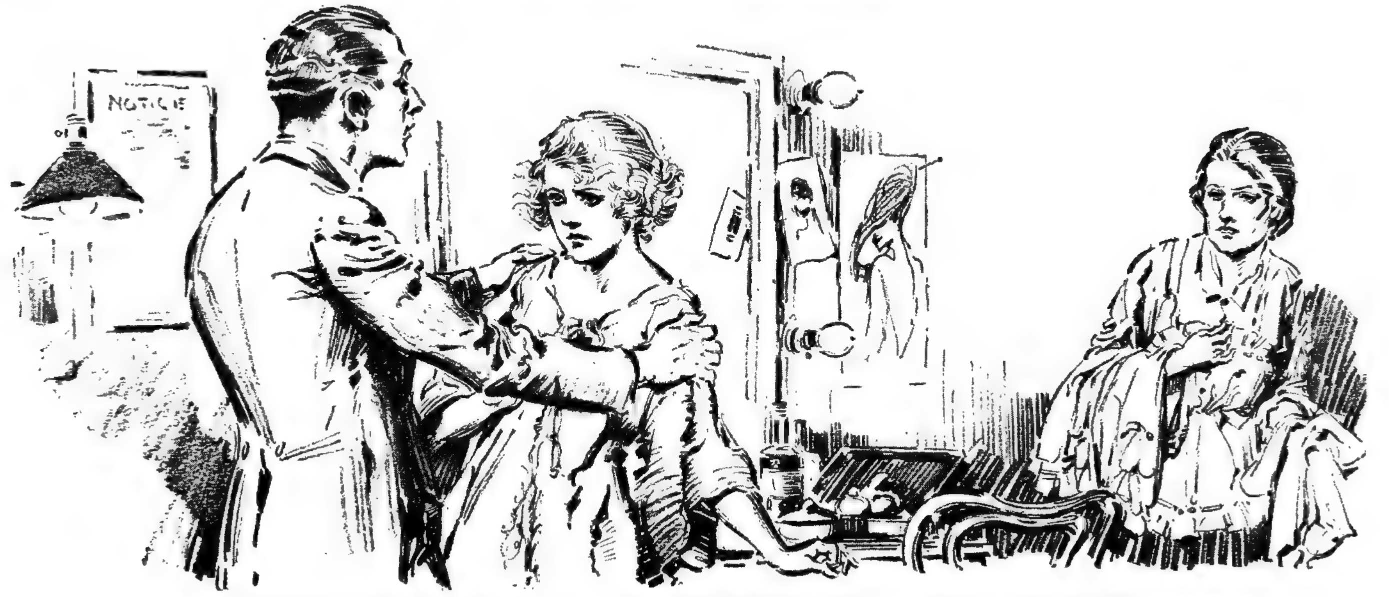
He was deaf to the gasp of pained astonishment which greeted his request, and he supposed that the owner of the feet was one of those girls who are used to having every one of their little whims gratified.

"Sure-lee," she consented cordially.

The man in the Dulcier suppressed his indignation and waited for the withdrawal of the barricade. He hoped that she would not complicate his getaway by emerging and prolonging the discussion; but she did.

After a bursting interval the feet emerged into the road, and as one of his favorite bromides was "Always judge women by their feet," he might have noticed, if he had not been blinded by impatience, that her shoes were attended by that indescribable something which he had always associated with trimness and daintiness. In spite of their dustiness they had that air of wholesome well being, and they produced in addition an effect of youthful capability.

Quite suddenly a small white hand made its appearance and a skirt of rough brown material was pushed down over the boyish ankles.



"You wonderful girl!" he burst out in a voice choked with enthusiasm. "Oh, you wonderful girl!"

Slender hips came next, and these were pursued by a youthful waist, a white silk shirt-waist spattered with grease and begrimed with dust, and lastly a face.

Alas! If the unembarrassed owner of these lovely possessions had only known that she was about to come forth into the harsh footlight effect of Thomas Allen Bennett's famous roadster, to be minutely weighed for approval or utter condemnation by an eye trained and somewhat hardened by years of appraising the feminine beautiful, she might not have displayed such courageous unconcern.

Making remarks under his breath not fit for any lady's ears, but enslaved by the ethics of common politeness, Thomas Allen Bennett descended, hastened around the front wheels, and assisted the young lady to her feet. Whether he decided that, underneath the freckles of oil and grease, she was homely or pretty is not worth using up space to relate.

He was too indignant and too anxious to be on his way to give thought to such trifles anyway. The multi-jeweled clock on the Dulcier dashboard had reminded him that precious time was flying, and that if he hoped to reach Baker's Junction before the Green Diamond Limited thundered in to change engines he might have to excuse himself with rudeness and discourtesy.

It was really unfortunate that he was not in a properly receptive frame of mind. Unless it truly happened to be a matter of life or death, which, as we shall see, it truly wasn't, the owner of the sturdy little boots was worth missing almost any train for.

Totally undamaged by the expression he was wearing just then, she ventured a companionable, democratic grin, quite as if he, too, were the owner of a rickety Flinnet, instead of a snobbishly aristocratic Dulcier-66.

It was unfortunate, in a way, that he had prepared himself to dislike her with such bitterness, for she really had lovely dusky eyes and an inviting little nose, and hair so attractively and cunningly arranged in spite of its journey under the car that you hardly took notice of it. Afterward, if you had been called upon for a description, to save your life you probably couldn't have said anything more elaborate than "dark and neat."

She began to lose a little of her assurance as he towered and glowered over her.

"It—it's too bad you're in such a hurry," she began shyly.

"Well, I am," the night-flyer rudely reminded her, backing up with alacrity toward the Dulcier's running-board, where he relented microscopically. "Be glad to stop at nearest garage and send some one out here."

The girl's pretty mouth whitened.

"Oh, don't put yourself to such trouble," she came back with lively sarcasm.

"Or, as I said, I'll probably be back in an hour or so," he added, jumping in and touching the accelerator pedal with an eager toe.

She moved out of the way, with her back to the chilled radiator of her own car. Her expression lost some of its cold fury as the sleek brown mass began gliding by. As a matter of fact, she smiled ever so faintly.

He leaned out, now apologetic. "See you later," he said. "Can't get off this road into Baker's Junction?"

"Straight on," she replied. "You can't miss it."

Thomas Allen Bennett's words of gratitude were smothered in the *b-b-r-r-r-r-o-w* of the Dulcier's exhaust.

The girl stood in the middle of the road and watched the round red spot of the tail-light until it was blanketed by the curve. She then sank down with a faint groan on the Flinnet's running-board and looked up speculatively at the round droll moon hanging in the tree-tops. The shudder of the departing Dulcier still disturbed the air faintly.

She reached under the Flinnet, removed a smoky oil-lantern and lifted it up to cast dull and uncertain illumination upon the close-trimmed white beard of an elderly gentleman who regarded her sleepily and with some belligerency. He was lying in a cramped attitude in the rear seat.

"Dorothy, didn't I hear voices?" he said in a querulous, husky old voice, as if he were at the verge of a bad cold.

"Yes, Grampa; a big car just passed us on the way to Greenbrook," she told him meekly.

"Greenbrook?" he piped, sitting up and staring rather unintelligently at the smoking lantern. "I thought I heard him askin' you the way to the Junction."

"So you did, Grampa," the girl confessed uneasily. "I asked him to help me, and he was rude; so I sent him off in the wrong direction."

Dorothy's grandfather gave the liar a moment of serious consideration; he then threw back his head and burst into a gale of thin, cackling laughter. When he was at length restored to his former testy gravity, he asked:

"Do you think it was—*him?*"

"Well, Grampa, I really don't know."

He pondered again. "I can't see but what you did what was proper and fittin'," he decided. "Lettin' a pore young girl try fixin' a broken-down aut'mobile this time o' night 'thout offerin' t' help 'd be just like that rascal, anyhow. You nearly done, Dorothy? Will we be on time?"

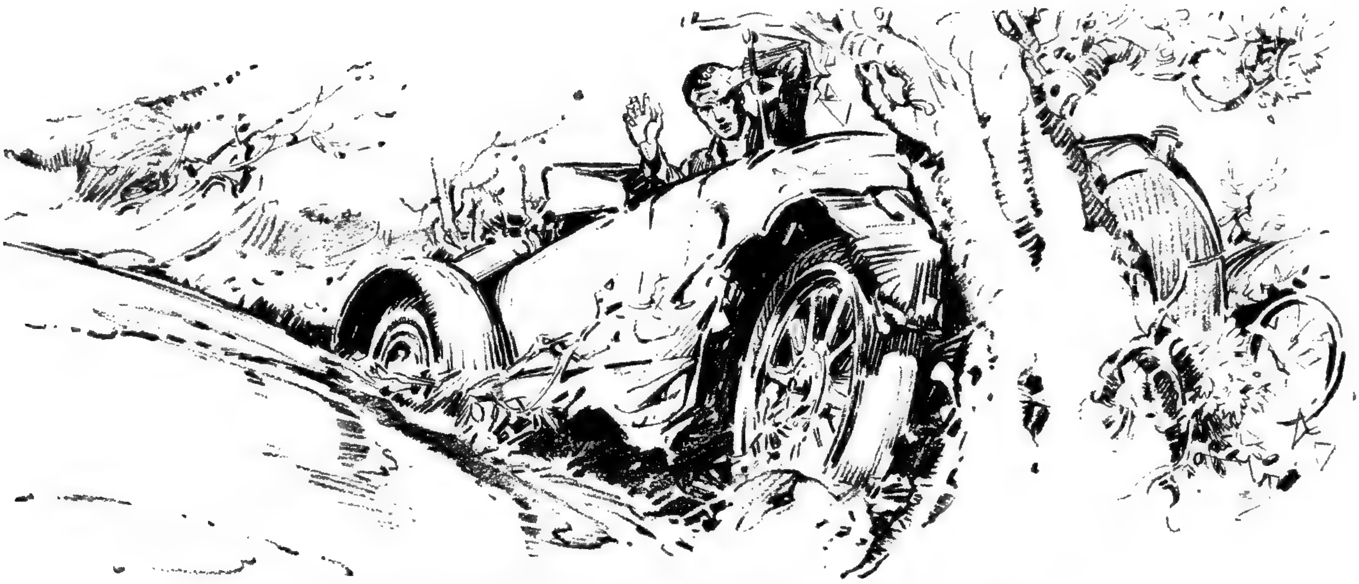
"Almost through, Grampa. Yes; we'll be on time, I think," she said.

There was a look of rebellion, or, perhaps, merely of anger, in her dusky eyes when she crawled back under the car and rearranged the layer of newspapers. She had no doubt that the inconsiderate wayfarer in the gigantic roadster had been Thomas Allen Bennett; and while she warmly resented his indifference to her plight, she could readily understand his desire to hurry.

Lying on her back looking up into a tangle of greasy blackness, she sighed, then reached upward determinedly with the pincers. About five minutes later she crawled out and cranked the Flinnet in a manner that was a lovely contradiction to the seeming weakness of her arms and shoulders.

An hysterical, clattering sound was her immediate reward. And as she climbed into the cramped little seat she could not forego a comparison with the smooth, luxurious purr of the car she had misdirected. It was an intoxicating voice from the outer world, while the voice of the Flinnet was that of her own—a world of dish-pans and threshing-machines, of which she was thoroughly tired.

She bunched herself over the wheel and drove grimly to and through Billings



A stanch old elm seemed firmly determined to dispute Tommy Bennett's right of way.

Corners. In the back seat her grandfather was still grumbling. She distinctly heard him use the words "scoundrel," "rascal," and "whippersnapper."

In the darkness her chin went up a little higher, and for a moment the narrow white road, picked out murkily by the spasmodic headlights, swam in a lavender haze.

She blinked the mist out of her eyes, and in a sweet, angry voice, she said to herself: "Oh, damn everything!"

II

IT HAS no doubt been remarked by other historians that a young man madly infatuated with an idea is often inclined toward thoughtlessness in respect to the feelings of others. Which observation leads point-blank to an explanation of Tommy Bennett's curtness and rudeness to Miss Dorothy Miller on the night we have in mind.

Under any other circumstances he would have stopped his roadster obligingly, would have back-watered to the side of the road, would have whipped off his coat, would have produced a kit of tools sufficiently wonderful to cause a garage man's eyes to water with envy and delight, and would have contributed all of his skill and broad experience with balky automobiles.

With to-night came the exceptional circumstance. It was not that he was dog-tired and grumpy, or that his hair and face were coated with road dust, or that his nerves were in pieces as a result of having maintained a speed-limit-defying pace for hours. It was simply that he had to reach Baker's Junction before the Green Diamond got there.

It was absolutely necessary—oh, it was more than that—it was vitally essential that he explain and apologize to Gwendolyn Playfair, who was a passenger to Chicago on the Green Diamond, that the kiss had been unpremeditated, and that she must return to New York immediately—turn around and go back with him in the Dulcier, perhaps.

You may have heard Gwendolyn Playfair's name mentioned, but it is exceedingly unlikely that you will ever hear it mentioned again. To be sure, her story, which was not particularly unusual and somehow escaped the reconstructive genius of Jesson Globol, the Bennett press agent, did not appear in the newspapers.

These are the unvarnished facts in the case: Gwendolyn Playfair ran away from home on a farm near some obscure and remote little town in upper New York state and came to the city of New York at the beginning of the summer theatrical season. A manager would have had to be deaf and blind not to have detected the promise in her.

Miss Playfair was snapped up immediately. Her slim blond loveliness and her bird-like voice aided her materially in discovering a berth in the chorus of the forthcoming musical play, "So This Is Love!"

It happened that the lyrics and the music of the piece were the contributions to art of two poor but honest young men whom Tommy Bennett had known distantly during his education at the hands of a democratic American university.

Tommy Bennett, you see, came from a well-to-do family, but from the time he was a boy he was determined to make his mark without patrimonial assistance. And, as you have no doubt gleaned from theatrical magazines and periodicals of a general nature which now and then set forth the achievements of unusual men, Tommy's success as a writer dated almost from the day of his graduation.

He seemed to have the knack of turning out hits, no matter in what artistic field he exercised. His short stories of New York's Bohemia led him to novels, and from several popular novels he naturally caromed to the stage.

He made more money than he knew what to do with.

It therefore transpired that Tommy was approached by the authors and invited to put the finishing touches to "So This Is Love!" and to furnish the funds necessary to its launching.

Tommy at a single reading recognized "So This Is Love!" as a cleverly constructed piece, requiring little attention on his part, so he devoted his time to a play of his own, then in process of rehearsal at another theatre.

After the first-night performance, in deference to custom, he, as the angel-producer, gave a little party back of the stage to the members of the "So This Is Love!" company. Everybody in the company was there, from the dark vampire lady with the contralto voice who was headlined to the starved little thing on the left end who hennaed her hair. There, also, in more respects than one, was Gwendolyn Playfair.

When Tommy Bennett saw her, he stopped eating.

"Look here," he said excitedly to the then poor and honest and now celebrated and wealthy young man who had written the music, "who is that lovely creature with the natural blond hair who just told Mac she never touched champagne?"

"Her?" the young composer answered with disdain. "Why, she's only one of the chorines, Tom. That's all. She is the one who says, in the Waikiki scene, 'Oh, girls, here comes Prince Lillapopaboy!' "

"Find out her name," Tommy commanded tensely.

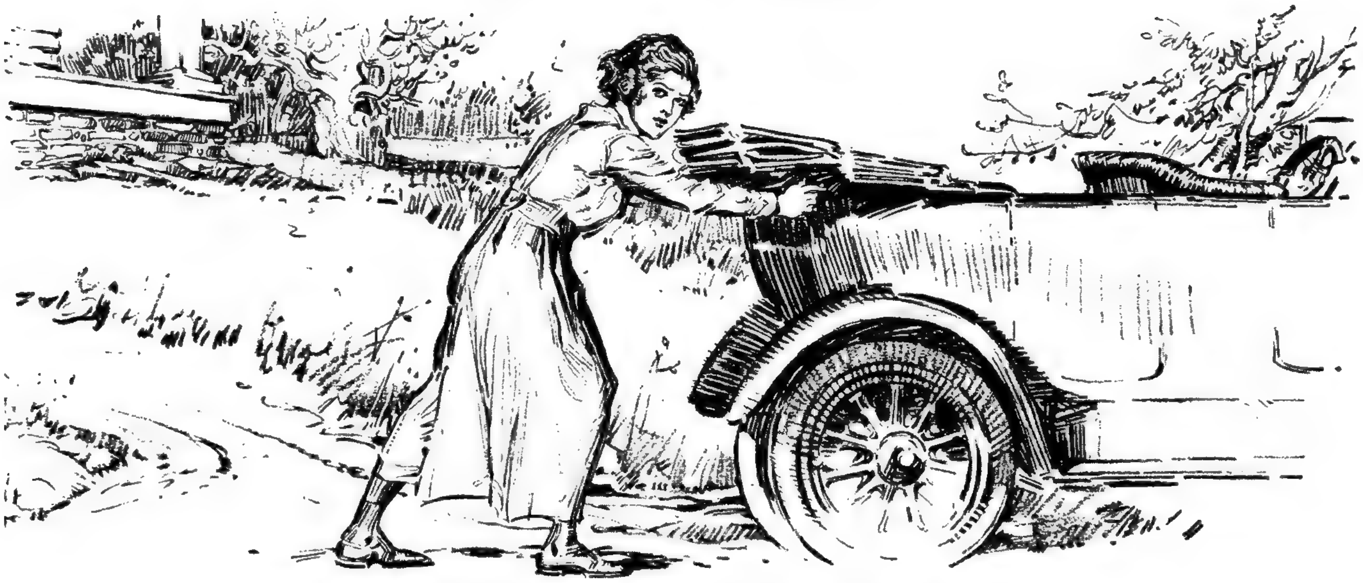
"Sure! I will do that little thing," his friend assented, and went over to the girl who had never touched champagne and asked her.

Tommy followed. With impersonal interest he analyzed and ticketed Miss Playfair during the introduction. Suffice that he recognized in her one of the several types which New York audiences can be depended upon to accept.

She appeared to be charmingly immature. It was her aspect of yearning innocence that smote Tommy Bennett. She was pink, white and tender, with the slimness of a Parisian *mannequin* and the shrinking Dresden-blue eyes of an adolescent girl.

In his imagination Tommy cast her at once in a part of the startled-doe variety. She seemed to shrink from one's gaze. She needed no poise other than that shy one; her alluring timidity was sufficient. He believed that audiences would fall more deeply in love with Gwendolyn Playfair the more frightened she became.

He did not realize that his candid, appraising stare was frightening her. He vaguely suspected that some of her was not entirely genuine, was blind to the possibility



She turned around and began, without seeming effort, to push the Flinnet down the road.

of her being unaccustomed to the frank, impersonal gaze.

He was, indeed, so carried away by the potentialities of her that he overlooked the probable suspicion and doubt with which a simple girl from the country would attend the searching admiration of a theatrical angel.

He did not, that is to say, realize that in her eyes he was only fractionally a friend, and otherwise a menace to such as she. In a word, he was in ignorance of the fact that when he spoke of "keeping an eye on her," she was so frightened that she could hardly sleep that night.

Be that as it may, this will serve as an illustration of how easily sometimes an actress can be discovered. When the rather temperamental ingénue came to Tommy in a huff and demanded that the leading lady be discharged or that she would accept a lucrative offer from another manager promising her a wider field in which to exercise her talents, Tommy told her to run along, promptly called a rehearsal, altered the lines, had the songs shifted around considerably, and gave Miss Playfair a try-out.

Aided and abetted by charming schoolgirl frocks, the up-state girl delivered herself of one easy little song in the second act and the third, in a voice whose training any one who ever listened to a church choir could have placed without the slightest difficulty.

It was not wholly to her artistic credit, perhaps, that she supported his contentions. She was appealing in spite of her lack of training—we almost said "in spite of herself." She was like a thrush—and a forget-me-not. The more frightened she became the more delicious she became. It was novel; not knowing, you thought it was clever. The awkwardness with which she enlivened the one group dance she was permitted to participate in was positively adorable.

Having in his possession, however, a seasoned if young head, Tommy Bennett declined to pronounce his verdict until the newcomer was given a trial before a hardened New York audience.

Now one of the several phenomena manifested by a cynical New York audience is its appreciation and understanding of real cleverness. The older a joke is the better a New York audience likes it. Gwendolyn was an old story. They had seen the type before, and they loved it. Consequently, Gwendolyn Playfair, with her scared little voice and her startled doe-like demeanor, captured the trial audience's heart. She was scared stiff; she all but fell over herself a half-dozen times; throughout the play she maintained a mask of Chaplinistic seriousness; *i.e.*, she was some *comedienne!*

Shortly after the curtian went down on the grand finale Tommy Bennett rushed to her dressing-room and burst in without even the simple formality of knocking. He appeared to be so irresistibly excited and overjoyed that he did not realize what he was doing.

Miss Playfair was not, by up-state standards, prepared to receive male congratulators. She had slipped into a pink-silk kimono, and her new maid was engaged in massaging away the make-up.

Nor did Tommy seem to appreciate the horrified glance she gave him when, springing to her feet, she sent the new maid reeling into a corner.

"You wonderful girl!" he burst out in a voice choked with enthusiasm. "Oh, you wonderful girl!"

Struck numb with fright, Gwendolyn Playfair could only tremble and gasp. She gasped again and again.

In a further access of ungovernable enthusiasm Tommy seized her in his arms. He kissed her exultantly a number of times. Then, holding her off at arm's length, he gloated upon her.

Now, then: People who have taken the pains to possess themselves of the details of this incident—people of the profession, I mean—and who have given it their broad-minded consideration, take either one of two sides. Many of them uphold the theory that Tommy Bennett's actions were dictated by youthful exuberance—"nothing but the boy and the artist in him," they will tell you. They are the ones who support the contention that his emotional method of greeting a newcomer was perfectly justified. With appropriate figures of rhetoric they will argue convincingly that his interest in her was comparable to the interest he displayed in a smart, catchy song, or a neat line, or a subtle and ingenious bit of business. To him, that is, she was merely a stick of promising timber to be fashioned in his workshop.

The other faction, which may or may not have been more thoroughly disillusioned by life than the other, frankly doubts it. They contend that he was madly infatuated, not with a successful idea, but with the successful pattern after which Miss Playfair had been molded.

At all events, after Tommy had held her off at arm's length for a few clock-ticks of time, he blurted out:

"We are going to have a celebration up at my apartment just as soon as you're dressed. Do hurry—my own wonder girl!"

Tommy then dashed away to assemble the others for the celebration—the fat comedian, the hawk-browed heavy, and the wives of both these distinguished gentlemen.

The five of them waited outside the stage entrance until well after midnight in the heavy's limousine for Tommy's own wonder girl to appear. But Gwendolyn Playfair saw fit to go elsewhere. Investigation on Tommy's part profited nothing. She left her dressing-room alone a little after eleven o'clock, and the night watchman could supply no details.

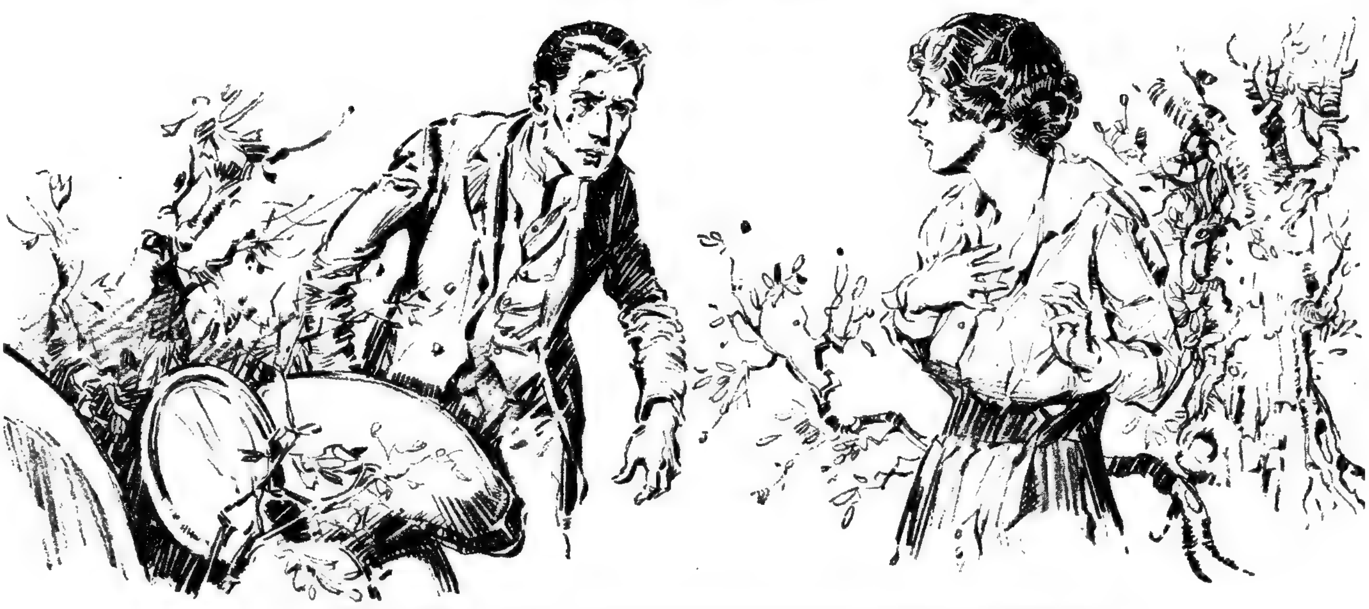
Even the next noon, when a hasty note from her was delivered to him, realization did not dawn upon Tommy.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry to have to give up my theatrical career, but my fiancé in Chicago has wired me to come to him at once. I am through with the stage forever.

GWENDOLYN PLAYFAIR.

Tommy Bennett gave an immediate demonstration in support of his reputation as a competent producer. From the telephone operator at her apartment-house he discovered that Miss Playfair had made a reservation on the Green Diamond Limited. The reckless idea of heading off the Green Diamond and bringing her back was born instantly.

Perhaps if Tommy Bennett had been older or less imaginative he would have rejected such a plan as promptly. If it appealed to the hidden streak of adventure in him, he was not aware of it; his



A somewhat terrifying creature tottered, bear-like, toward her into the field of white glow.

process of reasoning, by steps, was that it would be folly to trail her on a later train: she would be swallowed by Chicago five minutes after she landed. His only chance was the short cut across the state—the hypotenuse of the triangle formed by the track over which the limited was flying.

He devoted five precious minutes to negotiating with a well-known musical-comedy actress, popular for her toe-dancing, for the ingénue part. She had a voice; she was beautiful and comparatively young; and he was certain that "So This Is Love!" would continue indefinitely despite the sudden and frequent changes in ingénues.

Approximately ten hours before our friends the bullfrogs suspended their debate in Billings Pond, Gwendolyn Playfair slipped out of New York on the Green Diamond Limited. Twenty minutes after Tommy discovered her flight, which was thirty minutes after the train rolled out of the terminal into the sunlight, he had his plans completed. His exceptional assistant, Bobby Larke, was placed in charge of the Bennett interests.

Now Tommy Bennett was a specimen of what people refer to when they loosely make use of the phrase, "a typical New Yorker." A typical New Yorker, to out-of-towners, is a pale-complexioned person who clothes himself fastidiously, has a sleekly sophisticated air, and is connected in some capacity with Park Row, Wall Street, or Broadway in the Forties.

Yet earlier in his youth Tommy Bennett had loved simple things; he was still fascinated by machinery, and he had bought the Dulcier-66 because the Dulcier was so conscientiously constructed that you could peek into the most out-of-the-way corners of it and find one delightful little device after another either for your comfort, speed or safety.

Tommy hastened to the garage immediately his telephoning was completed and went professionally over the Dulcier with a mechanic, while a second mechanic looked after the grease-cups and pumped up the tires. A third mechanic filled the gasoline tank, the radiator and the engine-well, while another administered to the storage-battery. The mighty Dulcier was groomed and ready within five minutes.

From the garage-owner he secured road information. Taking into their calculations the known speed of the Green Diamond and the potential speed of the roadster, both decided that, barring mishap and too many detours, he could nicely win the race to Baker's Junction, where the limited stopped to change engines.

Tommy Bennett's flight from the garage was comparable to that of a naval projectile. On his way out of town he was pursued by a dozen motor cops; and he knew that on his return to the city he would be called upon to pay thousands of dollars of fines and to depend upon the influence of every politician of his acquaintance if he hoped to escape a long sojourn in the Tombs.

He was willing to take the chance. He was always willing to sacrifice almost anything for the sake of a splendid idea. And a splendid idea was what Gwendolyn Playfair represented to him. He had been looking for her for years without being aware of it.

Nor did he mind the fatigue which fastened upon him as the hours and miles fled, or the losing of a road once or twice; and at no time during the mad ride did he chalk up a bill of damages against the irresponsible, thoughtless Gwendolyn. All of his irritation was centered upon the mysteries and sudden Chicago fiancé. Every "damn" he uttered in the course of the afternoon and evening had for an appendage the word "him."

We began this chapter with the hope of extenuating the rudeness of Tommy Bennett to the girl under the Flinnet. Now you know why he was in such a hurry. As he was hurled along the narrow road, he was thinking of her pained surprise at his unwillingness to help. He was sorry it had had to happen. He sincerely regretted his inability to remain.

She was a girl he would have liked to cultivate. Personally he had no use for the Gwendolyn type with scared baby-blue glance. The young woman whose small boots had obstructed his onward hurl he recognized as the representative of a different and entirely desirable school of womanhood.

"Nice girl," he expressed himself.

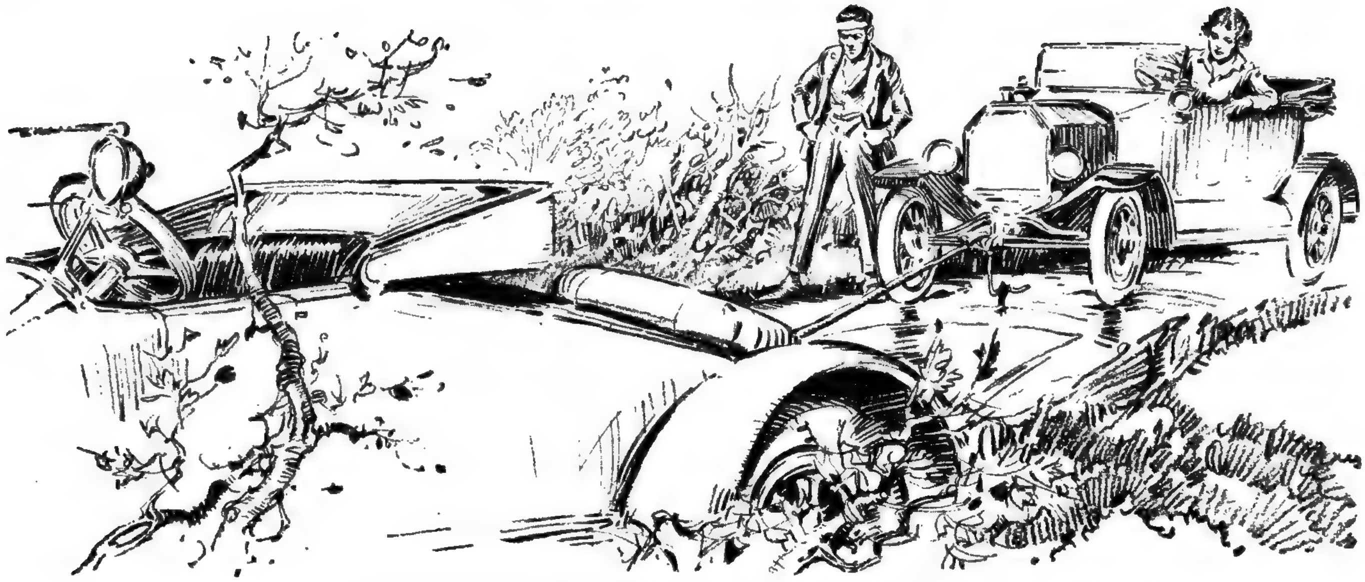
He had a hazy recollection, as his motor, the capacity of which had never been quite attained, reached a higher note, that her face was fine and sweet, not in spite of the grease dabs, but partly because of them. She was different. She had an air of knowing how to do things and not being afraid to carry them out. Once or twice in the past he had met a woman who had seemed to be purely an externalization of thoughts in his mind. This was the case in his meeting Dorothy Miller. She personified something that he admired very much; and he was unable to dismiss the picture of those sturdy little boots sticking out from under the stalled Flinnet.

The road continued narrow, but straight and smooth. The night air rushed upon him in a solid mass, urging fresh salty drops from his blistering eyes.

Second strength had come to him hours back; he was as much a part of the flitting Dulcier as any of the highly machined units under the graceful hood; his control was as automatic as the performance of the distributor. Movements of feet and hands were unconscious, purely mechanical; even the decisions of his brain were automatic, controlled by a keen and delicate faculty which was constantly undergoing readjustment as the factors of time and distance recurred in ever-changing relations.

This machine-made sixth sense warned him from time to time that his speed on such a road was perilous; but he was willing to take the risk in the effort to reach Baker's Junction on time. His actions on arrival there were part of a reconstructed plan. Gwendolyn would probably be asleep. He could ascertain that from the Pullman conductor. He would leave the roadster at the station—the Dulcier was fully protected by insurance. He would probably sleep in the smoking-room; and in the morning, hours before the Green Diamond rumbled into the La Salle Street Station, he would, he believed, have persuaded the girl that her flight was a tragic mistake.

Tommy slowed down for an unexpected, unposted down-grade. Below him, to the left, random lights of a village twinkled through layers of maple, chestnut and locust trees.



The tow-line tightened. Slowly the stricken Dulcier began to move.

Baker's Junction?

"You can't miss it," the nice girl had told him.

He hazarded a glance at the clock, and before he glanced back to the road a familiar and detestable odor swept to his nostrils through the opened wind-shield.

Fresh road-oil!

The glossy black layer flew toward him and under him as his right foot crowded down on the foot-brake, his right hand leaping as automatically to the emergency brake.

The slick surface translated the intelligent Dulcier into an uncontrollable mass of flying metal. Rear wheels locked, huge, corrugated tires squealing over the shining crown, the heavy car plunged off the slippery road and into thick grass and weeds.

And a stanch old elm-tree seemed firmly determined to dispute Tommy Bennett's right of way.

III

SOME time later—a few minutes after completing her midnight errand—or approximately an hour and a half after her encounter with Thomas Allen Bennett, the girl of the broken-down Flinnet occupied the worn place in the carpet in front of her dressing-table mirror and ruefully contemplated the spots of grease and oil on her face and shirt-waist.

A few feet to the left of the dressing-table was an opened window propped up with a broken curtain-roller. The opening gave upon a farming landscape silvered with the flood of the soaring moon. Geometrical rows of corn extended as far away as you could see. A dry clay road as straight as a yard-stick divided the compressed front yard from the silent army of corn. Drawn up at the nearer side of the road was the Flinnet, dark.

The girl was frowning slightly when she turned from the mirror and looked blankly out over the moonlit corn-field. She was saying to herself that some people were extremely unbalanced, while she herself had been created, not with a silver spoon in her mouth, but with a dish-rag in her hand. And she wondered how sensible and honorable girls went about running away from senile and evil-tempered grandfathers.

Her glance fell disparagingly upon the hunched-up Flinnet. For some time she had been reflecting seriously upon the lack of courtesy—no, the lack of interest—displayed by the man in the powerful roadster. Her one glimpse of the Dulcier had enthralled her; her first glimpse of the man—a grim and dusty adventurer behind the wind-shield—had made her wonder and envy.

She sank down to her knees and, with her tanned cheeks in her palms, stared down with uncompromising hatred at the mournful Flinnet. The heels of her little brown boots were waving balefully behind her. And softly she began clicking her teeth.

Suddenly the heels stopped their wagging. Suddenly the white teeth stopped their clicking. Abruptly Miss Dorothy Miller sprang to her feet, and there was upon her face an expression of terror.

She started impulsively for the door. She paused and looked wildly about the room.

In one corner of her little gray bedroom was an oak water-stand, supporting a white porcelain pitcher, a wash-bowl and a rectangular soap-dish which contained a round, chaste-looking cake of lavender-colored soap. On an adjacent wooden rail which was nailed to the wall depended several clean hand-towels and a wash-rag of the perforated type.

With the grace and stealth of a cat-animal she poured several inches of cold water into the bowl, seized the wash-rag and the cake of lavender soap and scrubbed her face ruthlessly. She next hastened to an ancient mahogany chest of drawers, extracted a clean silk shirt-waist, and exchanged it for the one she was wearing. Then she turned out the oil-lamp, opened the door and crept down the stairs on tiptoe.

The familiar tremolo snores of her grandfather trilled through the gloomy house. Ordinarily she disliked the snores of her grandfather perhaps more than anything else on the farm. They seemed to express his selfishness, his physical complacency, so precisely. But somehow to-night they seemed to lend a peculiar zestful rhythm to her adventure.

She slipped out of the shadow cast by the front porch and moved skilfully through the flower-beds to the protective blackness of a round Japanese maple-tree whose leaves in the daytime were a dull coppery red.

Reaching the road, she turned around and bestowed an alert glance upon the white ghost of a house and began, without seeming effort, to push the Flinnet down the road. Having overcome its inertia, she hastened to the front and climbed in behind the wheel. For twenty-five feet the Flinnet rolled down the slight grade, axles squealing, springs squeaking, while little thrills of fear chased up and down the girl's spine and an invisible layer of cold perspiration broke out on her forehead and chin.

Once she swore, as a man swears, disgustedly and without affectation. The front wheels had dropped into a little gulley, and the crash might have been heard for miles.

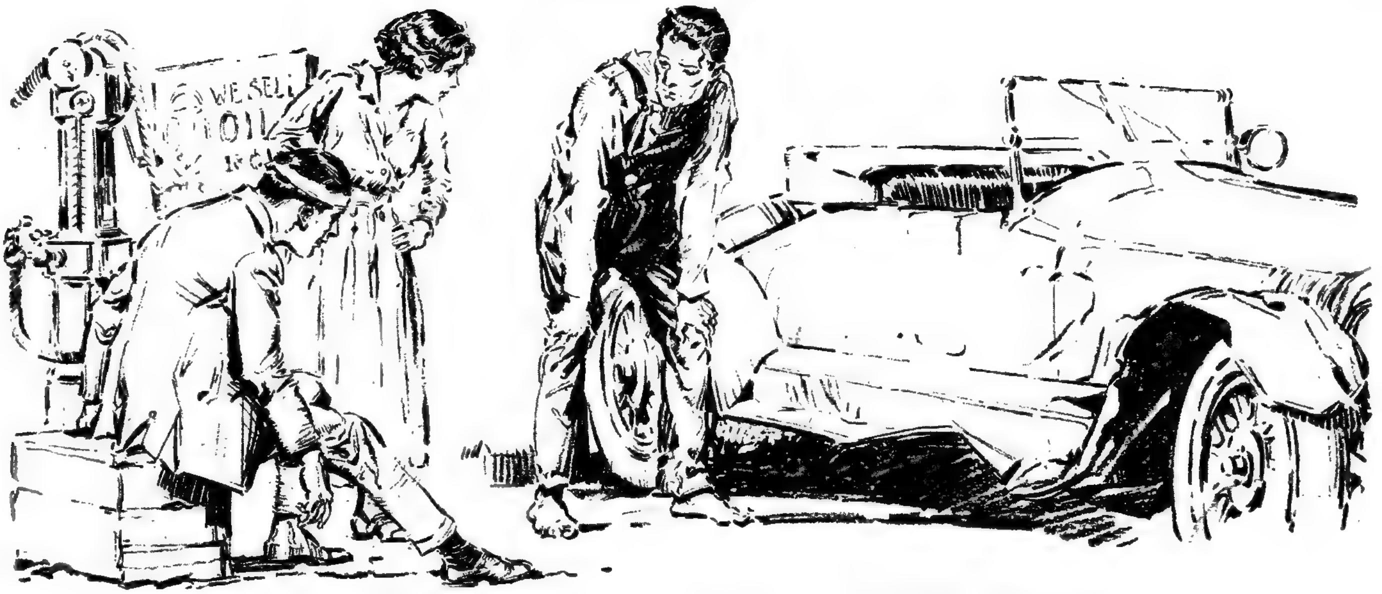
When the momentum of the glide down hill was exhausted, Miss Miller climbed out and patiently pushed the Flinnet fifty feet farther. She was now about one hundred feet from the house and believed she could make her get away without detection.

Carefully she primed, then cranked. With her present intense desire for quietness, the explosions of the unmuffled engine suggested a machine-gun fusilade or the laboring of an ancient threshing-machine, or both.

Without a single glance back at the lonely white house, she jumped aboard again. Through a rolling, fertile country she rattled and clattered, bunched over the stiff wheel in the attitude which long experimenting had taught her was the least uncomfortable.

At the end of fifteen minutes she came to a village and turned left on a road which had recently been oiled. She stopped the car, sprang out and examined the surface for marks of fat, corrugated tires. Failure to find what she was looking for increased her agitation.

She jumped into the seat again and drove to the foot of a steep hill, where the oiled road climbed out of sight into a thicket of maples and chestnuts, with



"I'll give you one thousand bucks for her as she stands," urged Mr. Smith.

here and there an elm and a locust tree.

Breathing quickly, she left the car at the foot of the hill and went up the grade rapidly, in the grass beside the oil, to a point where she saw a brilliant white light shining through the leaves.

Her breath seemed to have dried her throat completely; and her heart was making a terrible noise in her ears.

Miss Miller at first could not determine the full extent of the smash-up, because the single light blinded her eyes. She believed, however, that the big roadster was in need of considerable repair.

At her nearer approach a somewhat terrifying creature climbed to its feet and tottered, bear-like, toward her into the field of white glow.

Blood was coursing down his face from an ugly cut across the forehead, and the eyes were stupid—like those of a wounded and frightened animal.

"Gracious! You're hurt something terrible!" Miss Miller vented her dismay.

"Uh. H-hum," confirmed Tommy Bennett, and flopped upon her nearest shoulder.

She gasped, staggered back, and supported him rather awkwardly.

"You must've been going pretty fast," she murmured.

"Must've been going 'bout sixty," he said, with a drunken attempt to straighten up. "Oh, gee—Oh—" And became altogether limp in her embrace.

Hastily and tenderly she deposited him on the running-board convenient to them. She sat down beside him, and presently he managed to raise his head.

"Haven't you any bandages—or anything?" she asked in an anxious voice.

"First-aid-injured kit—side pocket," he mumbled.

Dorothy Miller found the first-aid package, ripped it open, and mopped the blood from Tommy's cheeks and mouth with a clump of gauze. Dextrously she then wound a bandage about his head, with a pad of antiseptic gauze over the wound.

When the dressing was finished, he looked round at her in a dazed fashion and clenched his teeth together fiercely for a moment.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Have you?" she replied with a faint smile, retiring to the defensive upon recognizing him to be no longer a helpless animal.

"Didn't you crawl out from under a Flinnet when I was going by, back up the road a way?"

"It seems to me I did," Miss Miller said pensively.

"Well," he said dully, "I guess I've been waiting here for you to come along for a long while."

"I'm sorry it took me so long," she said. "My! But you were in a hurry!"

"Wasn't I!" he agreed with a groan. "Seem to forget where I was headed, too. Brain is all full of shooting-stars. All I can think of is the way that tree flew up and hit me. Smash—bang—black—then you!"

"Was it Baker's Junction?" Miss Miller suggested faintly.

"That's the place!"

"Well," she said grimly, "I told you a lie."

"Did?" he grunted, as if he did not quite understand. "What did you do that for?"

"I really didn't tell a lie at *first*," she amended hastily. "This *is* the road to the junction, but the junction is at the *other* end of the road. That place you see down there through the trees is Greenbrook."

"But why did you do it?" he persisted, without indignation.

"I was angry because you wouldn't stop and tell me what was the matter."

"Oh!" said Tommy listlessly. "I wonder where I can put up for the night around here."

"Why don't you sleep in your car?"

"I'd rather sleep in a bed. I feel pretty sick. Isn't there a hotel of some kind in the town?"

Miss Miller frowned and consulted her fingers. Her expression brightened.

"Listen. We can wake up Andy Smith. He runs the garage. His brother is away, and he'll be glad to let you use the extra bed. You'll want to see Andy Smith anyway, I guess, won't you? Can you walk?"

She gave him her hands and Tommy staggered to his feet.

"Wait a minute," he said suddenly. "I'm not going to leave this car here all night."

"Nobody will steal it," she argued. "Just look at it!"

"I don't care," he said stubbornly. "It's an expensive car."

"It did look like a pretty expensive car," she agreed with a sigh. "What make was it?"

"Dulcier," said Tommy rather peevishly, not deaf to the irony of her verbs.

"I never had a ride in a Dulcier," Miss Miller murmured. "Do you want to see if it will work?"

Only a glance was needed to verify their suspicions that the Dulcier was not in commission. The radiator had been knocked clear of its brackets, and the grass underneath it was drenched with the contents of the cooling system. The front axle was twisted, and the left wheel inches out of alinement. The left fender was crumpled as if it had been tin, while the damage to the engine could not even be guessed.

Miss Miller leaned gracefully against the ruined fender and looked at Tommy sympathetically.

"You're in hard luck," she said. "My car is at the bottom of the hill. I'll go and get it."

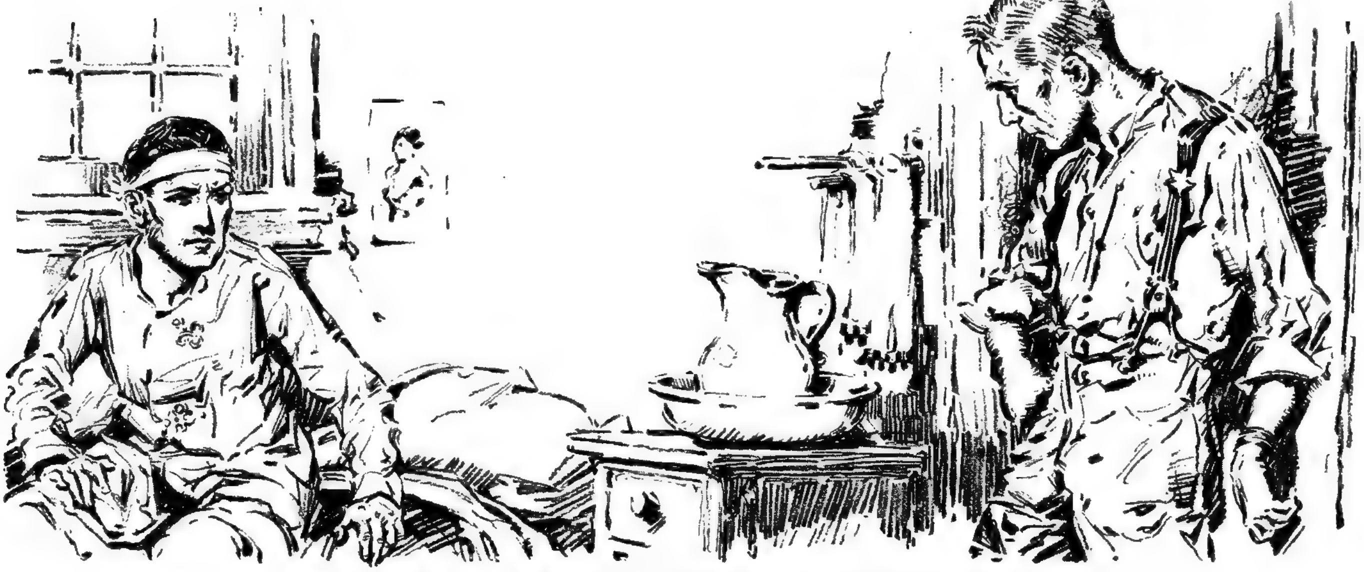
"You can't tow a Dulcier with a Flinnet," Tommy said indignantly.

"Well, I've towed trees that weighed twice as much as your Dulcier," she replied, and started down the hill.

Tommy Bennett looked after her with surprise and admiration, sat down on the running-board again and proceeded to do some difficult reasoning. Hours ago the Green Diamond had picked up a new engine at Baker's Junction and gone on its way westward.

Gwendolyn Playfair was gone, beyond hope of recovery, no doubt. But Tommy Bennett was enough of a philosopher to take life as life was unraveled before him. It was his fatalistic view that there was nothing to be gained trying to avoid a manifest destiny; and the young woman who had taken him so capably in charge threatened, it seemed, to become a permanent institution.

Certainly he was old enough and traveled enough to have met dozens of girls



"I'm sheriff here. Lookin' for a N' York man, name of Thomas A. Bennett."

of her brisk, clean-cut type, but there was a belief running around in his mind that the dark-eyed, humorous and competent young stranger was a refreshingly new experience.

He thought, somewhat sentimentally, that it was strange that fate should have brought him in contact with her twice under such strange auspices in one night. To his imaginative way of looking at life, the present circumstances were not lacking in romance; even as he sat there, staring at the wretched black road-oil, his aching brain was automatically creating situations, rejecting them, revising them: drama and plot were the only terms in which he thought, even when idle, as now.

Strangely, he had lost, for the time being at least, the edge of his keen interest in the frightened Gwendolyn. Perhaps his rude contact with the wood fence on the other side of the stately old elm-tree had brought him closer than usual to realities, of which Gwendolyn was not one.

He had always publicly maintained that the cities, not the country, expressed the reality of the modern period. He had never been drawn to the open fields, although a glimmer of his potential interest in things agrarian might have accounted for his rapidly growing admiration of the girl in the Flinnet. She had such lovely tanned arms and hands!

Tommy was watching down hill expectantly when the wan lights of the little automobile hove into sight. With a roaring and clashing, as of unrelated and loose parts, the Flinnet stopped beyond him and its pilot descended.

"Have you a tow-line?" she called to him.

Tommy reached into the rear compartment, and produced a coil of steel-woven rope.

Still too weak to contribute much assistance, he followed her instructions, attaching the line from the rear axle of the Dulcier to the front axle of the Flinnet.

He stood back out of the way, watched, and gave himself over to doubt.

The tow-line tightened. Slowly the stricken Dulcier began to move. The Flinnet was making no more noise than before, perhaps because to do so would have been mechanically impossible.

Tommy stood in the road, stared and admired the skill with which the girl managed the five thousand pounds of helpless metal. The front left wheel revolved with a hideous scraping sound, and it seemed to him that the entire frame was twisted out of shape.

"Unhook the line!" she yelled over the blasphemous refrain of her engine.

Tommy unhooked the line.

"Now hook it onto your front and my rear. I'm going to tow you to Andy Smith's garage. I guess your brakes will hold all right. Think you can steer?"

"I think so," Tommy replied as he climbed in.

So, with its clamorous little escort, the mighty and humbled Dulcier was eased down the steep, winding road and into the scattering of stores and white houses and maple trees which set Greenbrook off from the surrounding terrane as a village.

They stopped before a dejected gray structure with large closed doors, dozens of enameled signs, and a brilliantly red pedestal out in front.

Tommy and Miss Miller alighted simultaneously, and he stood back while she went up and pounded boldly on the large doors.

A window above them opened, and a head, covered with a mass of shaggy dark curls, was projected into the moonlight.

"What's the trouble, Dorothy?" a sleepy man's voice desired to know.

The girl called up to him. "Say! Come on down quick and see what the cat's brought in!"

"Somebody had a smash-up?" Mr. Smith inquired.

"Dulcier—had an argument with a big tree," Dorothy enlightened him. "Late reports say the tree won."

"A Dulcier?" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "I'll be right down."

He came down presently: bare feet, nightshirt tucked into overalls. He looked the wreck over hungrily and turned to Tommy, shaking his head sympathetically but despairingly.

"Too bad. Where'd it happen?"

"Coming down the hill," Dorothy explained.

"Coming down pretty fast, I'll bet."

"Pretty fast," Tommy agreed.

"Suspect you're pretty tired of her right this minute."

"Rather," said Tommy earnestly.

"I'll bet you! Want to sell 'er?"

Queer confusion laid its hold upon Tommy's brain. He heard the girl whisper glibly in his ear: "Ask fifteen—take twelve!"

"I'll give you one thousand bucks for her as she stands," urged Mr. Smith.

"It cost five new!" Dorothy cried indignantly. "Why, look at it, Andy! It's a new car!"

"It cost ten!" Tommy sputtered.

"Yah! Look at it!" scoffed Mr. Smith. "Ready for the junkman!"

"It is not!" snapped Dorothy.

"You're crazy!" snorted Tommy.

"Twelve hundred," said Mr. Smith in tone of finality.

"No!"

"*No!*"

"Twelve-fifty!"

"See here, Mr. Smith," Tommy managed to get himself under control at last, "what in thunder gave you the idea I wanted to sell my car?"

It was now Mr. Smith's turn to display indignation. "Who did?" he roared. "Who *didn't?* Then what's the argument about? Gosh! What'd you go and get me out of bed for then?"

"All I wanted was to leave it here for the night," Tommy said faintly.

"And I told him maybe you would let him sleep in Bill's bed," Dorothy added.

Mr. Smith backed away a step and looked from one to the other, as if he had his suspicions.

"See, Andy; he is hurt," the girl said quaveringly.

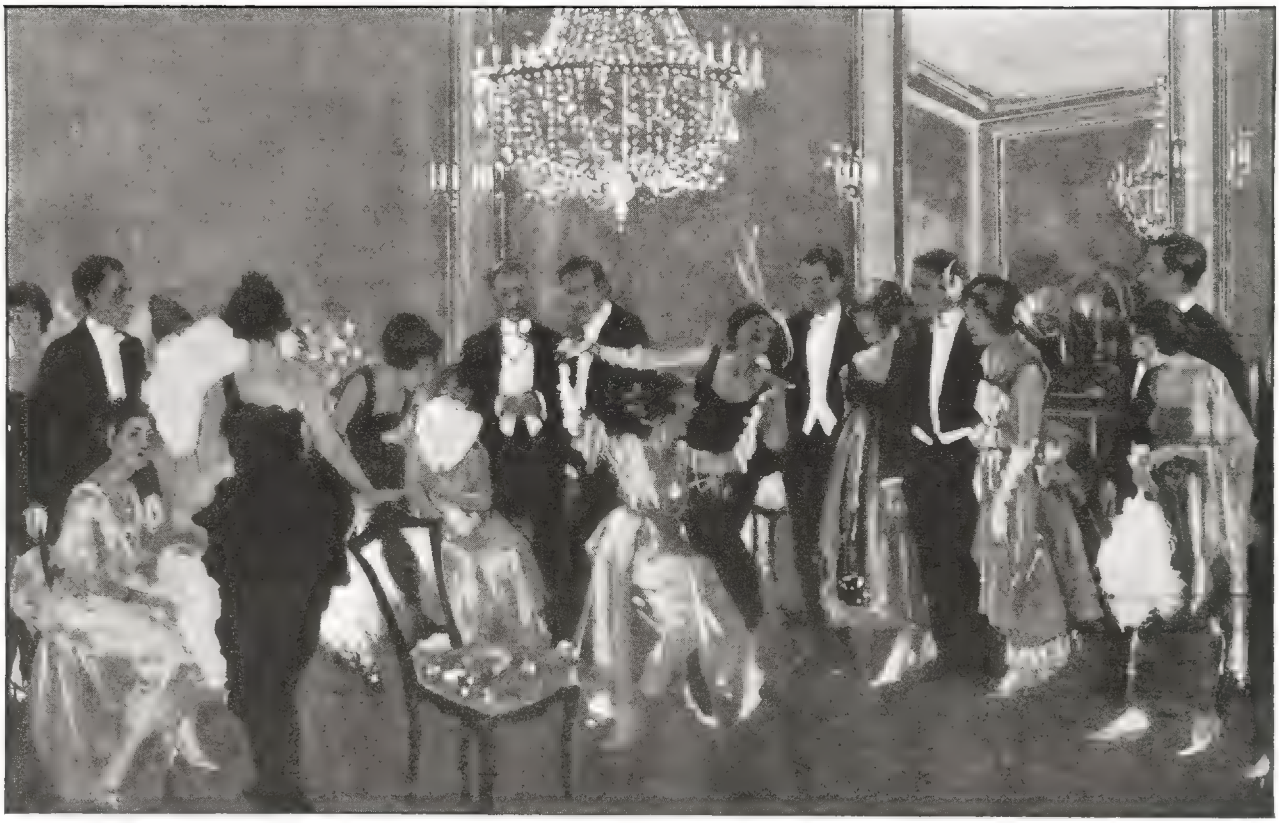
It required no effort on the part of Tommy to impart an expression of pain to the incredulous Mr. Smith. His head was throbbing so painfully that to blink his eyes, to grit his teeth, was to suffer agonies.

The garage man nodded comprehensively.

"You look pretty sick, at that," he commented. "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't roll into Bill's bunk."

"I'm mighty grateful," Tommy muttered.

(*Continued on page 84*)



Not a daring fad had been launched in society that had not had their support.

The Mad Virgins

By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez

Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Mare Nostrum," etc.

THEY were two sisters, Bertha and Juliette, orphan daughters of a diplomat, who had brought them up in distant countries of the Far East and South America; two sisters, free from all chaperonage, young, with a small income and numerous connections, who took part in all the gaieties of Paris.

The afternoon-tea dances saw them arrive with perfect punctuality. A ripple of joy seemed to follow their footsteps.

"Here are the Maxeville girls!" And the violins sang more sweetly, the lights gleamed more brightly in the winter twilight, the men rolled their eyes, stroking their mustaches thoughtfully, and certain matrons instinctively pushed back their chairs, averting their eyes, as though they saw before them the embodiment of all the vices of the age.

There wasn't a girl who ventured to imitate their daring clothes, their eccentric gestures, their phrases of double-meaning which gave such a piquant, provoking charm to the conversation of these two sisters. Not a daring fad had been launched in society that had not received their support. They had taken the first step toward fame dancing the "cake-walk" in drawing-rooms, many years ago, oh, many, at least five or six, in that romantic age when people still loved such old-fashioned things. Afterwards they stood sponsor for the "bunny hug," the "tango," the "maxixe," and the "furlana."

Their thoughtless joy, when it exceeded the limits of propriety, scandalized the old ladies. But afterwards, even the most straight-laced could not help forgiving them. "Crazy little things, those Maxeville girls, but so good-hearted."

Everybody knew how they lived up on a fifth floor with one old domestic who acted as mother to them, sighing over the memory of the departed grandeurs of his Excellency, the minister plenipotentiary. All knew the pitifully funny attempts they made to keep up the appearances of their former station with their father's modest pension and the slender income from their mother's estate; their miraculous ability to dress well on very little money; their adoption of the most startling fashions, trying to hide under the cloak of originality the cheapness of their wardrobe.

The gossips whispered of their secret arrangements with dressmakers and milliners to make their things for nothing in return for advertising their creations. But this was the limit of their slander. Of their habits, of their home-life, not a single word. The time-honored diplomatic families who had been acquainted with the minister never had to remonstrate with them for inexcusable imprudence.

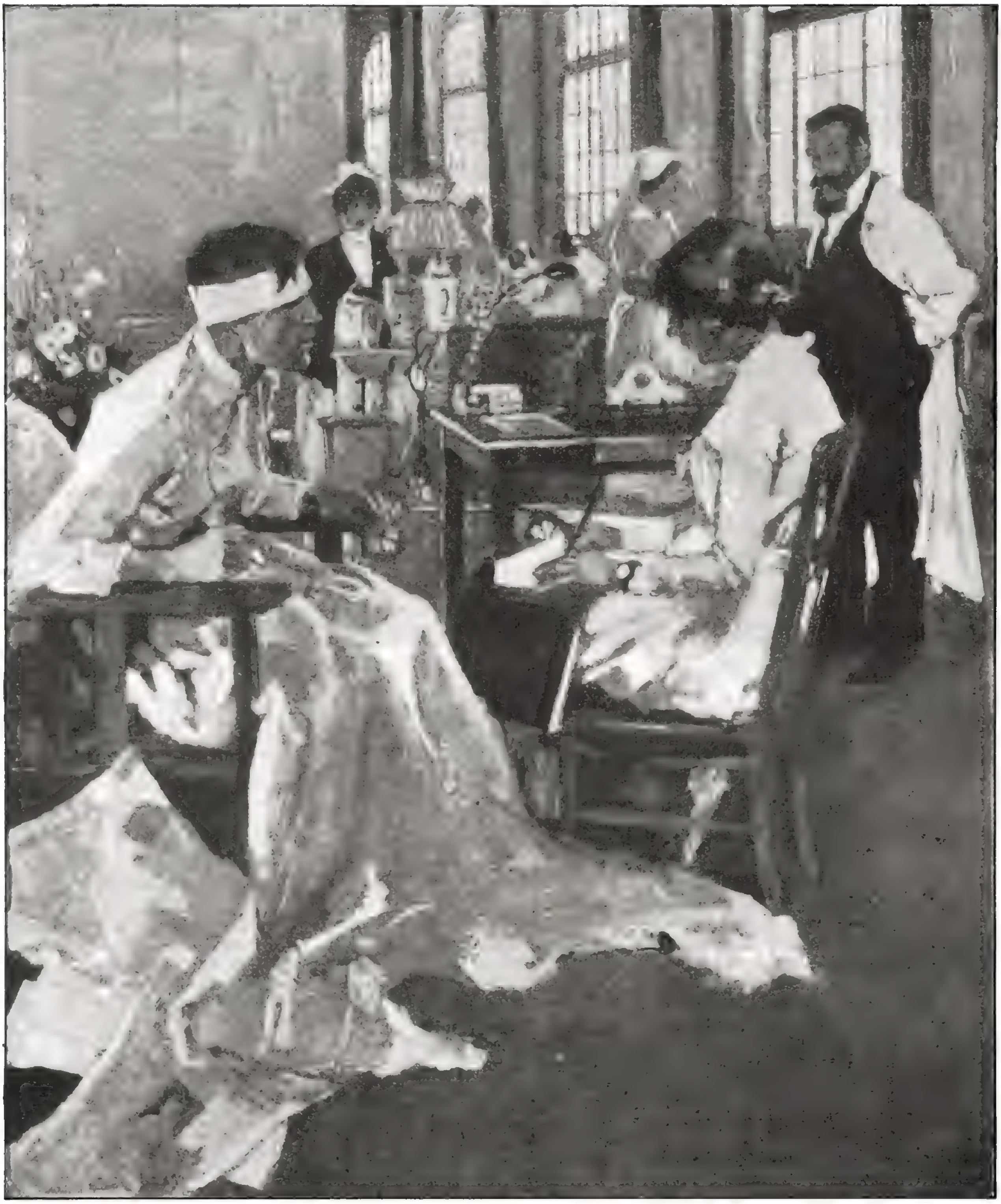
The indignation of the men was likewise proof of the virtue of these girls. Lovers ran after them, lured on by their outward free-and-easiness. Youths crowded around them like people at a bargain sale where all try to get there first. Provocative smiles, mysterious glances, words that seemed to breathe hope. And shortly afterwards one by one the conquerors turned back, furious and with lowered heads, like a dog that thought he had found a bone and bites on a rock.

"They're sharp, those little Maxevilles; impudent pieces, without a dowry, who are looking for a husband in their own way."

The very ones that talked this way about them finally gave them a nickname. The Misses Maxeville became known as "the mad virgins."

This nickname was entirely fitting. Nobody doubted for a moment either that they were mad or that they were virgins. They were like certain bankers who chat through the pay-window, smile, rattle the keys, and are forever arousing hope, but who never make the slightest loan, nor the smallest advance on your promissory notes.

The "mad virgins" were finally about to triumph in their desperate battle with the men. The older, Bertha, had interested a Russian engineer who was willing to marry her. The younger had almost done the same thing with a young officer. It



In the meantime Juliette wrote letters. The white lady was poetry, the joy of life that came to them.

was necessary for him only to overcome the resistance of a proud, conservative, provincial mother.

Just at this point a heartrending trumpet-call, brutal and insolent, cut short the sensual music and the voluptuous dances in which humanity was drowsing. The War! . . . And the happy people rushed this way and that in terrified confusion.

THE crowds packed about the East Station on the second day of mobilization saw the "mad virgins" arrive dressed in somber, nun-like black, with little hats like caps and each with a bag and a package in her hand containing the indispensable necessities of life: two shirts and two pairs of stockings.

The "mad virgins" went off without excitement, without heroic phrases, without two lines in the papers. Their worldly connections had stood them in good stead in rapidly gaining their desires. They went to the front at Verdun, to the post of danger where all expected the first clash. They had a letter for the directors of the Sanitary Corps. They appeared taller and sturdier, and walked with a firm tread. Their beauty of fashionable Parisiennes had disappeared. They were women, like those who wept or cheered on the other side of the railing; without rouge, without false curls or other artificial adornments, their cheeks untouched, and their eyes made larger by an emotion that had come to replace the former lines of black penciling; serene eyes which looked toward the future heroically, divining the approach of disaster.

Then they were lost in the multitude of men in uniform, horses, and cannon. And they were lost from the memory of all those who a week before had commented on their talk and airs. People had to think about their own fate; danger allowed them no time to look beyond that. Poor "mad virgins"! Unhappy dolls of Paris upset by the whirlwind while they were dancing and smiling with painted mouths to the sound of a music-box.

Now and then the women who had gathered to knit for the soldiers mentioned their names when they spoke of the dead and absent. "The little Maxeville girls?" They were doing heroic deeds in their own way at the front. Where they were, men died smiling. On several occasions they had gone even to the battle-fields, hearing the whistle of passing shells. The name of the older girl had been cited in an order of the day.

And always the same final comment: "They were good girls; a little crazy, but good-hearted."

A year of war passed. One day the news was circulated that Bertha had died, a victim of her self-sacrifice. And then a little later they mentioned her no more. Deeds of heroism are so frequent nowadays! So many familiar names drop out every day!

MONTHS later, in a hospital set up in a ruined castle behind the fighting lines, I met the last "mad virgin."

I would not have recognized her. She was walking down an avenue of the park, almost running, her veil fluttering, and her emaciated limbs moving rapidly beneath her white skirt. She was carrying in her pale, transparent hands a package of clothes. Her nose and ears seemed like glass colored by the light of the sun. She seemed a diaphanous body, with the unhealthy transparency produced by physical suffering.

All her life was concentrated in her eyes.

A military doctor who was with me confirmed my recognition:

"It is Miss Maxeville, a young girl in society before the war."

The doctor had known her for some months. He had witnessed the horrible death of the sister, and it still made him shudder.

She had been infected trying to cleanse the wounds of a dying man who had been buried for three days in a shell hole. The poor thing's suffering had lasted forty-eight hours. She had slowly turned black with the expansion of the poisoned blood, howling in her death-agony. And the other sister had refused to leave her, embracing the convulsive body, kissing the eyes that could no longer see and the mouth that only emitted groans.

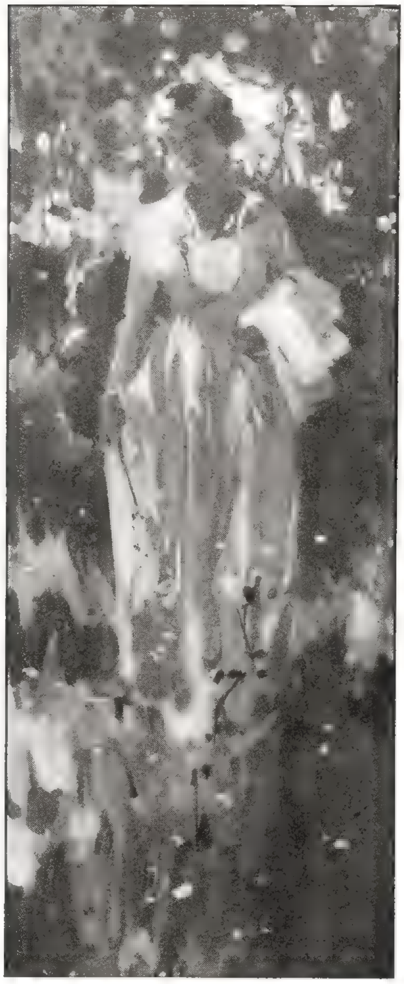
"Bertha, sweetheart, don't die, don't die."

All their lives they had been together, united by their need of defense as orphans, by the joys that color poverty, by the desire of winning a position for themselves before their youth passed. And to see her die in agonizing torture before her very eyes, without being able to save her, without finding any means to soothe her last moments!

"Poor girl," continued the doctor, "she saw the only relative she had die like a mad dog. A little later she learned of the death of the officer who wished to marry her."

Every one in the castle admired her energy.

"I don't know when she eats, nor when she sleeps. She is everywhere, and yet, the wounded men fret when she is not there—'Tell Miss Juliette to come.' She is the doctor of morale in this house. In many cases she can do more than we can. She and her sister made marvelous cures."



All her life was concentrated in her eyes.

I saw them in my mind's eye—as I listened to the doctor—going from room to room, like apparitions of health that scatter about them the sweetness of life. They were a little reserved with the officers. These were men of their world and perhaps for this they thought them dangerous, and did not pass beyond a grave natural solicitude with them.

But they became transfigured when they passed to the floors occupied by the herd of suffering soldiers, lightening with their happiness that atmosphere of groans, drugs and wounded flesh.

The memory of mothers and sweethearts stood out clearer when evoked by their lips. They described the smiling native land of which the soldiers so soon to die were dreaming. With the instinct of women of the drawing-room, they selected the conversations that would be most agreeable to each man. The older one had spent a week talking of the Iliad and the Odyssey with a student who was dying slowly, thinking of his doctor's thesis which he would never read in the Sorbonne. In the meantime Juliette wrote letters. The rude sailor of Brittany, the peasant of the interior, the scoffing workman of Paris, the gloomy Moor, the puerile negro, saw unknown beauties, unsuspected landscapes open before her pen. The white lady was poetry, the joy of life that came to them.

"Kiss it," Juliette would order, holding a flower she had just picked in the park before the lips of a wounded man. "A smart lover must always send such remembrances to his sweetheart." And she enclosed the flower in the letter, which was a source of admiration to the signer, touched and flattered at signing such tender lines.

An hour before dawn—the fatal hour in the hospitals—when day is just breaking and the dying pass away—the agonized death rattles always murmured the same wish: "Tell one of the ladies to come."

And they who had just fallen into that heavy slumber that precedes the daybreak, came running to witness another death-agony, to encourage a limp hand by the pressure of their own, to dissuade the footsteps of Death with their words that sounded like golden coins, with their laughter like the tinkling of thin glass.

"AND the poor little thing," continued the doctor, "is going on with the holy work of cheer. When she is alone she thinks of the other one, and of the dead officer, and she rushes to the dying, as though in another's grief she found her solace. The incurable ward, where those who are dying are put, is her favorite spot. There she sings, when a little before she was sighing alone; laughs with her eyes full of tears.

"We pretend not to see what she is doing. What good are rules in the presence of death? The important thing is to give a little joy to those who are going forever. Everybody does good after his own fashion. Last night I came upon her using her own method in the ward of the dying. We have a Moroccan sharpshooter there with his legs and abdomen shot to pieces. Each moment seems as though it were going to be his last; he may have died already. There's a German in the next bed. They put him there by mistake and now it is too late to move him.

"The men of Europe forget their grudges when they reach the limits of life. But this African is of long-enduring wrath. When he thinks nobody is looking he shows his fist to the enemy next to him, who watches him with round, astonished eyes, as though he were still on the battlefield. Miss Maxeville rushes toward them at once, pretending to be angry.

"'What's this, Ali? Be still, or I'll get cross with you.'

"'Don't you be cross,' murmurs the Moor. 'I'll not hurt him if you don't want me to. But tonight when you go away, I'll go to his bed and cut off his head.'

"And he can't move. Last night he was shrieking with pain, disturbing the silence of the room with his screams, waking up the other wounded, struggling to get up to satiate his fury on the German.

"Miss Maxeville is the only one who can calm these men. I saw, in the faint light of the room, how she began to dance, a plate in her hand, which she used as a tambourine. Her hips and breasts swayed in time to the monotonous Oriental air she chanted. She smiled like a village woman dancing before the tribe.

"The sleepy wounded looked out from under the covers, struggling to sit up. The black lips brightened with a faint smile; the burning eyes eagerly followed the body of the dancer which was tracing a procession of silhouettes on the walls.

"The Moor had raised himself like a jackal trying to jump with broken legs. His admiration escaped in hoarse groans:

"'Oh, smile of twilight! . . . Oh, sunshine of the darkness! . . . Little white lady!'"

Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts.

Calvin Coolidge, American

By William Brown Meloney

We folks are looking for men — real men, true men, men of heart and brain and sand. We need them everywhere — in our town councils no less than in the President's chair. Without them we hundred million are chaff in the winds of doctrine, and our laws and institutions are bulwarks of straw. God knows they're not to be found on every corner in these days. Once in a while, here and there, the flame of a crisis, local in scope, but universal in significance, spotlights one unmistakably, and we behold a man — and when we behold him we usually hold onto him for dear life.

Well, here's Coolidge of Massachusetts. What's America going to do with him *— ?*

Did Massachusetts forget him on November 4, 1919, when they chose their next governor? They did not. On the clear-drawn issue of Americanism, and all that that means, they swept him back into office with the greatest total vote and the greatest majority ever known to the state.

Did Congress forget him when, a week later, by almost unanimous vote, it passed a law making it illegal for the police in the District of Columbia to form a union or affiliate with the A. F. of L.?

Was there no thought of him whatever in the Government's mind when it hurled its injunction and mandate at the leaders of the coal strike?

Will a few more states maybe remember him in 1920, when — ?

Other states will, of course, be remembering other men. The man-revealing spotlights of current crises have picked out a few here and there. From time to time EVERYBODY'S will tell about them and why they are being remembered.

For a starter we give this account of the lurid light that spotted Coolidge of Boston, and we give our guess that he will not be among the forgotten.

ON September ninth, nineteen hundred and nineteen, Boston flashed the news to the world that its police force had gone on strike. And the eyes of an unrestful, strike-bedevilled, ism-agitated nation turned eastward to behold the outcome.

The President of the United States, somewhere in the West, proclaimed the "strike" to be a crime against civilization. And the while the telegraph wires were clicking out his denunciation, the crooks and the powers who prey, abiding in the seams of the cities and towns within a few hours' journey from Boston, were speeding thence. Further afield their ilk began the scanning of timetables. In the same hour the underworld of the Massachusetts capital threw back its cloak. Forth from the lining leaped its criminal denizens, with only a handful of loyal police — approximately five hundred — to say them nay. And the while this heroic band of civic soldiers kept the faith of the law against bands of marauding hooligans and thieves, and banks armed their clerks, and merchants and shopkeepers built barricades around their premises, and housewives bolted their doors, the soap-box prophets of "The Revolution" took their stand on the street corners of the nation, with a light of triumph in their eyes, red copies of "The New Freedom" in their hands, and on their lips a startling message.

If Boston did not recognize the Policemen's Union and the right of that union to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, and to be a law unto itself, her firemen would strike. If that was not enough, every organized labor unit forming a part of her life would declare a sympathetic strike.

And what had come to pass in Boston could be expected to happen, was about to happen, in all of the larger communities of the country! The police forces of thirty-seven cities in twenty-two states stood organized as trades unions! The police union of the national capital was preparing to "walk out"!

But none said aught of the Presidential denunciation. Instead they expounded, as they have been doing these six years past, the Wilsonian gospel of "The New Freedom," demanding to be told the answer to the question: "Why are we in the presence, why are we at the threshold of a revolution?"

The shadow of a police mutiny had been upon Boston for many weeks preceding September ninth. But blind to the signs of the times, the thought of the shadow becoming an event was inconceivable. Boston had forgotten what had happened in the Congress in the opening days of September, 1916, when the leaders of the railway brotherhoods sat in the galleries of House and Senate, stop-watches in hand, and under the menace of calling a strike which, according to the President, would have paralyzed, starved, riven the nation, compelled the Government to do their bidding. Likewise, and in common with most other American communities, Boston had taken no account of the warnings of leaders of labor and observers of the social upheaval, that for years past radicals, in ever-increasing numbers have been boring at the vitals of trades unionism, convinced that they could achieve through the organized forces of labor "The Revolution" which they had failed to produce through their unorganized groups of "intellectuals."

It was under the impulse of such "Reds", magnifying real pay and housing grievances, that the Boston police burgeoned into a trade union, and in defiance of law affiliated with The American Federation of Labor. The Police Commissioner would recognize the Policemen's Union or Boston could take the consequences!

The Police Commissioner tried nineteen of the union leaders for disobedience. They were found guilty. The penalty was dismissal. The rules were amended to provide a softer alternative. Sentence was suspended with the earnest hope that they would recant. The "Reds" interpreted this as a sign of weakness. Their answer was to call a "strike," or, to be exactly exact, a mutiny. When soldiers forswear their oaths, lay down their arms, quit in the face of the enemy, disobey their lawful and appointed officers, refuse duty, that is not a strike. That is mutiny. Policemen and firemen, all sworn servants of government of whatever station, are civic soldiers.

The "Reds" had promised their blue-coated host of dupes that the mutiny would be won inside the hour it was declared in effect. Public opinion would not suffer the authorities to let the city go unprotected longer. They would find themselves sustained on every hand by organized labor.

SO much was street gossip for days before the mutiny. But what was not revealed until the very last minute was that the controlling group meant to play the Governor of the Commonwealth out of their sleeves. Measuring him by their own hearts and standards, he was a cunning politician who would snatch at the opportunity which they would present to him to make political capital of "the labor vote." *He was a candidate for re-election.* In reassurance they pointed to Coolidge's record of friendship for labor. Their mental processes, excluding justice, could deduce only a single reason for this friendship, namely, the labor vote.

Then they blew the whistle. And Calvin Coolidge stepped into the situation—but not as a scheming, conscienceless pander to a class. A statesman stood revealed.

The Commissioner of Police dismissed the nineteen guilty leaders. The local news press, expressing its own and reporting the opinion of the nation, lashed the mutineers with scorn. Their fellow citizens, their neighbors, charged them with treason. The President denounced them. The American Federation of Labor repudiated them. Samuel Gompers, its president, said it was not the policy of the Federation to desire the affiliation of either policemen's or firemen's unions, although approving of their organization.

In a panic, the mutineers turned to their "Red" leaders. "What next?" they asked. And while they waited upon an answer, a tall, spare, blue-eyed, fair-haired man, standing in a window of the State House on Beacon Hill and looking down upon the ancient Common, where the Hooligans had already set up their rule, said to the Mayor of Boston:

"You can't control the situation?"

The speaker was Calvin Coolidge.

"I cannot—with only five hundred police," answered Mayor Peters.

"Then the people of the Commonwealth will control it."

That was all. Calvin Coolidge called out the entire State Guard. A week before, he had given the Mayor his word that he would do this should occasion require it. The next thing was to proclaim the fact and call on every citizen to aid him in the maintenance of law and order.

DURING the ensuing day and night, guardsmen, armed with old-fashioned 45 Springfields and bayonets, took to the beats of the town. "Two's company, three's a crowd," were their orders. They obeyed accordingly. Something in the simple language of the Coolidge proclamation and something in his direct order to the Commissioner of Police thrilled men in every walk of life. Workingmen, day laborers, business men, their employees, lawyers, engineers, professionals of all sorts, clerks, chauffeurs, college students, some of them veterans of the famous Yankee Division fresh from the mud of France, members of the American Legion, interpreted that "every citizen" in the proclamation as a personal summons. Thousands volunteered. They answered the call like an army with banners. City-bred, city-wise, the most of them snapped into place as traffic cops. With no more than a handkerchief on their sleeves for a badge of authority they became the arms and voices of the law. When night closed on the first day of their service, drivers and pedestrians understood that when these cops in mufti said "go," they meant go, and when they said "stop," they meant stop. Boston started a fund for their encouragement and support. More than a hundred thousand dollars was subscribed that day.

By the morning of September 13 the city prison was overflowing into the police and higher courts. Every tribunal functioned in ancient Massachusetts fashion. Justice belied the adage that she wears only leaden heels. Once more a government by law and not by men stood justified.

Suddenly it dawned upon the mutineers that they had been deceived. The firemen were not going to "strike." Nor were the trades unionists, whose women folk and children and homes they had abandoned to forces of lawlessness. Instead of bearing them sympathy they held for the mutineers a distinct ill-will. Moreover, under the direction of Governor Coolidge the Commissioner of Police was taking steps to organize a new police force upon a publicly announced preference for former army and navy men.

The mutineers sought to return to the posts they had deserted. As sworn public officers they had deserted their offices — vacated them. They were no longer policemen, they were former policemen.

Now Samuel Gompers, speaking with all of the authority of the American Federation of Labor, telegraphed Governor Coolidge, requesting that the "strikers" be permitted to resume duty, and demanding the Police Commissioner's removal because of his "arbitrary attitude." The same day, Calvin Coolidge answered:

"With the maintenance of discipline in his (the Commissioner's) Department I have no authority to interfere. . . . I shall support the Commissioner in the execution of law and order."

Calvin Coolidge astounded Mr. Gompers. Possibly of equal importance is the fact that his answer sent a thrill of astonishment and pride through the whole fabric of the nation. It has not been the fashion for a long time in American politics for public officials, and particularly those on the eve of election, to deny the "requests" of organized minorities.

So Mr. Gompers telegraphed Governor Coolidge again September 14. He renewed his proposition that the Commissioner of Police be beheaded forthwith, and that the "striking" policemen be permitted to resume their posts and so withdraw from the Federation, which had no desire to hold their union in affiliation. Governor Coolidge should take "a broad view" of the situation. He did. He telegraphed: ". . . I have already refused to remove the Police Commissioner of Boston. He can assume no position which the Courts would uphold except that the people have by the authority of their law vested in him. He speaks only with their voice. The right of the Police of Boston to affiliate has always been questioned, never granted, is now prohibited. . . . Your assertion that the Commissioner was wrong cannot justify the wrong of leaving the City unguarded. That furnished the opportunity, the criminal element furnished the action. *There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.* You ask that the public safety again be placed in the hands of these same policemen while they continue in disobedience to the laws of Massachusetts and in their refusal to obey the orders of the Police Department. . . . I can suggest no authority outside the Courts to take further action. I wish to join and assist in taking a broad view of every situation."

GOMPERS said no more. But among Calvin Coolidge's own people there were men, still blind to the character of the Governor, who refused to believe that he could not be won to compromise.

Some were merchants with dollar-marks for souls, who thought the continued presence of troops in the city's streets would destroy Boston's credit in the markets of the world. They said: "Let the strikers go back. They've had their lesson. Let's get rid of the soldiers."

Some were manufacturers with dollar-marks for hearts. They said: "If you don't settle this situation, there'll be a strike that will tie up the State."

Some were shopkeepers with pennies instead of gravel in their crops, whose employees were out with the State Guard or filling the posts of traffic policemen. They said: "We can't carry on our business without our own people. Let the police go back to duty, and let our people return to work. It is going to take too long to organize a new force."

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A poor man, the son of a poor man, descended from a three-hundred-year line of Vermont and Massachusetts farmers.

Some were so-called politicians, who talked of expediency and how the Governor might profitably "save his political face." Some were clerics, who pleaded on the ground of charity and forgiveness and personal knowledge of the distress of the mutineers' families. Some were lawyers, paid pleaders, who questioned the legality of this and the constitutionality of that.

All of these persons made themselves heard in one way and another during the third week in September. Calvin Coolidge listened to not a few of them. They sought him out. He will see anybody. They talked. He listened. With him, listening is a fine art. His silence was misconstrued. But he said nothing until a newspaper on September 24 printed a report that quite a group, whose employees were acting as volunteer policemen and guardsmen, intended to replace them with other workers.

I was in Governor Coolidge's office that day when the afternoon newspaper representatives at the State House directed his attention to that report.

"Does the Governor wish to make any comment?" he was asked.

The Governor raised his blue eyes from the backs of his hands folded in his lap. He was thinking. There was a marked pause.

"No," he answered, hardly opening his smooth-shaven lips.

"But doesn't the Governor think that employers who would fill the places of men who are doing what these volunteers are doing ought to be denounced?"

There was another long pause. It was plain that he was going over in his mind all that the question involved. After fully a minute's silence he answered in a tone of diffidence:

"No; I have no right to denounce such men. But I have the right to approve of men who do not hold such a conception of government. Say that I indorse *them*." Another pause. Then: "Whoever has come to the assistance of government in this situation will be looked out for by the Government. That is government's business, its duty, its obligation."

What wouldn't a score of men we know in political life have done with the opportunity for publicity that moment presented! They would have fairly screamed an anonymous denunciation of "traitorous employers" and "enemies of the public" from the front page of every newspaper within hearing. And incidentally they would have exposed an apparent weakness in the armor of the law. I didn't know as much about Calvin Coolidge then as I do now, and I should have taken it as a matter of course to have heard him utter some such denouncement. Thus, for the most part, the game of politics is played, but not by this man. That night he published this proclamation:

"There appears to be a misapprehension as to the position of the police of Boston. In the deliberate intention to intimidate and coerce the Government of this Commonwealth a large body of policemen, urging all others to join them, deserted their posts of duty, letting in the enemy. This act of theirs was voluntary. . . . Its success meant anarchy. They went out of office. They stand as though they had never been appointed.

"The authority of the Commonwealth cannot be intimidated or coerced. It cannot be compromised. To place the maintenance of the public security in the hands of a body of men who have attempted to destroy it would be to flout the sovereignty of the laws the people have made. It is my duty to resist any such proposal. *Those who would counsel it join hands with those whose acts have threatened to destroy the Government.* There is no middle ground. . . . I call on every citizen to stand by me in executing the oath of my office by supporting the authority of the Government and resisting all sorts of assaults upon it."

MEN with that faith in the people, men who think like that do not just happen in public affairs. Crises discover them, but do not form them. They grow slowly. Calvin Coolidge is a Green Mountain brook grown into a river. He assays gold right back to his beginnings. Dip into the stream of the years anywhere along the banks, and your pan will give you color.

He is a poor man, the son of a poor man, descended from a three-hundred-year line of Vermont and Massachusetts farmers. He was born, July 4, 1872, in his father's store, a lean-to of the ancient Coolidge farmhouse, in Plymouth Village, Vermont. The Coolidges were among the founders of Plymouth, but they called it Salt Ash then. The name was changed about a century ago. His speech today, Amherst man and rare classical scholar though he is, is that of his forbears when Plymouth was Salt Ash—the same clipped participles, the same a's. Bostonians speak of it as "rural." It is decidedly not Bostonese. It is another case of Goldsmith: "He writes like an angel, but talks like poor poll." But that isn't what I wish to say. That isn't exact enough. He writes like an angel, but talks like Salt Ash or like Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" or Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

In his Senior year, 1894, in the college founded by Lord Jeffrey Amherst, Calvin Coolidge, in competition with the undergraduates of all American Colleges, won first prize, a gold medal offered by the Sons of the Revolution, for the best essay on "The Principles of the War for American Independence." This is worth remembering about him. Those principles seem to have been a controlling influence down the years. He constantly refers to them in his speeches and writings.

He was graduated in 1895 with the highest honors. From Amherst he went into a country law office in Northampton, Massachusetts. Twenty months afterward he was admitted to the Bar and hung out his own shingle. The clerk of Hampshire County died shortly afterward. The Supreme Court appointed Coolidge to complete the unexpired term. The Republican Party offered him the nomination to go on with the office. He declined it and went back to his law practice. In 1899 he was elected a member of the Northampton City Council, the next year and the year following, City Solicitor. He quit that year to go back to his law practice again. He wanted to get enough money together to be married. But he didn't tell anybody why he was foregoing politics. He didn't tell even the young lady he hoped would be his wife. She and her father will vouch for that. Calvin Coolidge most likely would tell you it is none of your business, if you were to ask him.

The young lady was Miss Grace Goodhue, of Burlington, Vermont. She was then a teacher in the deaf and dumb school at Northampton. In the summer of 1904 Miss Goodhue went home on her annual vacation. The next day Calvin Coolidge arrived. Her parents imagined his law business had brought him there. When a couple of days had passed and Calvin the Silent appeared to be untrammeled by business, inquiry revealed that he had no affairs in Burlington.

"Just came over to be married to Grace," he told Mr. Goodhue.

"Have you spoken to Grace yet?" asked the astounded father.

"No; but I think I will in a couple of days."

He returned to Northampton that week with Grace Goodhue his wife. They have two sons, John, fourteen years old, and Calvin, Jr., twelve. The Coolidges are still living in the house in which they began their partnership—one half of a two-story, two-family frame dwelling which many a workman of the day would spurn. Its ancient coat of white paint is blistered and peeling. Public service has not brought Calvin Coolidge wealth, nor high office changed a simple point of view. It has been an expensive life for him. His salary as Governor, $10,000, is the largest earning he has ever received. A well-to-do Boston friend who visited Northampton not long ago asked him why he did not ask his landlord at least to paint the place.

"Might raise the rent on me."

Strange answer for the Governor of Massachusetts to make. And as there is no paint on the outside of the "mansion," there is no show within. Homely, old-fashioned, withal, but not a rug or a picture in the house which cost more than five dollars. This I have from one who ponders much about these things.

"Calvin Coolidge," said this friend, "may not have the things that other men in his station possess, but if only half of the world paid its bills as he pays his, what a world this would be!"

IN 1907, with his family founded, Calvin Coolidge let Northampton draft him for the lower house of the Legislature. The next year he was re-elected, but at the end of that term he quit again to make some money. The salary was only $1000. A year at his law practice, and Northampton elected and re-elected him mayor—"the best mayor we ever had." Then for four years consecutively it elected him to the Senate. Upon his election in 1914 he conceived the ambition to be president of the Senate. Before November came to an end he had made a personal and almost secret canvass of the membership of that body. As a general rule, the candidates for the Senate presidency begin to stand forth about the middle of December. When they began to cast about for support that year, it was to find that Calvin Coolidge had pledged a majority to vote for him. He had stolen a march on the party chief. They sat up to watch "the Westerner." Northampton is only a hundred miles from Boston, but in Massachusetts that makes a man a "Westerner."

Upon his unanimous election to the leadership of the Senate a week later, Calvin Coolidge said some things which made the Commonwealth also straighten up in its seat and mark him as a new force in the Government.

Thus he spoke:

"THE general welfare cannot be provided for in any one act, but it is well to remember that the benefit of one is the benefit of all, and the neglect of one is the neglect of all. The suspension of one man's dividends is the suspension of another man's pay envelope.

"Men do not make laws. They do but discover them. Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundation of righteousness.

"The people cannot look to legislation generally for success. Industry, thrift, character, are not conferred by act or resolve. The normal must care for themselves. Self-government means self-support. Each man is entitled to his rights and the rewards of his service, be they never so large or never so small.

"Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a standpatter, but don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

". . . The final approval of the people is given not to demagogues, slavishly pandering to their selfishness, merchandising with the clamor of the hour, but to statesmen, ministering to their welfare, representing their deep, silent, abiding convictions. . . .

"Man has a spiritual nature. Touch it, and it must respond as the magnet responds to the pole. To that, not to selfishness, let the laws of the Commonwealth appeal."

Silently through that session he steered his party according to the course he had outlined, and brought it through with a record of constructive achievement. Hampshire County returned him again that fall. The Senate re-elected him president. The Commonwealth expected something from him in the vein of the preceding session. But what he had to say he did not consider it necessary to put in written form. He said:

"Honorable Senators: My sincerest thanks I offer you. Conserve the fine foundations of our institutions. Do your work with the spirit of a soldier in the public service. Be loyal to the Commonwealth and to yourselves. And be brief: above all things be brief."

That was all. Massachusetts chuckled from Cape Cod to the Connecticut border. The State has a sense of humor. So has Calvin Coolidge. Likewise he believes that brevity is next to godliness.

The Republican Party began to examine the Coolidge record of past performance. He might do for something else besides service in the Legislature. He was the author of an anti-monopoly law which was on the books and working. He had forced the passage of an anti-discrimination bill to prevent the squeezing out of small traders. He had put among the statutes a law limiting the scope of injunctions against striking employees. He had fought for woman suffrage, for the direct election of United States Senators. As President of the Senate he had twice cast the deciding vote on occasions when feeling ran high, once to defeat an amendment of the charter of Boston, the second time to side with the colored people of the city and establish a bureau to pass upon the licensing of public shows or picture exhibitions tending to incite race prejudice. He had nerve. Labor credited him with having in 1912 settled the Lawrence strike and obtained a wage increase of from five to twenty-five per cent throughout the mill industry of the State.

"Might do for Lieutenant-Governor," said some of the party chiefs.

"Ever hear that rural speech of his?" said others. "He is simply impossible. Better let him stay where he is."

I have said Massachusetts has a sense of humor. I should have said it has as much as other sections of the country. This group of silk-stockings who feared the Coolidge rural speech had in mind that the Lieutenant-Governor must take the place of the Governor upon occasions of ceremony, and do and say the graceful thing, be a good figurehead. But wiser and deeper counsel prevailed. The farmer vote was necessary to success. It was believed that that vote in the State could be reached through Coolidge. The farmers of Hampshire County swore by him. Democrats at home voted for him. He was induced to take the nomination as the running mate of Samuel P. McCall. He ran ahead of his ticket.

Instead of being a figurehead and going back to Northampton and drawing two thousand a year, he tried to earn his salary. Whenever an occasion called for his taking the chief executive's place, he did it with a scholarly grace and charm which won everybody. He could wear "a tail coat and a stovepipe." In 1916 and 1917 he repeated this performance. His increasing popularity may be measured by his plurality in each of those three years—1915, 52,194; 1916, 84,930; 1917, 101,731.

In 1918 he was nominated for Governor, with Richard H. Long, a Framingham manufacturer, for an opponent. Coolidge's friends trembled for him, and the party chiefs groaned when it came to his measuring lances with Long and the crew of Democratic orators who invaded the State. Coolidge talked to silent audiences. Measured by applause, he was defeated in the first week of the campaign. He didn't seem to know how to wave the flag or make the eagle scream. He held to a cardinal rule of never returning attack for attack, or mentioning the opposition other than in a purely impersonal manner. Facts and the future were his theme—facts concerning the condition of the State Government and what the period of reconstruction must bring in justice and prosperity if those facts were faced unafraid and dealt with intelligently. Let Massachusetts be an example to the rest of the Union. And always he was brief about it all.

Something a few presently noticed—the Coolidge audiences never broke on him. If they didn't applaud, they nevertheless listened attentively. Likewise they voted. They elected him by 20,000 majority. Calvin Coolidge may not be an orator, but his record, like that of Lincoln and Roosevelt, is that of a very successful public speaker.

In his inaugural message he said to the Legislature:

"It is your duty not only to reflect public opinion, but to lead it. Whether we are to enter a new era in Massachusetts depends upon you. The lessons of the war are plain. Can we carry them on into peace? Can we still act on the principle that there is no sacrifice too great to maintain the right? Shall we continue to advocate and practice thrift and industry? Shall we require unswerving loyalty to our country? These are the foundations of all greatness.

"Let there be a purpose in all your legislation to recognize the right of men to be well born, well nurtured, well educated, well employed, and well paid. This is no gospel of ease and selfishness, of class distinction, but a gospel of effort and service, of universal application."

September 23 last he was renominated unopposed on this record of accomplishment: 1. Reduction of the working week of women and minors from fifty-four to forty-eight hours. 2. Increase of the workmen's compensation law allowance. 3. Granting of the mandate of local option on the question of a twelve-hour day for firemen. 4. Authorization granted to corporations permitting employees to have a voice in their management. 5. Provision for the appointment of employees to the directorates of public service corporations. 6. Appointment of a special commission to deal with the problem of the high cost of living, and empowered to reduce prices. 7. General increase of compensation of public employees. 8. Reorganization of the public service of the Commonwealth into twenty departments in accordance with the constitutional amendments of 1918. 9. Provision of $20,000,000 "not as compensation, but as recognition of the gratitude due those who had represented us in the great war." 10. Veto of a bill increasing the salaries of members of the legislature.

But the single issue of law and order as evolved by the police mutiny overshadowed all else. Long, a second time Coolidge's opponent, shaped it. Calvin,

(*Continued on page 90*)

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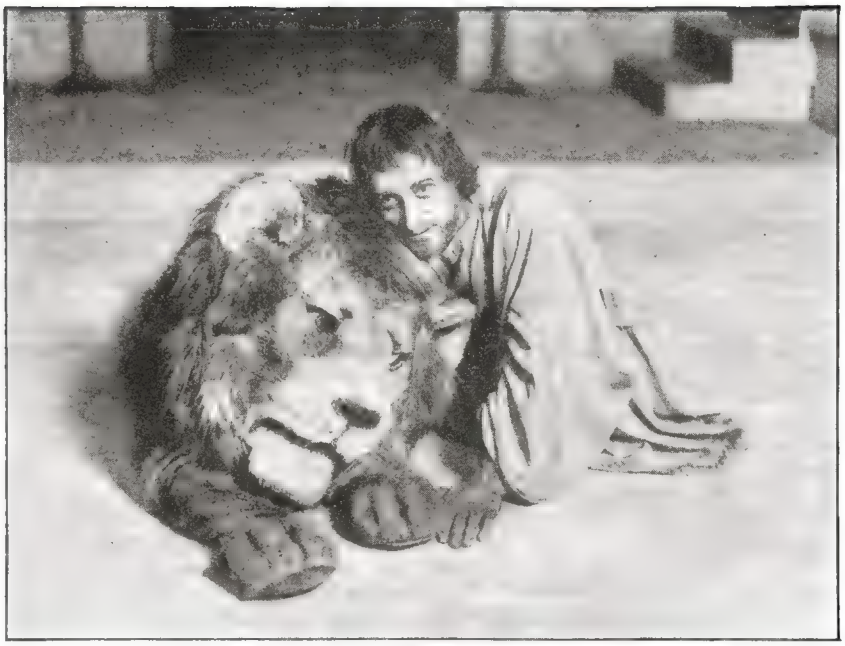
The "Executive Mansion" of the Governor of Massachusetts — one-half of a two-family house which many a workman of the day would spurn.

The Man Who Was "Rover"

By Betty Shannon



As the Shavian "Lion." O. P. Heggie was "Androcles."

Phil Dwyer, himself.

IS IT because we were fed insidious "Rover" propaganda ("T-h-e d-o-g i-s R-o-v-e-r. G-o-o-d R-o-v-e-r. C-o-m-e, g-o-o-d R-o-v-e-r.") with our primers?

Or why is it we are always prejudiced in favor of a dog with that name?

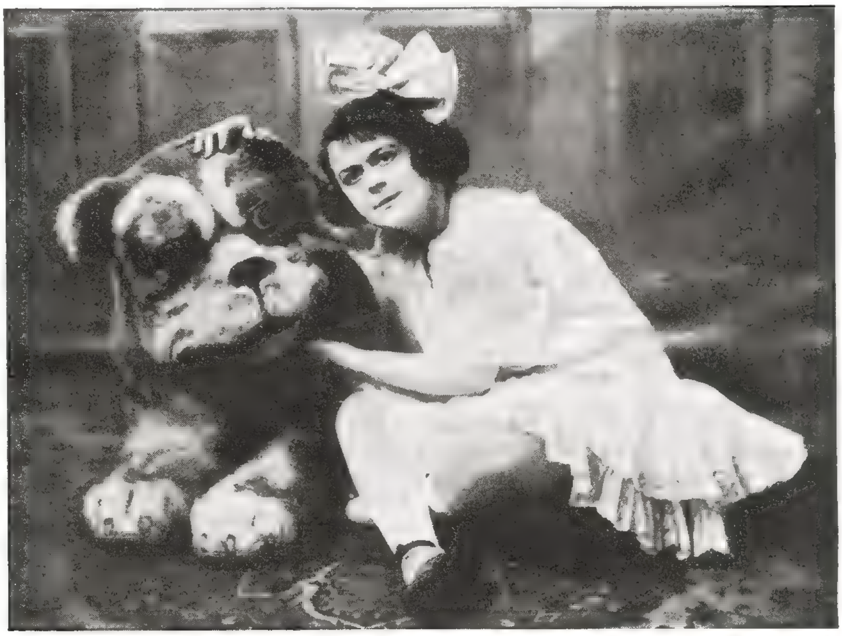
Take the dog in this year's "Follies."

We knew he would be a trustworthy beast.

And he was. We felt about him just as we had felt a few years ago when we saw that grateful lion in Mr. Shaw's farce, "Androcles and the Lion." The lion, you remember, refused to eat the Christian martyr, *Androcles*, in the emperor's arena because of that thorn-from-the-paw incident. We knew the lion must be animated by some particularly pleasant and intelligent disposition.

So we telephoned Phil Dwyer, since his name stood opposite that of *Rover* on the program, intent on finding out just what sort of man *Rover* was under his skin. He answered in a nice, kind, fuzzy voice such as the devotion of one's life to the roles of amiable animals would naturally produce. And he promised to meet us and bring his scrap-book and everything.

He said he wouldn't be very tall. And he wasn't. The scrap-book was almost as big as he was. We liked that scrap-book. It proved that the eminent critics felt as we did about *Rover* and that Shavian "Lion." And more than that, it brought out that we had been right about the similarity in disposition between the two. They were both one and the same Mr. Dwyer.



This is "Rover."

There are three reasons why Phil Dwyer makes such a success of animals.

The first is a physical one. He is small and yet strong enough to endure without playing out the heat and weight of forty-five pounds of *Rover* or sixty-five pounds of "Lion" and the discomfiture of being able to see only when he opens his character's mouth.

The second reason is inventive ingenuity. He started tinkering with the rather crude first animal costume he ever wore and has been improving on it until to-day he can convey scores of expressions of the features by muscular control. A hunch of one shoulder closes an eye. Another imperceptible chest movement lifts an ear.

Mr. Dwyer's third qualification is one of character. He loves animals and knows them, and therefore interprets them with a fidelity which delights and astonishes audiences. His lions always pace or lope. His dogs trot. Every sound is true to the animal he is representing, and he never overdoes his comedy. For example, *Rover* never smokes a pipe.

Mr. Dwyer left Limehouse, London, for a Canadian stock-farm at twelve. His friendship for dumb brutes began then—though he denies that they are dumb if one cares to learn their languages. He became a jockey and later went as a rider with a horse in a Brady production.

He was injured riding during the Hippodrome's first season. Later there was a vacancy among the lions, and he was made one. Since, he has played tigers, cats, elephants, several lions and dogs, including *Buster Brown's "Tige,"* and the front legs of the bull in this year's "Follies."

The Carriage Waits

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

IF YOU had seen Neddy Waldron sneaking up-stairs and listening at the door of Norah O'Toole's room before he opened it and crept stealthily in, you would have been perfectly justified in taking him for a burglar. If, however, you had followed him into that bleak attic interior and looked about, you'd have thought him a very new burglar, rather bad at picking locations, for there seemed to be nothing there worth carrying down five flights of stairs. But if you were a solid sort of person who held convictions about law and order and your duty to society, and you went down to the corner and persuaded the bored policeman to come up with you and have a look at the thing, you'd have had your trouble for your pains, for when he came up a second time it was not in the burglar manner.

He was heavy laden. He carried an armful of kindling-wood and a small scuttle of coal and a basket of food. It was clear, now, that his affair was not for taking but giving. He did seem, though, to harbor a sense of guilt, for it was with swift stealth and silence that he deposited the fuel on the hearth and put the bread and butter and cakes and tea in the cupboard, and when he heard a sound and looked out into the hall he seemed smitten with panic. He gave scared consideration in turn to the shallow closet, the rickety screen, the sagging couch-bed; but nothing seemed to offer adequate sanctuary, so he flung up the window, leaped out, closed it again, and was off across the wet roof at reckless speed.

It was only a moment, then, until the door was opened again, boldly this time, and Norah O'Toole came in, shivering in a coat too thin for the twenty-fourth day of December. She banged the door after her with bitter emphasis and dropped into a chair. She wore a determined hat, a thing fashioned for June, to be sure, but lifting its frail flowers to the winter weather with a stubborn pride, and her shoes were silly and thin, and wet through, now, to her sheer-silk stocking, mended to the last inch of resistance.

She was a slim thing who would have looked less than her twenty-two years if she'd been warmed and fed up a bit, but she was all eyes and bones and paleness that day, and the black hair over her white brow looked like the sweep of a raven's wing. Her eyes were blue, old-china blue, the blue of a deep bay in the sun, "set in with a smutty finger," they would be saying in the old country, and she had the large, sweet mouth that should go with them, with an Irish length of upper lip.

It was a face for April weather and swift changes, and an own-way-at-all-costs chin, but there was no joy in it at all that chill and somber afternoon. She sat chill in the chair without troubling to take off her hat with its late blooming roses, or to put on the dry slippers waiting on the hearth, her hands limp in her lap, staring bleakly at the bleak wall.

"Come in," she said slackly to a rap at the door.

Neddy Waldron came in jauntily this time, no guilt or stealth about him. "I thought I heard you go by! Awfully glad you're in! Rotten day to be out!"

"I'm still out, I'm telling you," she said darkly, "out of work and out of luck and out of heart, and in nothing at all unless you would be counting the black pitch of despair is sticking to my soul, and me destroyed with the cold and the wet this day."

"Oh, well," he said chirpily, coming in and closing the door, "suppose I make a good fire and get you a cup of tea! Then the world will seem——"

"You'll make no fire and brew no tea on my hearth, Neddy Waldron, the way I'm finishing the last coal and the last loaf for my breakfast this morning, God help me, and it eight hours gone."

But while she was speaking in the rough velvet of her brogue he was down on his knees at the chill hearth, and—"Nonsense!" he said. "There's enough here for a bonfire!"

"Well, that's the queer thing surely," she said staring. "I'd the last coal in my hand, I'm telling you."

He had got his fire to going and now he went on to the cupboard. "Oh, you were just thinking it *would* be the last, to-morrow, and——"

"But the cupboard is bare! Myself knows—picking up the last crumbs I was, the way a hungry robin would be doing."

He looked into the cupboard and then turned to her with offended dignity. "Oh, very well. Of course, if you want to hold out on me—perhaps you're having some one else to tea and you wish to preserve your provender?"

She took off her June hat and put her thin hand to her head. "Now my wits are gone. Small loss they are to me, God knows, but they'll soon be locking me up, Neddy Waldron, the way you'll be well rid of me forevermore!" Her lips were smiling, but her eyes were so wide and scared he hung the kettle over the blaze and hurried over to her.

"Goose!" he scolded, getting her cold hand and patting it. "You know you're always absent-minded. It's this acting business—always playing a part—always pretending to be some one you're not."

She shook her head. "I'm telling you my wits are gone. I'll be trudging cold roads, plaiting thistles in my hair, mixing the saints and fairies in my songs, till they'll put me fine and safe behind the iron bars."

He left her, to slice bread and butter with a lavish hand, but he kept an anxious eye on her sagging in her chair, going on in a flat and toneless voice.

"Six cents in my purse I had, and I wondered would I walk home and buy two buns with it, or ride and go hungry still? Well, destroyed with the cold and wet I was; I rode. In the Subway. There went my nickel, but I went up to the little wicked machine they have and put in my penny for a bit of chocolate." She rocked her slim body to and fro like a keener at a wake. "Wirra! 'Twas stuck. 'Twas jammed. Hard and fast, I'm telling you. No chocolate would be coming at all, and I couldn't get my penny back. I stood there with the foolish tears running down my face and a lad came by and rattled the sinful contrapshun, but all the king's horses and all the king's men wouldn't budge it!"

He poured out a cup of tea with slopping haste and brought it to her. "There! Three big swallows and three big bites—" he held a thick slice of bread to her lips, but the next instant he had dropped it and set down the steaming cup and caught her in his arms as she slipped limply from her seat. "Norah! *Norah!* What is it?"

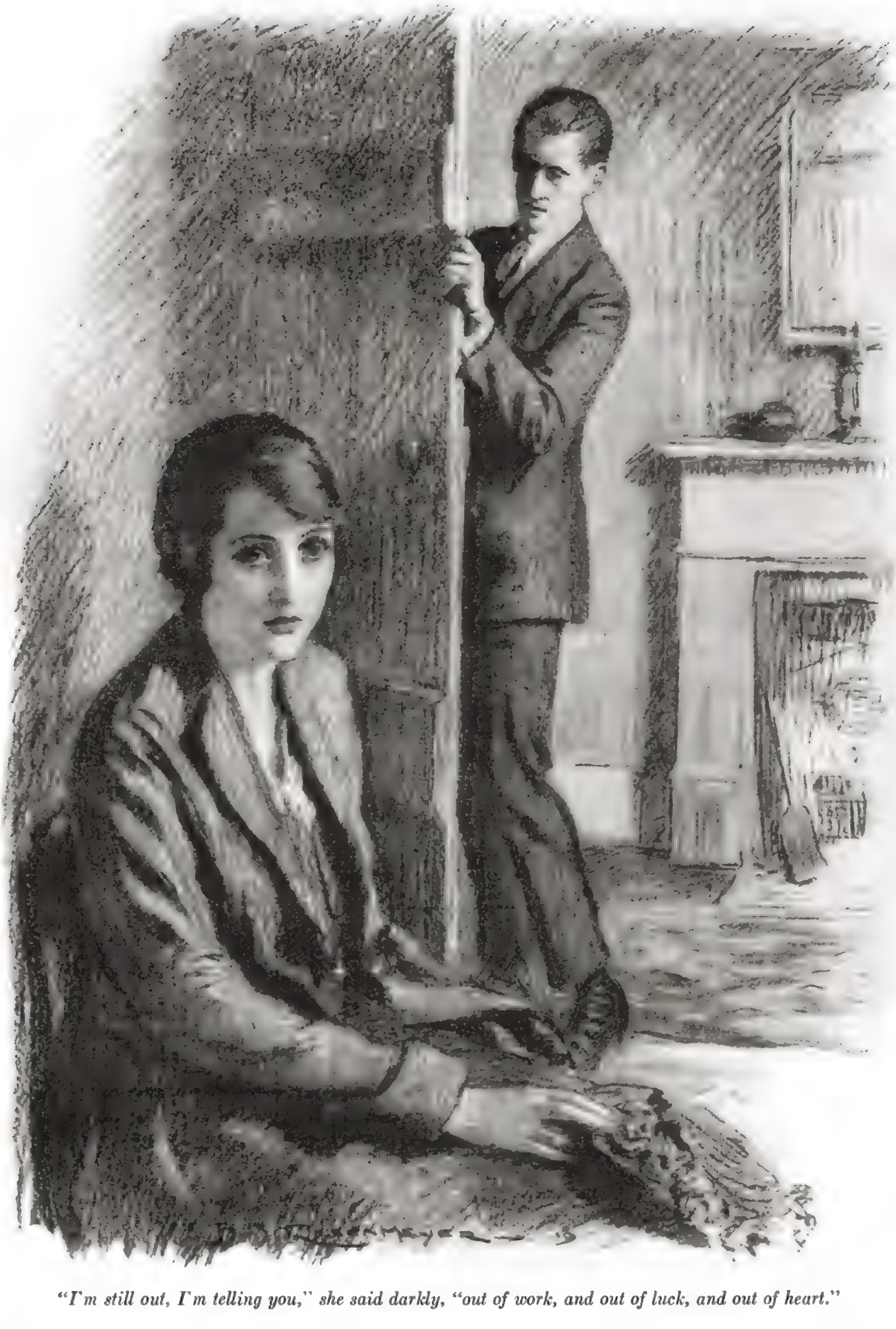
BUT for once the ready tongue was still; the whole of her was still, white as milk and cold as marble. He got her up in his arms with no trouble at all for her weight, only the slim length of her, and carried her over to the couch and laid her down. Neddy Waldron in all his five and twenty cheerful years had never seen a woman faint. They didn't, the round and rosy women of his clan. He got the window open and let in a blast of damp and bitter air and ran back to her. She looked like death itself, lying there with her black lashes quiet on her white cheek. He didn't know whether to run for help or to stay with her. He dimly remembered that in stories they always "chafed the hands" of swooning ladies. He wasn't entirely clear what the operation was, but he took her small cold ones into his big warm ones and the next instant she opened her eyes and managed her long-lipped little grin.

"Man, dear, don't be looking the way you'd heard a banshee wailing. There's no harm in a faint at all! Let you make haste with that tea again!" When she had drunk two cups of scalding tea and eaten wolfishly of bread and cakes, her color and cheer came back for a bit. "There, now," she said, "I wouldn't thank King George to be my uncle!"

"Fine," he said happily, sitting at her feet and patting her hand. "Norah, do you know what day this is?"

"Wouldn't it be Monday?"

"Yes, but it's the twenty-fourth! To-night's Christmas Eve! To-morrow's Christmas!" Then, as her face clouded over again: "But we *are* going to celebrate! Mother and Sis have sent me a



"I'm still out, I'm telling you," she said darkly, "out of work, and out of luck, and out of heart."

Christmas box and it's due any minute now, and I've seven magazines to hear from! And if *Carlton's* gives me that contract to illustrate Burley's new book—maybe, Norah, *maybe*——"

"Ah, lad, there's no May Bees flying in weather the like of this! They're frozen hard and stiff—along with my heart."

His fingers tightened on her hand. "Your heart can be—thawed, you know. And better times are coming! What was it your old nurse used to say?"

"Old Ellen Doul—!" Her eyes softened at a memory. "May her bed above be easy! Why, when I would be lamenting the holes in the drawing-room rug, shaming myself over the harness dropping off the mare and it mended a score of places, crying my sight dim for the lack of a decent frock to be stepping to a dance, Ellen Doul would say, 'Let you not fret, core of my heart! 'Tis yourself is made for high days and high ways; dry your eyes now, for it's a short time surely till you'll be hearing—' " she sprang up and stood stiffly, her chin tilted in the way of a satined flunky—" 'Your Leddyship, the carriage waits!' "

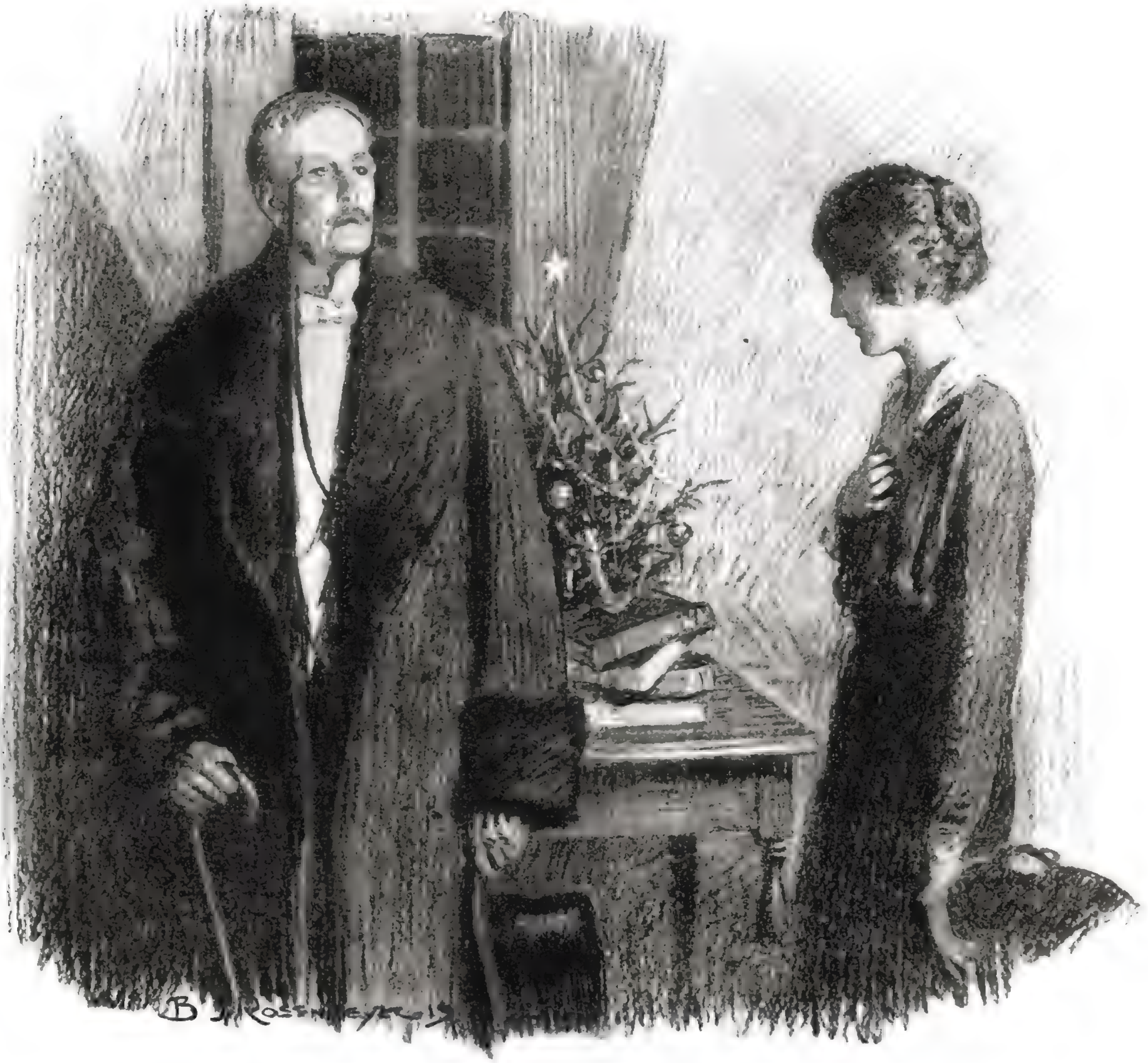
The boy jumped up to stand beside her, the hot blood mounting to his brow. "It's coming, Norah! You'll see! Perhaps it'll be only a flivver at first, but I *am* going to make good! Norah, you do believe that, don't you?"

"Yes, laddie, but——"

"Oh, I'm not going to ask you anything yet!" Now it was his young chin in the air. "I told my dad when I turned down the wholesale hardware business for illustrating that I'd never come home till I'd shown him I was right. Well," his grin was rueful, but it was still a grin, as he dug into his pocket and brought up a lean handful of small change, "up to date *he's* right! But he'll soon be wrong! He may be wrong any minute now—by the next mail. But meanwhile—" he took up her hands and kissed them—"this is all I'm going to ask for."

"And *then* what'll you be asking for?" she said, her lashes trailing.

"Then I won't ask at all," he cried in his blithe young impudence. "I'll *take!*" He put her hands away determinedly.



"Oh," said Nora, demurely, "would you be saying 'sunk,' now, five flights up?"

"Wait! There's a surprise coming!" He dashed out of the room and down the stairs at a noisy clatter.

The girl went over to the cracked and leering mirror and faced herself accusingly. "Now then, Norah O'Toole Van Dorn, let you stand up and tell that boy with the heart of gold the truth and the whole of it!"

He came hurtling back with a slim section of Christmas tree and a parcel dripping tinsel and trimmings. "We're going to have a tree! We always have a tree at home. It'll be the first one I've ever missed. Mother and Sis begged me to come, and even the governor sent a mighty decent message. But I wouldn't go, Norah. You know one reason, and you can guess the other." He placed the frail branch on the tea-table and steadied it with piled-up books and began to deck it with clumsy hands. "Five-and-ten-cent store, but it's all to the merry! Come on and help!"

She came out and stood close to him with hanging hands. "Neddy Waldron, I've no gift at all for you this day but the truth."

He halted with a tiny red tarleton sock in his hand.

"I've never told you about myself."

"I've never asked you, Norah, and you needn't——"

She held up her hand to stay him and went on. "This much you know—that I ran away from the sad, empty shell was my home to join the Irish Players, and came to America with them." He nodded, his eyes steady on hers. "Just turned twenty I was, a wild, rebellious slip of a thing, starved for fine food and fine clothes—starved for life itself. Well, then I met Horace Van Dorn, Second. The kind king, he was, and me the beggar maid, surely. One day I met him and the third I married him."

"Where—" his throat was dry—"where is he now?"

Her face broke up in pixie mirth. "Ah, then, that's what nobody can be telling you for certain, but I'd swear he's safe in glory. Heaven rest him—I never did!"

"Was he good to you?" His voice was stern.

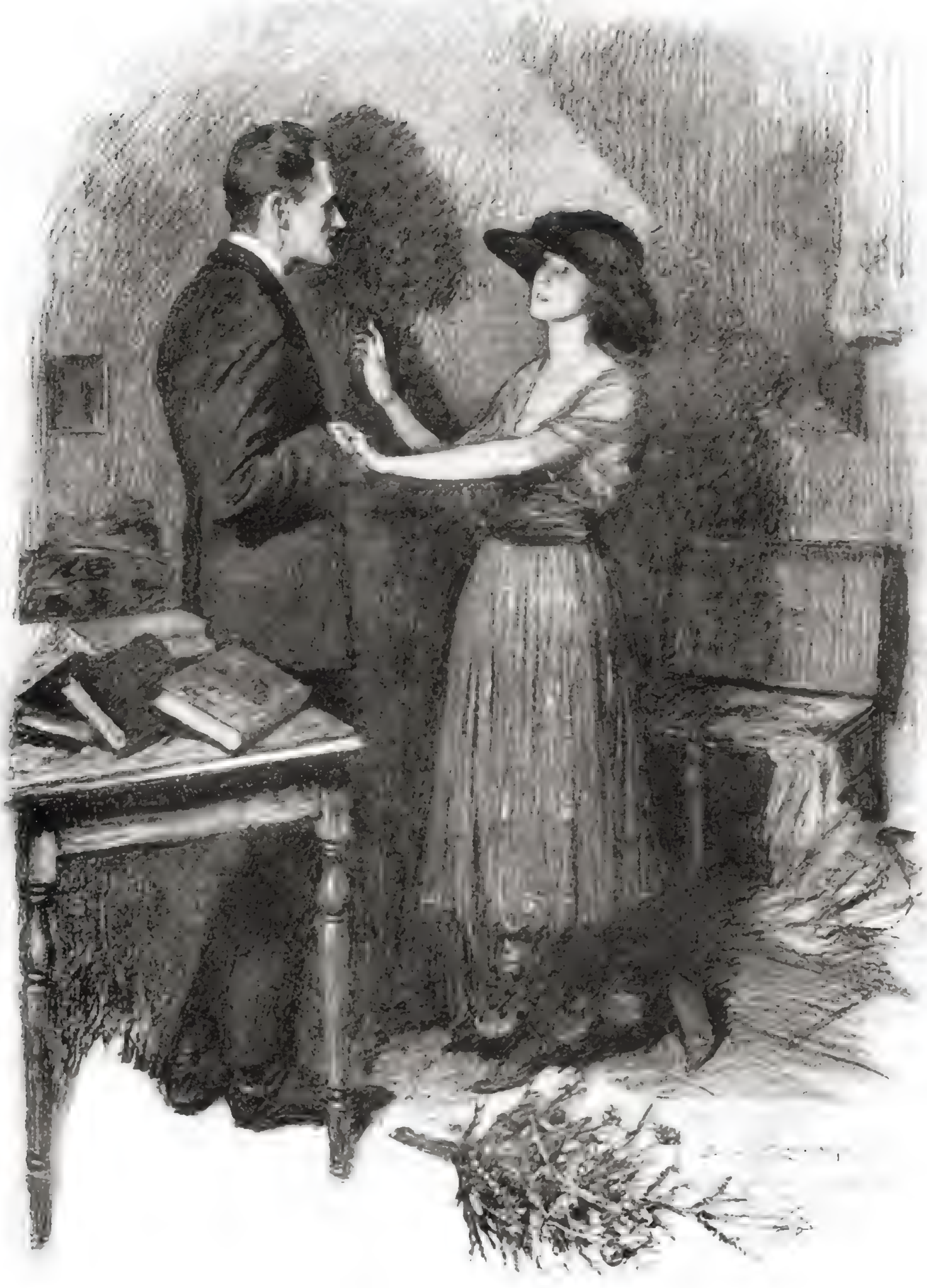
"He was a saint, and I, more shame to me, I held his halo up and made him jump through! More gingersnaps than angelcake he had, God help him!"

He drew a long, steadying breath. "Weren't you happy?"

"I was not. Smothered in richness and kindness—*smothered*, I was. He did his noble best, the good Horace, but there was his father and his mother and his old-maid aunt—do you mind the bit that *Maire* says in 'The Land of Heart's Desire'?—

" '*I am right weary of four tongues;*
A tongue that is too crafty and too wise,
A tongue that is too godly and too grave,
A tongue that is more bitter than the tide,
And a kind tongue too full of drowsy love,
Of drowsy love and my captivity.' "

Her eyes were somber and it was a long moment before she went on again. "Well, then, he died, poor dear. Just in college he was; not a penny of his own. Father-in-law would only support me if I lived on there in solemn state; if I said forever farewell to the stage. I tried it. I'd enough of poverty, God help me, and I tried hard and I tried long." She shrugged. "One fine day last summer, off I ran, to go again on the stage that would be wait-



"It's Christmas," she answered, coming close, a new tone in the velvet of her voice.

ing for me with open arms, to make the grand name for myself, the way the family'd say—'Go on, then, with your proud career, Norah alanah, and let you live here in ease and soft comfort with your own limousine to wait on your wishes.'" Her face grew bleak again. "You can see how fine and grand I've won my way. The vain fool I was! I was, I'm telling you. This day I sensed it, when I came staggering out of the fifth office which had no part at all in any company to offer, and saw father-in-law——"

He had been twisting the gay little sock to a red string in his fingers. "You saw him?" he said heavily.

"I did indeed in his fat gray limousine—fat and sleek and gray like himself, and by the same token, I thought he saw me. Well, if he did, he made no sign, surely and I had to hold fast to my pride and my will that I didn't run after him, and be begging him to take me back——"

"Norah!"

"I'm telling you, 'tis the weak, pitiful thing I am—back to soft rugs under my feet and soft pillows under my head—and hard food under my belt, the way I'm that sick of tea I wouldn't even use the letter to spell with!" She flew furiously at the battered copper kettle and flung it across the room. "Don't talk to me, Neddy Waldron, of poverty! Little you know—you passing through it from your good home to your good prospects—the way you'll be stepping it bravely through a dark hall between two gay rooms! Myself knows what it is."

The red string snapped in his fingers. "I see. I—see. And you wouldn't—dare—to face it again."

"I would not," she said sullenly.

He stood staring at the small section of

(Continued on page 93)

A Man *for the* Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing," etc.

SYNOPSIS

A LETTER from his grandson to Mr. Bacheller tells how this story came to be written: How a young wounded soldier in France urged his grandfather to aid the cause of humanity by writing the life of America's greatest democrat—Abraham Lincoln—in the way that only a man with the kind of information Mr. Bacheller possesses could do it. The story begins with the journey, from Vermont to the West, of Samson Henry Traylor, his wife Sarah, and their two children, in the year 1831. They have numerous interesting adventures. They find Harry Needles, a handsome Yankee lad, wandering sick and alone, and they take him in, nurse him till he is well, and then add him to their company. Finally, they reach New Salem, Illinois, where they are heartily welcomed, and urged to remain. They are introduced to the Rutledges, who keep the inn, Jack Kelso, the scholar, Bill Berry of Lincoln and Berry's store, and at last to Honest Abe himself. That evening Samson gets his first glimpse of the latent power in the big, ungainly but very kind-hearted youth. Soon after their arrival the Traylors build a home with the help of their neighbors, work on which is interrupted by a number of intoxicated young men from Clary's Grove. A fight follows, in which Jack Armstrong, the leader and a bully, is downed by Abe; and Samson, even more powerful than the giant Lincoln, lends an iron hand which speedily disposes of the rowdies. The Traylors give a house-warming when their home is finished. Among this company of Lincoln's friends is the charming Bim, daughter of Jack Kelso, who falls in love with Harry Needles.

Life for the Traylors becomes settled—they are now part of New Salem, but they have not lived there long before Samson obtains a glimpse of the underground railroad, about the time of its beginning, when two fugitive slaves come to him seeking shelter, and aid to escape from their cruel owner, Eliphalet Biggs, who has followed them. Samson and he meet, and a fight follows in which Biggs's arm is broken. He comes to New Salem to have it set and remains long enough to fall in love with Bim. Later he persuades her to elope. While this is happening there is an Indian scare and Abe and Harry join the volunteers. Abe is made a captain. When the war is over, Abe takes seriously to the study of the law, though still a partner in Lincoln and Berry's store. He begins to take an interest in politics, runs for the legislature, and gains a reputation as a speaker. He loves Ann Rutledge, who is engaged to John McNeil. When McNeil proves false, Abe tries his hand, and Ann finally accepts him. About this time the underground railway assists three slaves—one of whom is Bim—who have run away from Biggs. Lincoln has become a surveyor, but he continues his study of the law and his seat in the legislature. At this time the terrible blow of his sweetheart's death changes his whole life. The West is growing rapidly, Chicago real estate is booming, and Abe through his work has many opportunities to see the country and his friends. Harry and Bim are again interested in each other.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

(*Continued*)

MRS. BRIMSTEAD had their dinner cooking before the horses were cared for. Samson went into the house while Henry was showing his El Dorado map to the others.

"Well, what do you think of Henry's plans?" she asked.

"I like the farm better."

"So do I," the woman declared. "But the men around here have gone crazy with dreams of sudden wealth. I kept Henry busy on the farm as long as I could."

"I've only a word of advice about it. If those Chicago men sell any more land, make them take the notes and you take the money. Where is Annabel?"

"Teaching the school at Hopedale."

"We're going up to Chicago to see the Kelsos," said Samson.

"Glad you are. A rich feller up there has fallen in love with Bim, an' he don't give her any peace. It's Mr. Davis, the land merchant. He left here yesterday on his way North. Owns about half the land in Tazewell County. Wears a whopping big diamond in his shirt-front. He tells me that Bim has been teaching school there in the city this winter. It must be a wonderful place. Every one has loads of money. The stores an' houses are as thick as the hair on a dog's back—some of 'em as big as all outdoors."

She added in a moment as she stirred her pudding: "Something ought to be done for Bim to get her free."

"We're going to see about that," said Samson.

"Mrs. Hubbard wrote me a letter and said she was the handsomest girl in Chicago. Harry had better look out."

"Abe is going to get a divorce for her, an' I guess from now on the grass won't have a chance to grow under Harry's feet. The boy has worried a good deal lately. Wouldn't wonder if he'd heard of those rich fellers, but he hasn't let on about it."

Abe Lincoln and Harry entered with their host, and the travelers sat down to a luncheon of pudding and milk, doughnuts and pie.

"There's no El Dorado about this," said Samson. "Women have to have something more than hopes to work with."

"The women in the country have to do all their dreaming at night," said Mrs. Brimstead.

"El Dorado will not stay long," said Samson.

"It wouldn't cost much to shoo it off your land," Abe laughed.

"You can't either shoo or shoot it," said Brimstead.

"I look for it just to take the rickets an' die," said Mrs. Brimstead.

"Say, if it does, I'll agree to laugh at the funeral," her husband declared.

"How far do you call it to the sycamore woods?" Lincoln asked as they rose from the table.

"About thirty mile," said Brimstead.

"We must be off if we are to get there before dark," the young statesman declared.

They saddled their horses and mounted and rode up to the door. After their acknowledgments and farewells Brimstead came close to Samson and said in confidence: "I enjoy bein' a millionaire once in a while, and it don't cost much to be rich this year."

"The feelings of a millionaire are almost as good as the money, while they last," said Abe Lincoln with a laugh.

Brimstead came up to him and whispered: "They're better, 'cause if you can keep away from Samson Traylor you don't have anything to worry about."

"Worry is the beginning of wisdom," said Samson, as they rode away laughing. In a moment he added: "Abe, the state is getting in a bad way."

"It looks as if you were right," said the member from Sangamon County. "It's a bad sign to find men like Peasley and Brimstead going crazy."

Up the road they passed many farms unsown and staked into streets and avenues. The hand of industry had been checked by dreams of wealth.

"The land that once laughed with fatness now has a lean and solemn look," Abe admitted. "But I reckon you'll find that kind of thing going on all over the country, East and West."

"It reminds me of those fellers that danced on the table an' smashed the dishes at the banquet," said Samson.

"They had the same kind o' feelin's that Brimstead has," said the legislator. "I wish we had you in the House."

"They would have thrown me out of a window."

"I wouldn't wonder, but I reckon the time is near when they would urge you to come in at the door. You've got more sense than all of us put together. I've heard you accuse me of growing, but your own growth has astonished me."

"No one can stand still in this country, especially if he's got a wife like mine," Samson answered. "Even Peter Lukins and his wife want to be movin' on, and a city is likely to come and sit down beside ye when ye ain't lookin'."

"Your wife is a wonderful woman," said Abe.

"She's been a great help to me," Samson declared. "We read together and talk the matter over. She's got better sense than I have."

"And yet they say women ought not to vote," said Lincoln. "That's another relic of feudalism. I think that the women you and I know are as well qualified to vote as the men."

"On the whole, better. They are more industrious, thrifty and dependable. Have you ever seen a 'Colonel' Lukins or a Bap McNoll in woman's dress?"

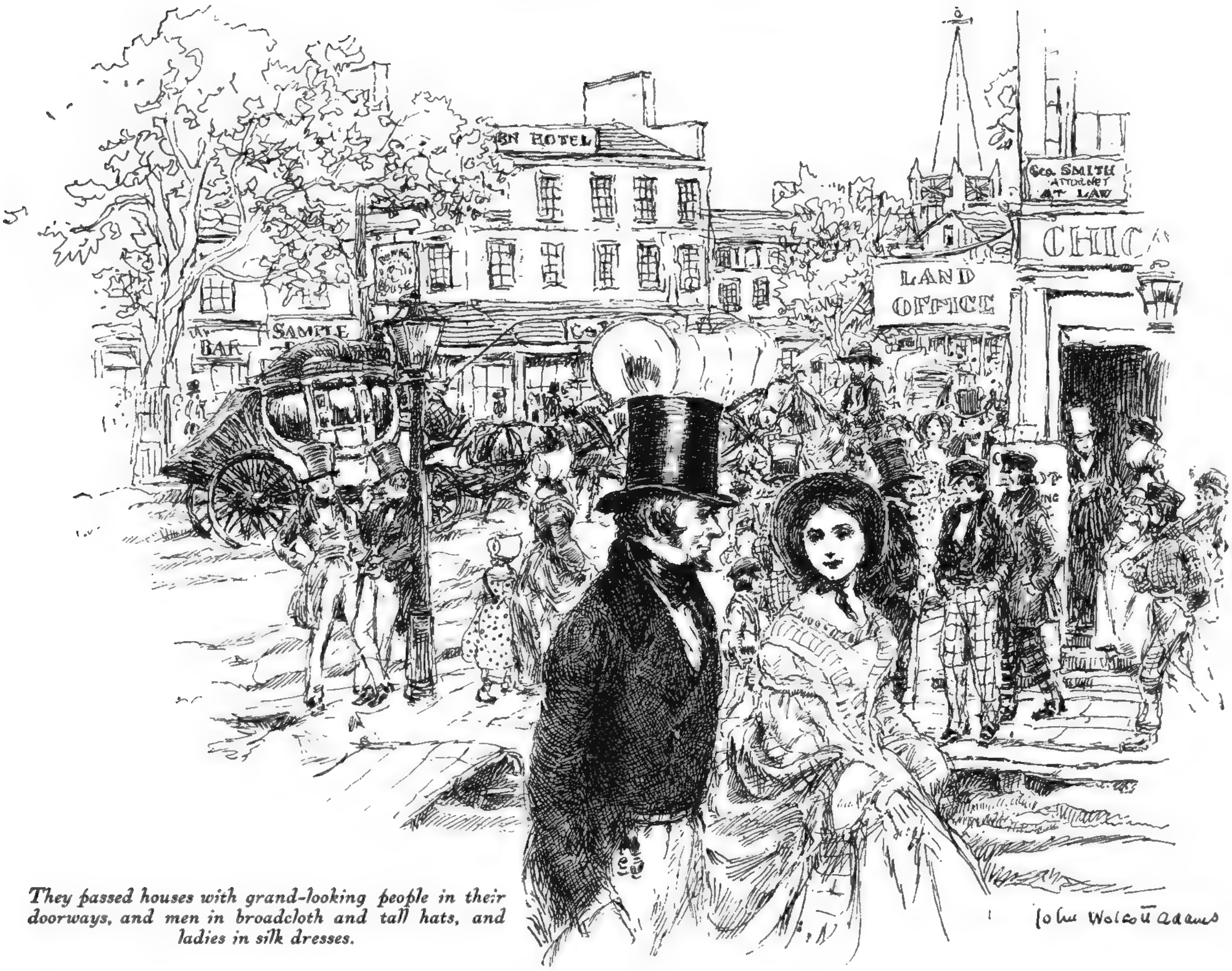
"Never. Democracy has much ground to win. For my part, I believe that the Declaration of Independence is a practical document. My ambition is to see its truth accepted everywhere. As a contribution to human welfare, its principles are second only to the law of Moses. It should be our work to keep the structure of America true to the plan of its architects."

After a moment of silence, Samson added: "I've been thinking that I'd like to go into some kind of business and help develop the West."

"Well, some one has got to provide our growing population with food and clothing and tools and transportation."

"And see that they don't get El Doradoed," said Harry.

At early candlelight they reached the sycamore woods very hungry. It was a beautiful grove-like forest on the shore of a stream. The crossing was a rough bridge of corduroy. A crude log tavern and a cruder store stood on the farther shore of the creek. The tavern was a dirty place with a drunken proprietor. Three



They passed houses with grand-looking people in their doorways, and men in broadcloth and tall hats, and ladies in silk dresses.

ragged, shiftless farmers and a half-breed Indian sat in its main room in varying stages of inebriety. A well-dressed, handsome young man was leading a horse back and forth in the stable-yard. The big solitaire glowing in his shirtfront identified the man as Davis. Our travelers, not liking the looks of the place, got some oats and rode on, camping near the farther edge of the woods, where they built a fire, fed and tethered their horses and sat down and ate from the store in their saddle-bags.

"I was hankering for a hot supper," said Abe, as they began eating. "Washington Irving wrote in his journal that if he couldn't get a dinner to suit his taste, he endeavored to get a taste to suit his dinner. That is what we must do."

They made out very well in the undertaking, and then with their knives Abe and Samson cut big armfuls of grass from the near prairie for the horses, and a bed upon which the three men lay for the night. Harry had dried out their saddle blankets by the fire, and these were their bed-clothing.

Samson had that gift of "sleeping with one eye open" which the perils of the wilderness had conferred upon the pioneers. He had lain down on the side of their bed near the horses, which were tethered to trees only a few feet away. He had gone to sleep with his pistol under his right hand. Since the beginning of that long journey overland Samson had been wont to say that his right hand never slept. Late in the night he was awakened by an unusual movement among the horses. In the dim light of the fire he could see a man in the act of bridling Abe's horse.

"Hold up your hands!" Samson shouted as he covered the man with his pistol. "If ye stir a foot, I'll bore a hole in ye."

The man threw up his hands and stood still.

In half a moment Abe Lincoln and Harry had got up and captured the man and loosed the horse.

This is part of the entry which Samson made in his diary a week or so later: "Harry put some wood on the fire while Abe and I led him up into the light. He was one of the dirty white men we had seen at the tavern.

" 'I'll give ye four hundred dollars for a hoss in good Michigan money,' he said.

" 'If ye can't steal a horse you're willin' to buy one,' I says.

" 'No, sir. I only come to buy,' says he.

"I put him on his back sudden and asked him why he was putting on the bridle.

"He owned up then. Said a man had hired him to steal the horse.

" 'That man has got to have a hoss,' he said. 'He'll give ye any price ye want to ask. If ye'll give me a few dollars I'll take ye to him.'

" 'You go and bring him here and I'll talk with him,' I said.

"I let the feller go. I didn't suppose he'd come back, but he did. Came a little before sunrise with that well-dressed feller we saw at the tavern.

" 'Do you want to buy a horse?' I says.

" 'Yes, sir; I've got to get to Chicago to-day if possible.'

" 'What's your hurry?'

" 'I'm a real-estate broker, and I've got engagements that are important.'

" 'How did you get here?'

" 'Came up from Tazewell County to-day on a horse. It died last evening.'

" 'What's your name?' I says.

"He handed me a card on which I read the words 'Lionel Davis, Real Estate, Loans and Insurance, 14 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill.'

" 'There's one branch o' your business that isn't mentioned on the card,' I says.

" 'What's that?' says he.

" 'Horse thief,' says I. 'You sent that feller here to steal a horse, and he got caught.'

" 'Well, I told him if he'd get me a good horse I'd give him five hundred dollars. I did tell him in a joking way that I didn't care how he got the horse. The fact is, I'm desperate. I'll give you a thousand dollars for one of your horses.'

" 'You couldn't buy one of 'em at any price,' I said. 'There's three reasons: I wouldn't do business with a horse thief, and no money would tempt me to sell an animal to be ridden to death. Then again, when you land sharks get into trouble, I don't intend to help ye unload it on other folks.'

"The two thieves had had enough of us and they got out."

That night our party camped on the shore of the Kankakee, and next day they met the contractors. Lincoln joined the latter party and Harry and Samson went on alone. Late that afternoon they crossed the nine-mile prairie, beyond which they could see the shimmer of the lake and the sunlit structures of the new city. Pink and white moccasin flowers and primroses were thick in the grass. On the lower ground the hoofs of their horses splashed in wide stretches of shallow water.

Chicago looked very bare on the high prairie above the lake. It was Mr. William Cullen Bryant who said that the Chicago of that time was like a huckster in his shirt sleeves.

"There it is," said Samson. "Four thousand one hundred and eighty people live there. It looks like a sturdy two-year-old."

The houses were small and cheaply built and of many colors. Some were unpainted. Toward the prairie they stood like people on the outer edge of a crowd, looking over each other's shoulders, and pushing in a disordered mass toward the center of interest. Some seemed to have straggled away as if they had given up trying to see. So to one nearing it the town had a helter-skelter look.

Our travelers passed rough-boarded houses with grand-looking people in their doorways and men in broadcloth and tall hats, and ladies in silk dresses on their small porches. It was six o'clock and the men had come home to supper. As the horsemen proceeded, larger buildings surrounded them, mostly two stories high. There were some stores and houses built of red brick. Beyond the scatter of cheap wooden structures they came to streets well laid out, crowded, busy and "very soft," to quote a phrase from the diary. Teams were struggling in the mud, drivers shouting and lashing. Agents for hotels and boarding-houses began to solicit the two horsemen from the plank sidewalks. The latter were deeply impressed by a negro in scarlet clothes, riding a horse in scarlet housings. He carried a scarlet banner, and was advertising in a loud voice the hour and place of a great land sale that evening.

A sound of many hammers beating upon boards could be heard above the noises of the street, and behind all was the constant droning of a big steam saw and the whirr of the heavy stones in the new grist-mill. It was the beginning of that amazing diapason of industry which accompanied the building of the cities of the West.

THEY put the horses out in the livery-stable of the City Hotel, and at the desk of the latter asked about the price of board. It was three dollars a day, and no politeness in the offer.

"It's purty steep," said Samson. "But I'm too hungry for argument or delay and I guess we can stand it to be nabobs for a day or so."

"I shall have to ask you to pay in advance," the clerk demanded.

Samson drew out the pig's bladder in which he carried his money and paid for a day's board.

Samson writes that Harry spent half an hour washing and dressing himself in the clean clothes and fine shoes which he had brought in his saddle-bags, and adds: "He was a broad-shouldered, handsome chap those days; six feet and an inch high, and straight as an arrow, with a small blond mustache. His clothes were rumpled up some, and he wore a gray felt hat instead of a tall one, but there was no likelier-looking lad in the new city."

After supper the office of the hotel was crowded with men in tall hats and tall coats smoking "seegars" and gathering in groups. The earnestness of their talk was signalized by little outbursts of profanity, coupled with the name of Jackson. Some denounced the President as a traitor. One man stood in the midst of a dozen others delivering a sort of oration, embellished with noble gestures, on the future of Illinois. His teeth were clenched on his "seegar" that tilted out of the corner of his mouth as he spoke. Now and then he would pause, and by a deft movement of his lips roll the "seegar" to the other corner of his mouth, take a fresh grip on it and go on.

Samson wrote in his diary: "He said a lot of foolish things that made us laugh."

TWENTY years later he put this note under that entry: "The funny thing about it was really this: they all came true."

The hotel clerk had a "Register of the Residents of the City of Chicago" wherein they found the name and address of John Kelso. They went out to find the house. Storekeepers tried to stop them, as they passed along the street, with offers of land at bargains which would make them millionaires in a week. In proceeding along the plank sidewalks they were often ascending or descending steps to another level.

They went to a barber shop and got "trimmed and shaved." For change the barber gave them a sort of shinplaster money, each piece of which bore the legend: "Good for one shave or ten cents at the Palace Shaving Parlors, 16 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill." The barber assured them it was as good as coin anywhere in the city, which they found to be true. The town was flooded with this "red dog money" issued by stores or workshops which was finding general acceptance among its visitors and inhabitants. On the sidewalks were immigrant families, the older members of which carried heavy bags and bundles. They were followed by troops of weary, dirty children.

On La Salle Street they found the home of Jack Kelso. It was a rough-boarded small house a story and a half high. It had a little porch and dooryard, enclosed with an unpainted picket fence. Bim, in a handsome blue silk gown, came running out to meet them.

"If you don't mind, I'm going to kiss you," she said to Harry.

"I'd mind if you didn't," said the young man as he embraced her.

"We must be careful not to get the habit," she laughed.

"It grows on one."

"It also grows on two," she answered.

"I'd enjoy being careless for once," said Harry.

"Women can be extravagant with everything but carelessness," she insisted. "Do you like this gown?"

"It is lovely—like yourself."

"Then perhaps you will be willing to take me to the party to-night. My mother will chaperon us."

"In these clothes that have just been hauled out of a saddle-bag?" said Harry with a look of alarm.

"Even rags could not hide the beauty of him," said Kelso as he came down from the porch to greet them. "And look at her," he went on. "Was there ever a fairer maid in spite of all her trouble? See the red in her cheeks and the diamond glow of youth and health in her eyes. You should see the young men sighing and guitaring around her."

"You'll hear me tuning up," Harry declared.

"That is Father's way of comforting my widowhood," said Bim. "He has made a wonderful beauty mask and often he claps it on me and whistles up a band of sighing lovers. As a work of the imagination I am a great success."

"You have also succeeded in making me feel very much in love," Harry answered.

"No more of that. Let's go to the party. A very grand young man was coming to take us in a wonderful carriage, but he's half an hour late now. We won't wait for him."

So the three set out together afoot for Mrs. Kinzie's, while Samson sat down for a visit with Kelso.

"Mrs. Kinzie enjoys the distinction of owning a piano," said Bim as they went on.

"There are only three pianos in the city and so far we have discovered only two people who can play on them—the music-teacher and a young gentleman from Baltimore. When they are being played on, people gather around the houses where they are."

The Kinzies' house was of brick, and larger and more pretentious than any in Chicago. Its lawn, veranda and parlor were crowded with people in a curious variety of costumes.

NEARLY all the festive company wore diamonds. They scintillated on fingers some of which were knotted with toil; they glowed on shirt-bosoms and morning as well as evening gowns; on necks and ears which should have been spared the emphasis of jewels. They were the accepted badge and token of success. People who wore them not were either new arrivals or those of questionable wealth and taste. So far had this singular vanity progressed, that a certain rich man who had lost a finger in a saw-mill, wore an immense solitaire next to the stub, it may be presumed as a memorial to the departed.

Colonel Zachary Taylor, who had lately arrived from Florida, and was presently returning with a regiment of recruits for the Seminole War, was at Mrs. Kinzie's party. He was then a man of middle age with iron-gray hair and close-cropped side-whiskers. A splendid figure he was in his uniform. He remembered Harry, and introduced him to many of his friends as the best scout in the Black Hawk War; and in spite of his dress the young man became one of the lions of the evening.

"I reckon I could tell you some things about this boy," the colonel said to Bim.

"He may not be afraid of guns or Indians, but he has always been scared of women," said she.

"Which shows that he has a just sense of the relative importance of perils," the colonel answered. "A man of the highest chivalry is ever afraid in the presence of a lovely woman, and chiefly for her sake. I once held a beautiful vase in my hands. They said it was worth ten thousand dollars. I was afraid until I had put it down."

A great piano-player from New York

was introduced. She played on Mrs. Kinzie's instrument, after which Bim sang a number of Scottish ballads "delightfully," if one may believe a chronicler so partial as Harry Needles, the value of whose judgment is somewhat affected by the statement in his diary that as she stood by the piano her voice and beauty set his heart thumping in his breast. However, of the charm and popularity of this young lady there is ample evidence in copies of *The Democrat* which are still preserved, and in sundry letters and journals of that time.

The refreshment-table was decorated with pyramids of quartered oranges in nets of spun sugar, and large frosted cakes. There were roasted pigs and turkeys and chickens and a big ham, served with jelly, and platters of doughnuts, bread and butter and cabbage salad. Every one ate heartily and was served often, for the supper was thought to be the most important feature of a party in those days.

After refreshments the men went outside to smoke and talk—some with pipes—of canals, railroads and corner lots, while the younger people were dancing and being proudly surveyed by their mothers.

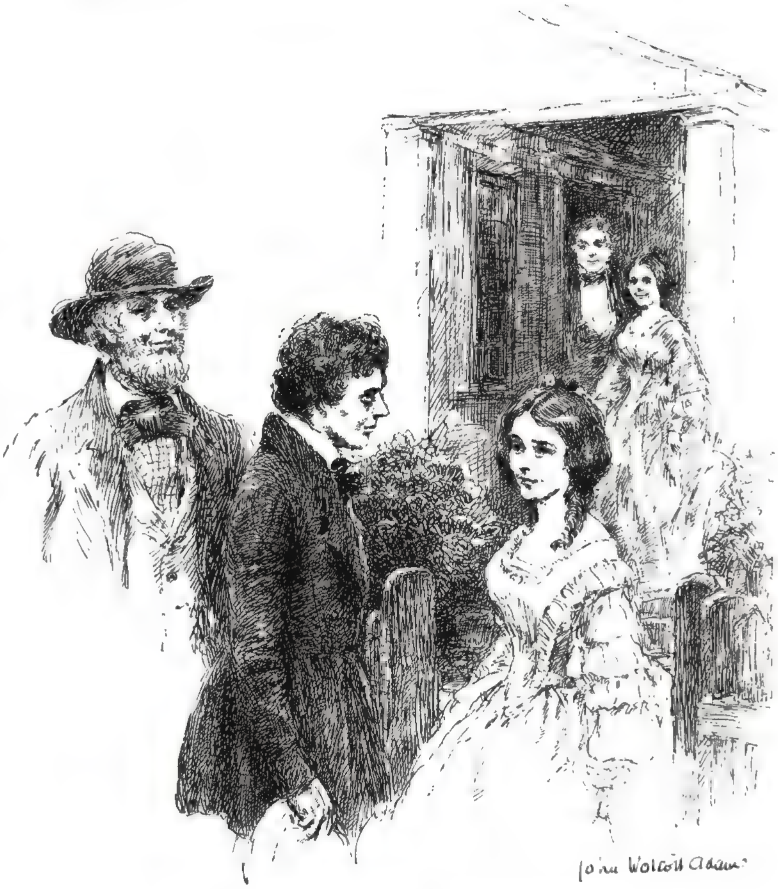
As Harry and the ladies were leaving, Colonel Taylor came to them and said:

"Young man, I am the voice of your country. I call you to Florida. Will you go with us next week?"

Harry looked into Bim's eyes.

"The campaign will be over in a year and I need you badly," the colonel urged.

"I can not say 'no' to the call of my country," Harry answered. "I will join your regiment at Beardstown on its way down the river."



Bim, in a handsome blue silk gown, came running out to meet them.

That night Harry and Bim stood by the gate talking after Mrs. Kelso had gone into the house.

"Bim, I love you more than ever," said the boy. "Abe says you can get a divorce. I have brought the papers for you to sign. They will make you free. I have done it for your sake. You will be under no obligation. I want you to be free to marry whom you will. I should be the happiest man in the world if you were to choose me. I haven't the wealth of some of these city men. I can only offer you my love."

"Be careful, and please let go my hand," she said. "The time has come when it would be possible to spoil a pretty story. I'm not going to say a word of love to you. I am not free anyhow. We couldn't marry if we wanted to, so we might as well keep up the suspense as they do in the novels. Many things may happen in a year. You are going away to the war—in Florida."

There was a note of sadness in her voice as she spoke these words, which he recalled with a sense of comfort on many a lonely day.

"There are so many better men who want to marry you!" he said. "I shall go away with a great fear in me."

"There are no better men," she said. "I am glad you are going, Harry. I know of one who is certainly no better than I am and his name is Lionel Davis. I think that he has about the frailest morals of any man I have ever met."

He told of their adventure in the Sycamore Woods.

"I do not care for him or for any one but you," she answered. "I tell you frankly that I love you—that I can love no other man as I love you. But I am glad you are going, Harry. I want you to stop at New Orleans and see its beautiful girls and make sure of your heart. When you get back we shall see what becomes of our little romance. Meanwhile, I'm going to pray for you."

"And I for you," he said as he followed her into the house, where the older people sat waiting for them. Harry gave the papers to Bim to be signed and attested and forwarded to Mr. Stuart in Springfield.

On their way to the hotel Samson said to Harry:

"I don't believe Bim is going to be carried away by any of these high-flyers. She's getting to be a very sensible person. Jack is disgusted by what he calls the 'rank commercialism of the place.' I told him about that horse-thief Davis. He was the man who was going to the party tonight with the ladies. He's in love with Bim. Jack says that there are many here of that type. They seem to have gone crazy in the scramble for riches. Their motto is: 'Get it; do it honestly if you can, but get it.' I guess that was exactly the plan of Davis in trying to get a horse."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Wherein is one of the many private panics which followed the bursting of the bubble of speculation.

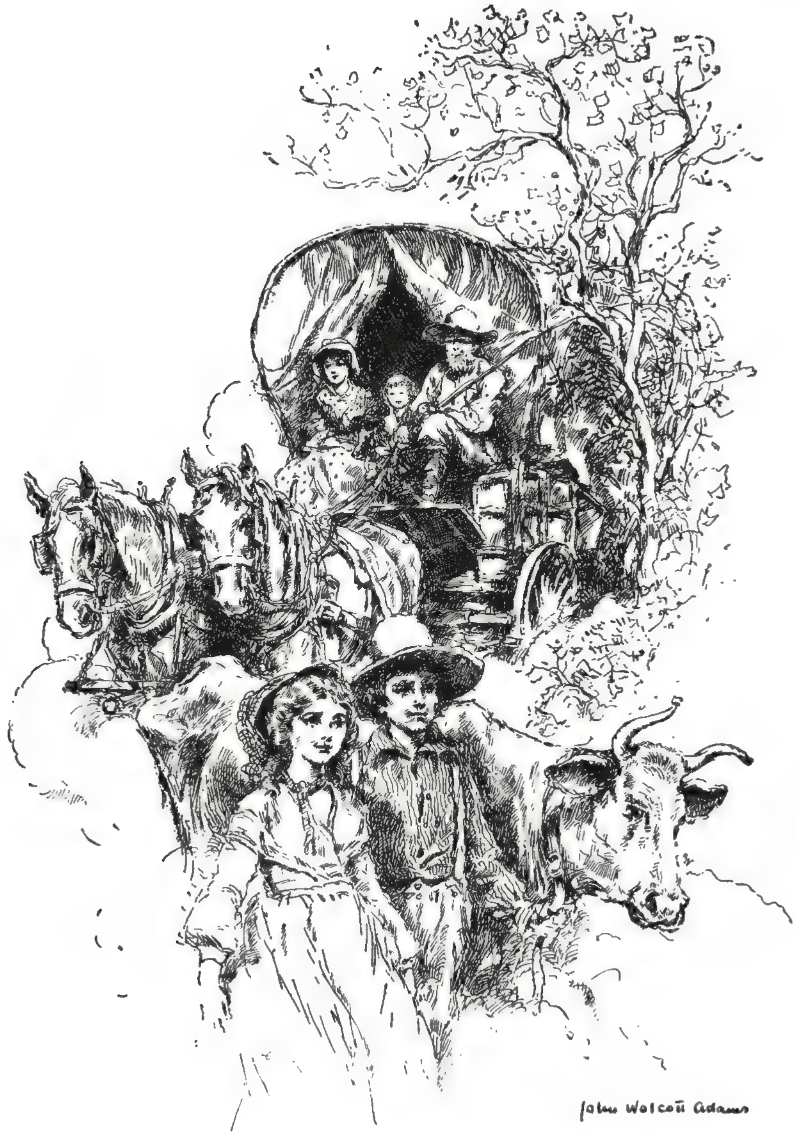
SAMSON and Harry saw the bursting of the great bubble of '37. Late that night disaster, loathsome and thousand-legged, crept into the little city. It came on the steamer from the East and hastened from home to home, from tavern to tavern. It bit as it traveled. Great banks had suspended payments; New York had suffered a ruinous panic; many large business enterprises in the East had failed; certain agents for the bonds of Illinois in New York had absconded with the money. In the big cities there had been an ominous closing of doors and turning of locks; a great army of men were out of employment. Those of sound judgment in Chicago knew that all the grand schemes of the statesmen and speculators of Illinois were as the visions of an ended dream. The local banks did not open their doors next day. The little city was in a frenzy of excitement. The streets were filled with a shouting, half-crazed throng. New fortunes had shrunk to nothing and less than nothing in a night. Lots in the city were offered for a tithe of what their market value had been. Davis had known that the storm would arrive with the first steamer and, in the slang of business, had put on a life-preserver. Samson knew that the time to buy was when every one wanted to sell. He wore a belt with some two thousand dollars of gold coin tucked away in its pockets. He bought two corner lots for himself in the city and two acres for Mrs. Lukins on the prairie half a mile from town. They got their deeds and went to the Kelsos, to bid them good-by.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Samson asked.

"Just give us a friendly thought now and then," said Kelso.

"You can have my horse or my wallet or the strength of my two hands."

"I have heard you called a damned



Sambo and the small boy rode between Sarah and Samson. Betsy and Josiah walked ahead, the latter leading a cow.

Yankee, but I can think of no greater blessing than to be damned in a like manner," Kelso answered. "Keep your largess for those who need it more, good friend."

After these hearty farewells Samson and Harry set out for their home. They were not again to see the gentle face and hear the pleasant talk of Jack Kelso. He had once said, in the presence of the reader, that it is well to remember, always, that things can not go on with us as they are. Changes come—slowly and quite according to calculations or so swiftly and unexpectedly that they fill us with confusion. Learned and wise in the weighty problems of humanity, he had little prudence in regulating the affairs of his own family.

Kelso had put every dollar he had and some that he hoped to have into land. Bim, who had been teaching in one of the schools, had invested all her savings in a dream city on the shore of an unconstructed canal.

Like many who had had no experience with such phenomena, they underestimated the seriousness of the panic. They thought that in a week or so its effect would pass and that Illinois would then resume its triumphal march toward its high destiny. Not even Samson Traylor had a correct notion of the slowness of Time.

The effect of the panic paralyzed the city. Men whose red-dog money was in every one's pocket closed their shops and ran away. The wild adventurers cleared out. Their character may be judged by the words of one of them reported by the editor of the *Democrat:*

"I failed for a hundred thousand dollars and could have failed for a million if Jackson had kept his hands off."

Hard times hung like a cloud over the city. Its population suffered some diminishment in the next two years in spite of its position on the main highway of trade. Dream cities, canals and railroads built without hands became a part of the poetry of American commerce. Indeed, they had come of the prophetic vision, and were therefore entitled to respect, in spite of the fact that they had been smirched and polluted by speculators.

That autumn men and women who had come to Mrs. Kinzie's party in jewels and fine linen had left or turned their hands to hard labor. The Kelsos suffered real distress, the schools being closed and the head of the house having taken to bed with illness. Bim went to work as a seamstress and with the help of Mrs. Kinzie and Mrs. Hubbard was able to keep the family from want. The nursing and the care of Bim's baby soon broke the health of Mrs. Kelso, never a strong woman. Bim came home from her work one evening and found her mother ill.

"Cheer up, my daughter," said Jack. "An old friend of ours has returned to the city. He is a rich man—an oasis in the desert of poverty. He has loaned me an hundred dollars in good coin."

"Who has done this?" Bim asked.

"Mr. Lionel Davis. He has just come from New Orleans. He is a successful speculator in grain."

"We must not take his money," said Bim.

"I had a long talk with him," Kelso went on. "He has explained that unfortunate incident of the horse. It was a bit of offhand folly born of an anxious moment."

"But the man wants to marry me."

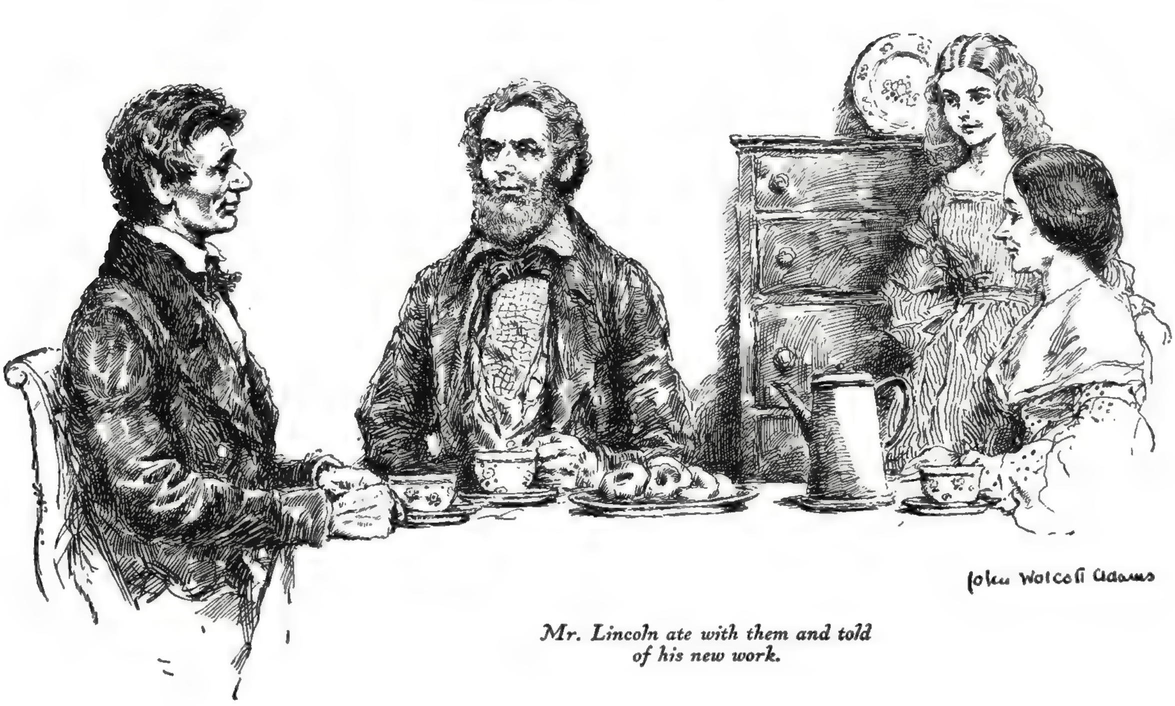
"He said nothing of such a purpose."

"He will be in no hurry about that," said Bim. "He is a shrewd operator. Every one hates him. They say that he knew what was coming when he sold out."

That evening Bim wrote a long letter to Samson Traylor telling of the evil days which had come to them. This letter, now in the possession of a great-grandson of Samson and Sarah Traylor, had a singular history. It reached the man to whom it was addressed in the summer of 1844. It was found with many others, that summer, in Tazewell County under a barn which its owner was removing. It brought to mind the robbery of the stage from Chicago, south of the sycamore woods, in the autumn of '37, by a man who had ridden with the driver from Chicago and who, it was thought, had been in collusion with him. A curious feature of the robbery had been revealed by the discovery of the mail-sack. It was unopened, its contents undisturbed, its rusty padlock still in place. The perpetrator of the crime had not soiled his person with any visible evidence of guilt and so was never apprehended.

Then for a time Bim entered upon great trials. Jack Kelso weakened. Burning with fever his mind wandered in the pleasant paths of his schooltime and saw in his fancy the deeds of Ajax and Achilles, and the topless towers of Ilium and came not back again to the vulgar and prosaic details of life. The girl knew not what to do. A funeral was a costly thing. She had no money. The Kinzies had gone on a hunting-trip in Wisconsin. Mrs. Hubbard was ill and the Kelsos already much in her debt. Mr. Lionel Davis came.

He was a good-looking young man of twenty-nine those days, rather stout and of middle stature with dark hair and eyes. He was dressed in the height of fashion. He used to boast that he had only one vice—diamonds. But he did not display



Mr. Lincoln ate with them and told of his new work.

them on his shirt-front or his fingers. He carried them in his pockets and showed them by the glittering handful to his friends. They had come to him through trading in a land where they were the accepted symbol of success and money was none too plentiful. He had melted their settings and turned them into coin. The stones he kept as a kind of surplus—a half-hidden evidence of wealth and of superiority to the temptation to vulgar display.

Mr. Davis was a calculating, masterful, keen-minded man, with a rather heavy jaw. In his presence Bim was afraid for her soul that night. He was gentle and sympathetic.

He offered to lend her any amount she needed. She made no answer, but sat trying to think what she would best do. The Traylors had paid no attention to her letter, although a month had passed since it was written.

In a moment she rose and gave him her hand.

"It is very kind of you," said she. "If you can spare me five hundred dollars for an indefinite time, I will take it."

"Let me lend you a thousand," he urged. "I can do it without a bit of inconvenience."

"I think that five hundred will be enough," she said.

It carried her through that trouble and into others of which her woman's heart had found abundant signs in the attitude of Mr. Davis. He gave the most assiduous attention to the comfort of Bim and her mother. He had a celebrated physician come down from Milwaukee to see Mrs. Kelso and paid the bill in advance. He bought a new and wonderful swinging crib of burnished steel for the baby.

"I can not let you be doing these things for us," Bim said one evening when he had called to see them.

"And I can not help loving you and doing the little I can to express it," he answered. "There is no use in my trying to keep it from you when I find myself lying awake nights planning for your comfort. I would like to make every dollar I have tell you in some way that I love you. That's how I feel and you might as well know it."

"You have been kind to us," Bim answered. "We feel it very deeply, but I can not let you talk to me like that. I am a married woman."

"We can fix that all right. It will be easy for you to get a divorce."

"But I do not love you, Mr. Davis."

"Let me try to make you love me," he pleaded. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Yes. If there were no other reason, I love a young soldier who is fighting in the Seminole War in Florida under Colonel Taylor."

"Well, at least you can let me take the place of your father and shield you from trouble when I can."

"You are a most generous and kindly man!" Bim exclaimed with tears in her eyes.

So he seemed to be, but he was one of those men who weave a spell like that of an able actor. He excited temporary convictions that began to change as soon as the curtain fell. He was in fact a performer.

The little midnight scene at the City Hotel had sounded the keynote of his character. He was no reckless villain of romance. If he instigated the robbery of the southbound mail-wagon, of which the writer of this little history has no shadow of doubt, he was so careful about it that no evidence which would satisfy a jury has been discovered to this day.

On account of the continued illness of her mother Bim was unable to resume her work in the academy. She took what sewing she could do at home and earned enough to solve the problems of each day. But the payment coming due on the house in December loomed ahead of them. It was natural, in the circumstances, that Mrs. Kelso should like Mr. Davis and favor his aims. Now and then he came and sat with her of an evening while Bim went out to the shops—an act of accommodation which various neighbor women were ever ready to perform.

Mrs. Kelso's health had improved slowly so that she was able then to spend most of each day in her chair.

One evening when Davis sat alone with her, she told him the story of Bim and Harry Needles—a bit of knowledge he was glad to have.

Their talk was interrupted by the return of Bim. She was in a cheerful mood. When Mr. Davis had gone, she said to her mother:

"I think our luck has turned. Here's a letter from John T. Stuart. The divorce has been granted."

"Thank the Lord!" Mrs. Kelso exclaimed. "I knew bad luck was coming since the day your father carried an ax through the house."

"Pshaw! I don't believe in that kind of nonsense."

"My father would sooner break his leg than carry an edged tool through the house," Mrs. Kelso affirmed. "Three times I have known it to bring sickness. I hope a change has come."

"No. Bad luck comes when you carry all your money through the house and spend it for land. I am going to write to Harry and tell him to come home and marry me if he wants to. Don't say a word about the divorce to our friend Davis. I want him to keep his distance. It is hard enough now."

Before she went to bed that night she wrote a long letter to Harry and one to Abe Lincoln thanking him for his part in the matter and telling him of her father's death, of the payment coming due and of the hard times they were suffering. Two weeks passed and brought no answer from Mr. Lincoln.

The day before the payment came due in December, a historic letter from Tampa, Florida, was published in the *Democrat.* It was signed "Roger Deming, private, Tenth Cavalry." It gave many details of the campaign in the Everglades in which the famous scout, Harry Needles, and seven of his comrades had been surrounded and slain. When Mr. Davis called at the little home in La Salle Street that evening he found Bim in great distress.

"I throw up my hands," she said. "I can not stand any more. We shall be homeless to-morrow."

"No—not that—so long as I live," he answered. "I have bought the claim. You can pay me when you get ready."

He was very tender and sympathetic.

When he had left them, Bim said to her mother: "Our old friends do not seem to care what becomes of us. I have no thought now save for you and the baby. I'll do whatever you think best for you two. I don't care for myself. My heart is as dead as Harry's."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Which tells of the settling of Abe Lincoln and the Traylors in the village of Springfield, and of Samson's second visit to Chicago.

BIM'S judgment of her old friends was ill-founded. It was a slow time in which she lived. The foot of the horse, traveling and often mired in a rough and muddy highway, was its swiftest courier. Letters carried by horses or steamboats were the only media of communication between people separated by wide distances.

The learned wrote letters of astonishing length and literary finish—letters which were passed from hand to hand and read aloud in large and small assemblages. They presented the news and the comment it inspired.

In these old and generous letters, which antedate the railroad and the telegraph, critics have discovered one of the most delicate and informing of the lost arts—the epistolary.

But to the average hand wearied by heavy tools the lightsome goose-quill, committing its owner to dubious spelling and clumsy penmanship and exposing the interior of his intellect, was a dreaded thing.

When old Black Hawk signed a treaty, he was wont to say that he had "touched it with the goose-quill." He made only a little mark whereon a kind of sanctity was imparted to the treaty.

Every man unaccustomed to its use stood in like awe of this implement. When he took his pen in hand, he had entered upon an adventure so unusual that his letter always mentioned it as if, indeed, it were an item of news not to be overlooked.

So it is easy to understand that many who had traveled far were as the dead, in a measure, to the friends they had left behind them and that those separated by only half a hundred miles had to be enterprising to keep acquainted.

In March Abe Lincoln had got his license to practise law. On his return from the North he had ridden to Springfield to begin his work as a lawyer in the office of John T. Stuart. His plan was to hire and furnish a room and get his meals at the home of his friend, Mr. William Butler. He went to the store of Joshua Speed to buy a bed and some bedding. He found that they would cost seventeen dollars.

"The question is whether you would trust a man owing a national debt and without an asset but good intentions and a license to practise law for so much money," said Honest Abe. "I don't know when I could pay you."

Speed was also a young man of good intentions and a ready sympathy for those who had little else. He had heard of the tall representative from Sangamon County.

"I have a plan which will give you a bed for nothing if you would care to share my room above the store and sleep with me," he answered.

"I'm much obliged, but it's quite a contract for you."

"You're rather long," Speed laughed.

"Yes, I could lick salt off the top of your hat. I'm about a man and a half, but by long practise I've learned how to keep the half out of the way of other people. They say that when Long John Wentworth got to Chicago he slept with his feet sticking out of a window and that they had to take down a partition because he couldn't stand the familiarity of the woodpeckers, but he's eight inches taller than I am."

"I am sure we shall get along well enough together," said Speed.

They went up to the room. In a moment Mr. Lincoln hurried away for his saddle-bags and returned shortly.

"There are all my earthly possessions," he said as he threw the bags on the floor.

So his new life began in the village of Springfield. Early in the Autumn Samson arrived and bought a small house and two acres of land on the edge of the village and returned to New Salem to move his family and furniture.

When they drove along the top of Salem Hill, a number of the houses were empty and deserted, their owners having moved away. Two of the stores were closed. Only ten families remained. They stopped at Rutledge's tavern, whose entertainment was little sought these days. People from the near houses came to bid them good-by. Dr. John Allen was among them.

"Sorry to see you going," he said. "With you and Abe and Jack Kelso gone it has become a lonely place. There's not much left for me but the long view from the end of the hill and the singing in the prairie grass."

PETE and Colonel, invigorated by their long rest, but whitened by age and with drooping heads, drew the wagon. Sambo and the small boy rode between Sarah and Samson. Betsy and Josiah walked ahead of the wagon, the latter leading a cow. That evening they were comfortably settled in their new home. Moving was not such a complicated matter those days. Abe Lincoln was on hand to bid them welcome and help get their goods in place. He had borrowed fire and cut some wood and there was a cheering blaze in the fireplace on the arrival of the newcomers. When the beds were set up and ready for the night, Sarah made some tea to go with the cold victuals she had brought. Mr. Lincoln ate with them and told of his new work.

"So far I've had nothing more important to do than proving damage in cases of assault and battery," he said. "There is many a man who, when he thinks he has been wronged, proceeds to take it out of the hide of the other fellow. The hides of Illinois have suffered a good deal in that way. It is very annoying. Generally I stand for the hides. They need a friend and protector. When people take the law in their hands, it gets badly worn and mussed up. In a little while there isn't any law. Next week I begin my first week on the circuit."

"It seems good to see folks around us," said Sarah. "I believe we shall enjoy ourselves here."

"It's a wonderful place," Lincoln declared with enthusiasm. "There are fine stores and churches and sociables and speeches and theatre shows."

"Yes. It's bigger than Vergennes," said Sarah.

"And you're going to have time to enjoy it," Samson broke in. "There'll be no farm work and Betsy and Josiah are old enough to be quite a help."

"How the girl is developing!" Abe exclaimed. "I believe she will look like Bim in a year or two."

Betsy was growing tall and slim. She had the blonde hair and fair skin of Samson and the dark eyes of her mother. Her head was well set and its shape and coloring gave promise of unusual beauty. But she was still a bashful, awkward, overgrown girl nearing fifteen. Josiah had grown to be a bronzed, sturdy, good-looking lad, very shy and sensitive.

"There's a likely boy!" said Samson as he clapped the shoulder of his eldest son. "He's got a good heart in him."

"You'll spoil him with praise," Sarah protested, and then asked as she turned to the young statesman, "Have you heard from Bim or any of the Kelsos?"

"Not a word. I often think of them."

"There's been a letter in the candle every night for a week or so, but we haven't heard a word from Harry or from them," said Sarah. "I wonder how they're getting along in these hard times."

"I told Jack to let me know if I could do anything to help," Samson assured them.

Sarah turned to Abe Lincoln with a smile and said: "As we were coming through the village, Mary Owens asked me to tell you that on account of the hard times she was not going to have a public wedding."

The chairman of the finance committee laughed and answered: "That old joke is still alive. She writes me now and then and tells me what she is doing in the way of preparation. It may be she's one of those people who can not see a joke. The thought worries me. I feel under a sense of obligation to her. I've been drawn into a foolish little farce and I've got to play my part like a gentleman until the curtain falls. It has turned into a courtship to avoid marriage."

A BIT later he wrote a playful letter to Mary and told her that there was so much flourishing about in carriages and the like in Springfield he could not recommend it to a lady of good sense as a place of residence. He said that owing to certain faults in his disposition he could not recommend himself as a husband; that he felt sure she could never be happy with him. But he manfully offered to marry her as soon as his circumstances would allow if, after serious consideration, she decided that she cared to accept him. It was, on the whole, one of the most generous acts in the history of human affairs.

There is some evidence that Mary was displeased with these and other lines in the little drama and eventually rang down

(*Continued on page 70*)

The King's Thumb

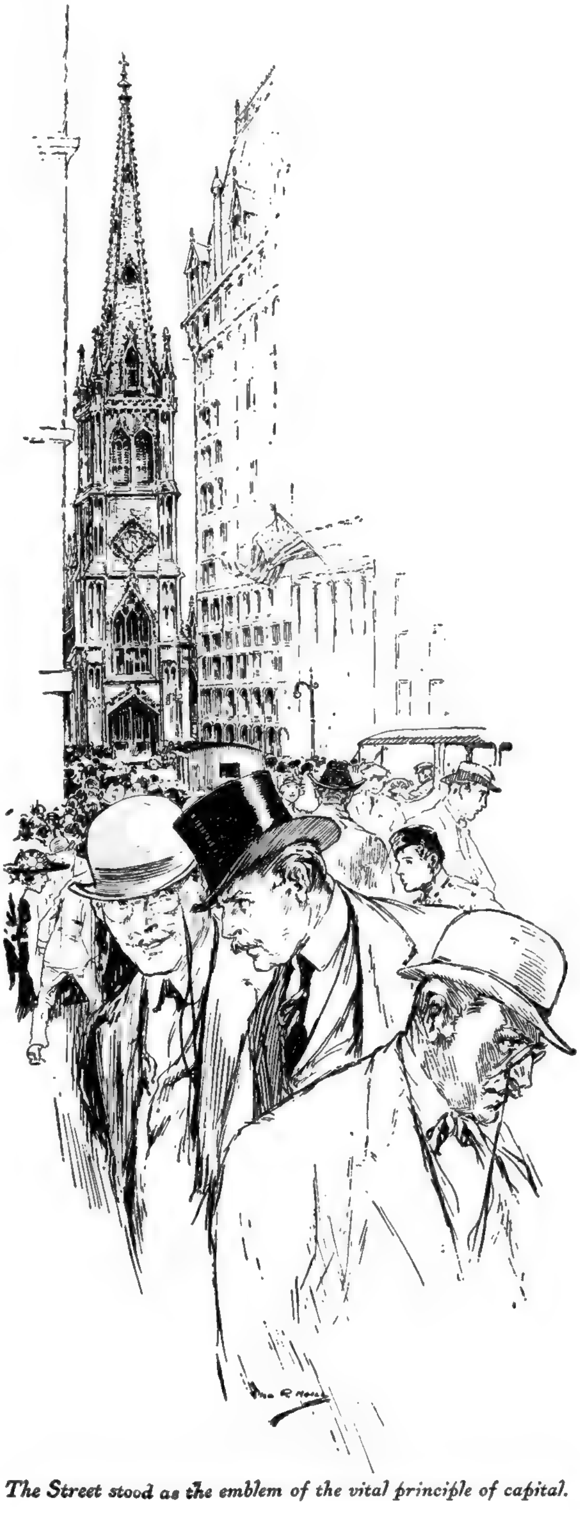
By Frederick Irving Anderson

EVENINGS, walking from his rooms in Park Avenue to the Cheltenham for dinner, Winship passed the Colson place. It occupied, with its grounds, the half of one of the few city squares in Murray Hill still tenanted by householders and retaining the flavor of Knickerbocker New York. The grounds were enclosed by iron palings with closely woven scrolls and squares. Here was the most extensive garden one could find for miles. In the spring passers-by would pause, fascinated by the sight of thousands of crocuses pushing their gaudy cups through the young grass.

The mansion was of dressed brownstone, square and grim, clean of embellishment except for its lustrous windows. At the far end of the garden stood a more ornate structure of marble, of polished massive blocks, fluted columns and carved capitals, and a single door that would admit a pair of cattle abreast, closed by bronze panels in heavy relief. It was an accepted tradition that a tunnel connected the domicile with the vault-like building of marble, for no one was ever seen to enter by the bronze doors. The neighborhood was remote from the main tide of travel—only a few steps from the beaten paths and one dissolves into the unknown regions on the narrow island. The place was all but forgotten by most people; as was its occupant, Zechariah Colson. To the younger generation, indeed, this Zechariah Colson, one of the notorious Sons of Oil of the seventies, was no more than an evil legend, perpetuated through his sacrilegious coat of arms, carrying the seven-branched lamp of light between two olive-trees spouting golden oil.

But Zechariah Colson was not a legend; nor was he a senile old man who had overstayed his time. Like a thief secure in the possession of his loot, the craving for the game still possessed him. Shy, furtive, unsuspected, he was a man of tremendous affairs—not on the surface, but down among the roots of things, like a mole.

Evenings, walking by, Winship, in his well-becoming habit of being no less than one of the younger grand dukes—for all that he was then but the secretary of a financier—was pleased to imagine himself the householder here, behind those pool-like windows. In all New York—and he had explored the broad paths and the byways—there was no spot so rich in lore as this gentle eminence called a hill that took its local name from a family notable chiefly for a grammarian. In all the section of this aristocracy of syntax there was no house so serene and self-sufficient as this mansion of Zechariah Colson, no demesne that had aged so beautifully. One by one its companions in pride had given way before the march of the modern sky scraper. This oasis alone remained.



The Street stood as the emblem of the vital principle of capital.

"When I am master here, I'll move that mausoleum to the cemetery where it belongs," Winship would promise himself as he regarded the white marble eyesore in which old Colson, in a revulsion to art and letters, had stored his wonderful collection of Americana. Those sinister doors, the young man told himself, could only open for the passing of a catafalque.

One night as he approached, the bronze doors did open, swinging slowly and silently on their hinges as though actuated by tremendous velvety power, the leaves parting as kings' doors should part. The watcher came to an involuntary halt as through the dark arch came no procession of funereal pomp, but only a little man dangling a big bunch of keys. He came slowly down the marble steps to the street gate, thoughtfully selected a great key, inserted it in the lock and turned it. But he did not open the gate. Instead, peering over the bars at Winship, he said in a low voice: "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," said Winship slowly as he itemized the features; "you are Zechariah Colson."

The insignificant little man in gray, with a florid face, a snow-white full mustache and steel-blue eyes, regarded Winship with a pleased smile. "And I know you, young man," he said. "I want you in the bank."

"In what capacity?" said Winship abruptly. If his temples throbbed with sudden violence he did not evidence it.

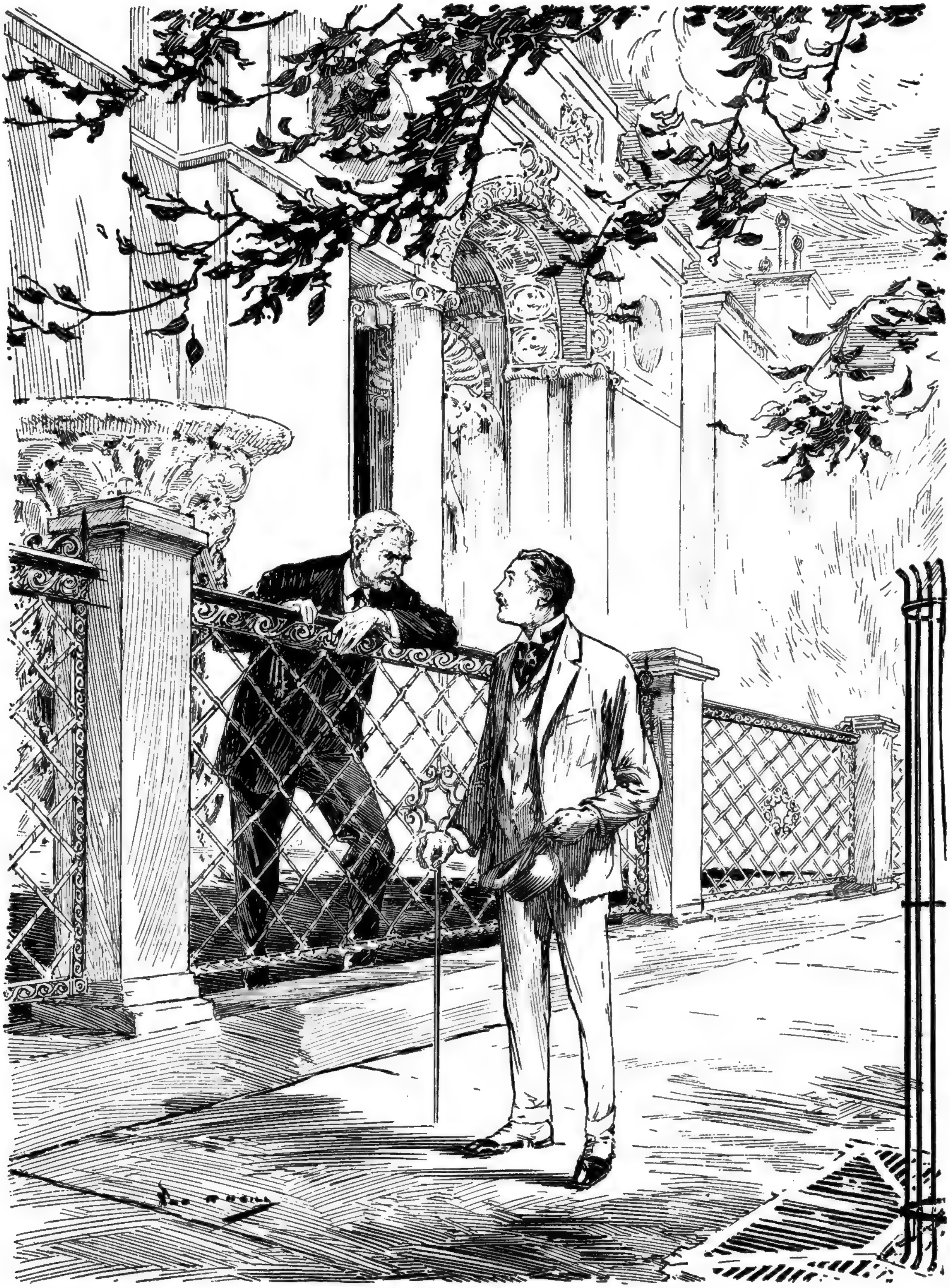
"As a vice-president," said Zechariah Colson.

Winship knew that the interests of this man were administered by a holding company with a bank charter, capitalized nominally at fifty millions. He said: "With what duties?"

"None, for the present. I want you in reserve."

"That's rather unsatisfactory—an exorbitant salary for doing nothing."

"It kills off incompetents!" said Colson sharply. "A man is his own excuse for survival. I have searched," he went on quietly, his eyes narrowing, "for twenty



"I have searched," he went on quietly, "for twenty years for a man big enough to succeed me; to move in when I move out."

years for a man big enough to succeed me; to move in when I move out."

"Here?" said Winship, smiling whimsically as he nodded at the grand mansion.

"Here—there—everywhere."

"You have a son," said Winship.

"Yes, I have a son," said Zechariah Colson vaguely. "Your father was a journeyman when I was pedling oil in a wagon—and a very good carpenter, too. Are you?"

The grand duke smiled again. He admitted he did not number the art and science of the steel square among his gifts.

"Nor does my son number the art of trade and barter among his gifts," said the old man. "You will find your employer is acquiescent. I am doubling your present income—that will be sufficient for the time being. There is one thing I wish to warn you against: you will see a great many opportunities to make money. Avoid them. If you are what I believe you to be, you will never lack means—nor power. I am buying your imagination untainted. If it proves sufficiently fertile to employ a million men at a living wage, you are the man I want. If not, you will retire shortly, a very rich man, with no future."

Winship was narrowly watching the street lamp, which was winking violently; but he said nothing to bridge the pause.

"Arrange your affairs within the next ten days," continued Colson. "Then walk into your office. You will find your name on the door. I congratulate you, young man. Good night."

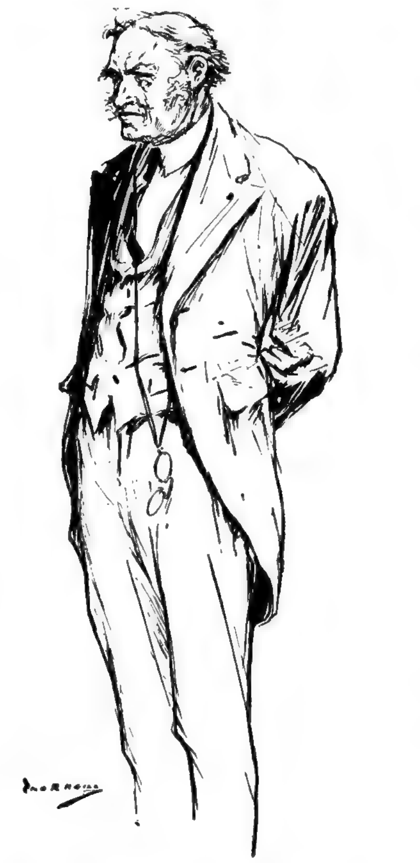
The vice-president-elect (without portfolio) walked on. There was no fever in his blood, no conscious elation in his heart. But his eyes were brittle. In this great moment of his life, if he were aware of any sensation, it was that of momentary pique at being addressed as "young man." He was prematurely gray, almost white, at twenty-eight; and he prided himself on a manner and appearance which had no suggestion of undue youth. Winship was born to that degree of bearing we call "front," that reserve we call authority, for which one seeks in vain among the laws of heredity. These "sports" of the species may be spawned in some convulsion of biological forces, as precious stones are the product of cosmic upheaval—and like raw stones, only the touch of the lapidary is needed to reveal them.

As he passed to his accustomed table in the sequestered dining-room of the Cheltenham, women, and men, too, turned to regard him—as the old men on the wall hushed their gossip and let their eyes stray after Helen, in the story of Homer. In the argot of the street, he looked the part.

"Here — there — everywhere," he was thinking, as he selected his dinner.

And why not? This was the moment he had calmly awaited when he would cast his future boldly on the board as his stakes. He knew it to be the unwritten law of the Colson institution that it had no room for an executive who did not aspire to the chairmanship of the board. Very well. He aspired to no less. That institution represented one of the six largest aggregations of capital in the world. As head and front of such an organization he could occupy his faculties at full load—with ample reserve power, like a dynamo burning its way through a short-circuit.

Ships and furnaces; rails and pipe-lines; exploration, research, transportation, manufacture, merchandising; the creation of new wants for the world and the business of supply; the building of credit, the eminent domain of finance; the very bread and salt of living. Spindles, pistons, gears; discounts, wages, hunger, war—these were all the tools of one man with enough imagination to wield them.



"Let your friendships select themselves—they will! Choose your enemies with extreme care."

The gods of Olympus had been watching Ferdinand Winship covertly, and Ferdinand Winship had been aware of their silent scrutiny. He had dressed for it, posed for it; he had selected his employments in his days as a neophyte, as one selects stepping-stones, with extreme care. He had calmly prepared, never doubting his summons to a high seat. The backbone of Winship's ascendency, as later developed, lay not alone in his recognition of his own capabilities, but in his belief in his own destiny. Zechariah Colson was not his benefactor. During his second course, Winship sifted the evidence. Colson had created nothing in him, added nothing to him, in exercising the privilege of selection, of stopping him at the garden gate. In the fierce struggle for survival in those rarefied heights, no individual was worthy to share who did not aspire to take away. There was no slackening of the pace for the weaker ones, no helping hand. In that realm—*to be*, one must be!

He thought of his own father, disappointed that the son of his loins scorned the art of the steel square. And that other father, old Colson, searching for twenty years for another man to succeed him, when his own son walked by his side. There would be no second generation of incompetence in that family. Young Colson had evidenced no more startling initiative than his weakness for trundling his baby-carriage mornings in the park, collecting rare stamps—to the joy of dealers—and experimenting with the fiction of poverty and the simple life of the poor as a parlor diversion. He fancied himself as a follower of Tolstoy. No! There would be no second generation of incompetence there. Leadership is not bred in the bone, but born there. The son of a carpenter and the son of a merchant prince were about to change places.

In three days Winship had arranged his affairs. He took new quarters, put in a big car, and a man for it. A paragraph in fine type in the financial briefs had informed the world that at a special meeting of the board of directors Ferdinand Winship had been elected vice-president without assignment. It was without significance: there were vice-presidents in that establishment without number.

On the tenth day he entered his office; noted without a thrill that his name was on the door. There was one to greet him, none other than old Verdelet, master of ceremonies in this establishment of heirs-apparent, where no man, no matter what his distinction, was beyond the power of the king's thumb. Verdelet fetched and carried for old Colson; he was the king's dog. The proud Bourbons who sat on the board of this one of the six greatest aggregations of capital in the world took their cue from Verdelet, even if occasionally they amused themselves with the fiction of free will.

"I congratulate you, sir!" said Verdelet, rubbing his hands and smiling sleekly. Winship revolved on his heel and surveyed the old lawyer from tip to toe. He would have to reckon with this one. The new vice-president nodded coldly.

"I have a bit of counsel for you—from an old man," said Verdelet.

"Yes?"

"Don't annoy him with details. He abhors detail as the devil abhors salt!"

The emphasis he gave the personal pronoun, almost capitalizing it, was rank blasphemy. There was only one "he" for this Verdelet.

"If occasion arises, I would be pleased to advise you," added the lawyer smugly.

Suddenly it came to Winship that the moment was at hand to make his first enemy. A wise old sage had said to him once, "Let your friendships select themselves—they will! Choose your enemies with extreme care." Winship looked grandly down on the old lawyer, his lip curling with an odd smile.

"I won't trouble you," he said; for an instant he looked steadily at Verdelet, then without another word turned and went to the window. He stood there looking out. He felt the glare of the king's dog pelting his broad back; then he heard the retreating footsteps, and the door closed on the man who had come to wish him well.

"That," thought Winship, "will be abolished."

He looked down into the Street, with its push-carts, its luxurious cars, its people, its manholes spouting spent steam; cañons of gaunt steel skeletons clothed in marble and sandstone fenced it in; towers and minarets, pyramids and bastions reaching naked to the clouds, with their thousands of windows, acres of floors piled tier on tier, with rare rugs, brass and mahogany—like these quarters of his. No grease and grime and litter of loom and lathe here. No horde of labor, with task appointed, hours counted, wages leveled. This was the abode of poets, men of vision, to frame the epics of industry.

Apart from and above the rabble of gamblers and opportunists—the jackals that hunt at the heels of the lions—the Street stood as the emblem of the vital principle of capital. Gold is inert, does not beget itself, until the living force of intellect stirs within it.

Winship turned and surveyed the room. He had a sudden terrifying impression of empty bins. For a single instant doubt assailed him. Emptyness everywhere! He opened the drawers of his desk one by one; they stared at him vacantly. The telephone—it was mute, its wires dead. Beyond the door was his staff, well trained and efficient, waiting, waiting for the virus of him who must breathe life into this thing. Outside the walls, beyond rivers and mountains, were a thousand, a million idle hands, artisans, waiting for him to appoint a task, to number their hours, tell their wages of content. The thousand, the million, didn't know it, but it was nevertheless true.

There was no one to tell Winship why or when or how. There was only this room with everything silent save the clock. There was a princely stipend, idleness, ease, luxury. Wages without labor! And the temptation of immediate riches immediately at hand. Like the seven bridegrooms who aspired to the beauty of *Sarah* in "Medea," many men before him had been strangled by the jealous fiend in this chamber. Here a man must be his own excuse for survival.

II

ONE may buy at the chemist's a nest of little celluloid balls, each with its number. Toss a handful of them into water, alcohol, sirup, any fluid medium, and watch their destiny—it is written. Some rise to the surface, some fall to the bottom; others, fluctuating irresolutely, finally content themselves with an unstable equilibrium at varying depths; still others with sluggish indifference stop where they happen to find themselves—if some extraneous force lifts them higher, so be it; if it pushes them lower, it is all one.

Eventually the day came when Ferdinand Winship walked into the Board Room, and a distinguished company of men there paid him the mute homage of rising; one of them, the honorable secretary, bowing a little too low, drew out his chair. Within the memory of the present generation, this chair had never been occupied. It was the symbol of old Colson himself in his absenteeism. It was always present, empty, at these perfunctory conclaves; like the king's egis, it was the emblem of authority.

As Winship sat down, he covertly eyed the circle. Some of these were mere ornaments, stamped with illustrious names; several of them had fought with him for the leadership of this pack—and for the good fight they made, Ferdinand Winship had, so to speak, mediatized them. He gloried in a worthy opponent, as he despised a weak one. Verdelet the lawyer had crumpled up before him. There was no more Verdelet. There was no need of a king's dog, since Winship had become the regent, with only the tapering shadow of an old man between him and the real scepter. There were others at this table, creatures of his own, young men he himself had waited for as they passed and tapped on the shoulder as Zechariah Colson had tapped him on the shoulder.

Like Hercules, he could now review the twelve labors that had been the rungs of the ladder. It was not until he had walked alone into the den of King Cole, and drawn the fangs of the Fiddlers Three who were mulcting whole industries of brigands' tributes, that old Colson had in any sense relinquished his own hold on the throttle. It was after his famous fight with Lombard Street, when the governors of the Bank of England marched up the hill and then marched down again, that the old man, his eyes shining, whispered in his ear:

"Now your biggest job will be to find some man big enough to take your job away from you."

If Winship had known pride, none was conscious of it. He had moved forward inevitably, with his reserve of power untouched.

"Gentlemen of the Board," said the new chairman, "the session will come to order."

As the secretary began to read, Winship was thinking:

"A man big enough to kick me out!"

His eyes ranged about the table. The man was not present. But he would find him. Colson had sought him, Ferdinand Winship, for twenty years, testing and rejecting the while. As he crossed the continent in his swift lunges, Winship was wont to stop off here or there, single out a man, and whisper to him, "We want you in the bank." Over the years, as his own star rose, he had gathered about him an entourage. Some he had helped up; others he had pushed down. But some day he would look into the level eyes of a man and know that man to be his peer. That would be ultimate destiny; then he would be an old man, with a tapering shadow.

III

IT WAS in November, the year of the Federal Reserve crisis. Winship, sitting before the fire in his library, watching the play of the flickering light on the deep blue of a Murillo enshrined above the chimneypiece, said: "I'm tired. I'm ready to quit."

His wife was knitting a bag with beads and some bright silk. They were accustomed to sit for long periods in silence, she with her work, he with his thoughts. She was a plain little woman, of good blood, without ambition except for her children. In her person she actually achieved that epitaph of the Roman matron who "wrought needlework and kept the house." In spite of nurses and governesses, she was a splendid mother.

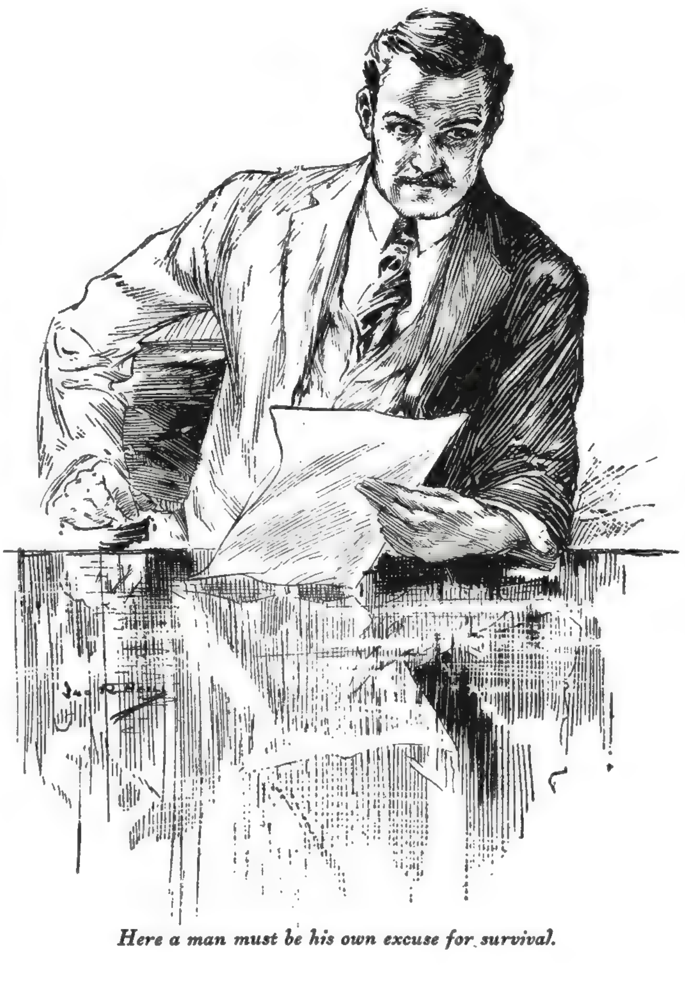
She said nothing, but her smile was openly amused as she glanced up from the selection of her beads to look into his face.

"And why not?" he asked, a little testily; that suggestion of gentle raillery in her smile irritated him. She had lived beyond awe of him, as pagan priests live in time beyond awe of their idols.

"Without work, your energy would tear you to bits," she said quietly.

"No; I think not. One's mind is an intermittent spring. The time comes when it fills more slowly. I'm tired."

She began to talk rapidly, bitterly, of a thing close to her heart. Servants—twenty. Rooms—without number. Guests—they never dined alone. The great of the earth flocked here to this vast, beautiful park that was to have been a simple home. Labor, capital, chancelleries—their leaders came here, sat at table,


Here a man must be his own excuse for survival.

lounged in the gardens—to palaver, wheedle, bargain, threaten. Despite her deprecation of all this show and splendor, it irked her that artisans, whose abilities had made them the mouthpieces of thousands, tasted the bread and salt of his hospitality; horny-handed men of toil, in ill-fitting clothes, with uncouth words and strange manners moved among these lavish surroundings without awe. If not labor, some one else. Always some one. He was always available. Her moments alone with him had to be stolen in the dead of night when the house was still. He gave the world more of himself than he gave his family. He had become the focus of too many interests; necessary to too many men. One man could not continue to live at that tension without consuming himself. The very diversions he had so elaborately planned and carried out for indolent ease had, as if actuated by saturnine malice, become high-speed tools for more intensive effort.

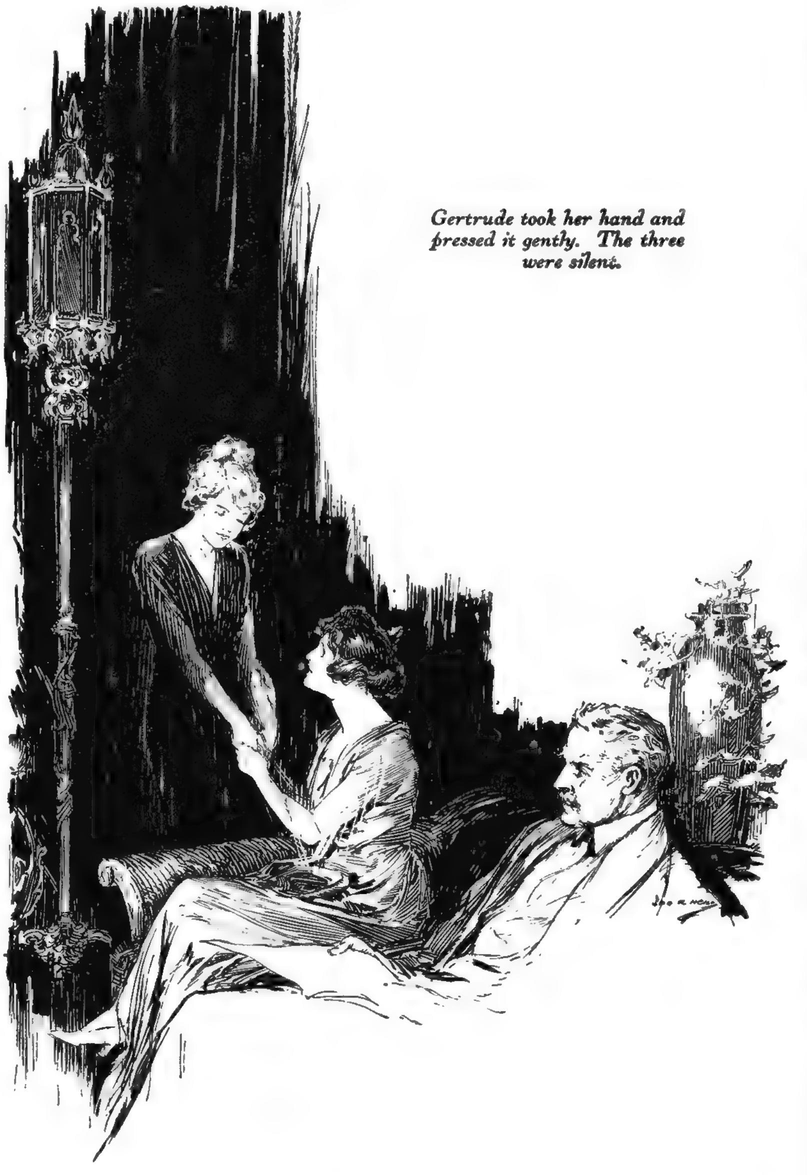
She rushed on, in a curious jealous resentment of his preoccupations.

Passers-by, rolling along the highway, would nod at the mile of fence, with its screen of shrubbery through which could be had vistas of the rolling lawns and the distant sunlit water of the Sound; would say: "Winship. He was born invulnerable. Not even a weak heel!"

"The children are becoming snobs!" Gertrude Winship faced her husband challengingly. "They are flattered, truckled to by their playmates, whose parents coach them. Oh, if we could only live beyond envy!" she cried with sudden vehemence. "If we could only step out of all this!" and she waved a hand as if to encompass their kingdom. "It would give the children a chance. Now they are destined for wasters, spenders. There are no snobs like children! They believe they are born to the purple—they act it! You say you are tired—ready to quit?" she went on. "Why not? Is it more than a Yes or a No? We have money enough for ourselves. No wants stand in the way. Merely the turning of a hand."

The door opened. Both turned. Doors were always opening in this house. It was Rilla, her sister. She was all in black. Her gorgeous red hair seemed almost to flame in the half-lighted room. Her white skin was ghastly. She came slowly toward them without any sense of interruption. Gertrude took her hand and pressed it gently. The three were silent. Some seconds elapsed, then Rilla stooped and kissed her sister's cheek, turned and walked aimlessly out again, closing the door softly behind her. Only three weeks before her husband had been killed in a grade-crossing accident; he had been racing a train in his car.

"We have money enough for ourselves," said Winship, as if there had been no break in their talk.



Gertrude took her hand and pressed it gently. The three were silent.

"Poor Rilla!" sighed Mrs. Winship as she wiped away a tear.

"Yes—poor Rilla!" said he dryly; he leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, counting his fingers. "Do you happen to know what Sam left her?" he asked.

"They lived at the rate of a hundred thousand a year," she said. "One can't do that on nothing."

"Yes; they can—and do! Sam did."

"Ferdinand!"

"Now that you speak of living beyond envy," he said, "I will speak of living beyond greed. Sam died a pauper. He was in debt—for his hundred thousand a year—for ten years! Since he married into the family!" he laughed harshly. "The morning he died he told me he needed twenty-two thousand."

"And you gave it to him?" Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Certainly. Why not? He was of royal blood—he was my brother-in-law. Rilla's attorneys have brought suit against the Long Island Railroad," he said. "For damages!" He laughed again. "The railroad people stand ready to prove that Sam never made a dollar in his life—that he was worthless as a source of revenue to his family. Damages!" he repeated, with curling lip. "Punitive damages maybe—I doubt it! He was drunk! But *actual* damages—no!"

She sat there rigid, staring into the fire. Finally, regaining control of herself, she asked: "Does she know?"

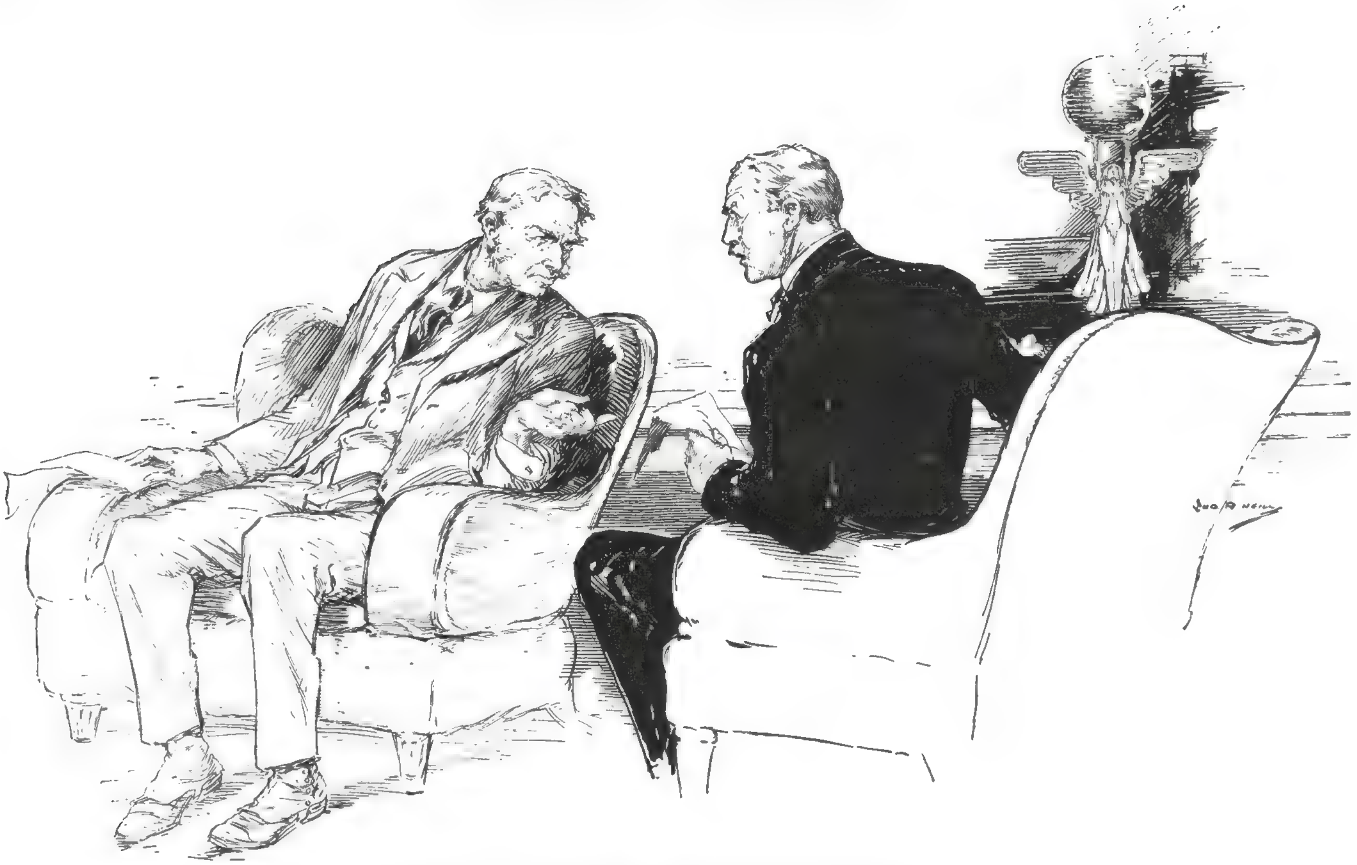
"I suppose not," he replied. "I hope not. Rilla has pride. Who should tell her? Not Sam! He was too high and mighty. Not I—God forbid! Only, I will see that her attorneys do not walk into the trap in court."

After a long pause his wife said hesitatingly: "I suppose there are others—ah—other members, of the 'royal family'? You have never discussed money with me, you know. There has been too much of it. I sometimes think one needs want. It's the safety-valve of content. There are others, aren't there?" she persisted quietly.

Winship reached over to his desk and drew out a portfolio crammed with papers. From these he selected a sheaf and handed them to her. There was the full score. Cousins, aunts, remote connections of hers, some of very dubious claim. Her family of decadent gentility numbered several who prided themselves, even in their indigence, of never having done a day's work in their lives. Her throat tightened as she read the list and the sums. On her husband's side there was another flock of pensioners. Windfalls to remote shiftlessness—the charity of nepotism, coin that beggars tested with their teeth and accepted without gratitude. He had plenty; he had too much. It was no more than their due! And a cloud of others with no claim to kinship—a court of indolent elegants swarming about the king.

She piled the memoranda beside her on the table. She had never suspected this. Even the tragedy of Rilla in its new sordidness became merely an item now. Here was a veritable army of mendicants, manufactured by the success of one man of destiny. Some vulgar, many aristocratic, but all fawning sycophants.

"You have seen the strong man at the Varieties," Winship said in an odd tone.



"My loyalty to the memory of his father would not permit me to refuse."

"One man holding up a dozen. If his knees wabble—crash!" He drew a deep breath as he rose. "My knees," he said, "are beginning to get weak." He passed over to her chair. "And you really thought we could quit, did you?" he said, smoothing her hair. She was crying. "We can't." He pointed to the stack of papers. "They won't let us. We've got enough for ourselves, but not for them."

She burst out in anguish: "It can't go on! It must stop! Oh, why haven't you told me——"

"How can you stop it?" he said softly, trying to soothe her. "Take Rilla, for example. Would you be heartless enough to crown her sorrow by opening her eyes to her husband's worthlessness? She saw him as a paragon. She thought everything he touched turned to money, when he was only a gambler who begged his stakes. She was even jealous of the recognition that came to me! Would you be the one to tell your sister that her husband was a shameless bloodsucker who never earned a penny?" He paused. "No," he went on with some bitterness, "you wouldn't tell her—nor I. The sorry joke must go on. There must be an inheritance. In fact, it is already arranged for."

He turned and walked heavily out of the room, leaving her sobbing silently.

Winship had never intended to tell her; but on the whole, it was just as well she should know. Rilla had precipitated it by that untimely entrance. There was something ghastly in the way that woman paraded her grief, carried it round that others might feel the weight of it. He gnawed his mustache savagely.

Mounting a short flight of steps, he passed down a long, narrow corridor to an old part of the house. This was reserved for Uncle Zack. Old Zechariah Colson had all but domesticated himself here during the past few years. He came and went at will. Into the hard old heart had come in his age, like a wind in the night, a strange tenant—affection for this son of a carpenter. And pride. And, best of all, it had been granted him to live to look into the eyes and touch the hand of his successor. Like all superlatively rich men, Zechariah Colson, a man without the hope, or even the fear, of God, had come in time to look upon his great estate as a sacred trust, to be perpetuated by worthy hands. He had lived to see his own masterpiece take new form and significance in the grasp of this younger genius; to see the cold mass of money awakened to wider scope and undreamed-of beneficence. Winship was no mere trader; he was an inspired builder. Uncle Zack wished to be near, to watch and marvel. It was to him as if he had justified his youth. Only now there had been a fresh demonstration of the old man's prescience in picking Winship. In the financial crisis just passed, Winship had summoned the barons and given them their orders—men who do not take orders. But they had taken orders from him. The soap-box furies were still snarling over the revelation that one man only was the man for this emergency.

Winship paused at the door. It was late. But Uncle Zack always waited up for his good night—the captain reporting to the owner before he turned in. In his momentary abstraction he placed his hand on the door-knob and turned it. The next instant his fingers recoiled from the cold bronze as if it had been red hot. A wave of chagrin swept over him. He listened, as near panic as his frigid sensibilities ever permitted him to approach. For once he had forgotten the old man's obsession: Uncle Zack could sleep like a child through the hammering of boiler-plate, but the slightest touch of a hand on the knob of his door sufficed to rouse him from sleep in sweating terror. Some ghost of long ago.

There was no sound from within where there should have been a scream. Winship smiled. Gently he turned the knob and opened the door. The old man sat there, his eyes closed, his head fallen forward on his breast, toasting his shins before the chimney blaze, a book dropped from his loosened grasp. Winship tiptoed in and softly touched him. Winship's hair bristled.

The old man was dead.

For a moment he stood rigid. Then he went back and closed the door. Drawing up his chair to its accustomed place by the old man's side, he sat down, staring.

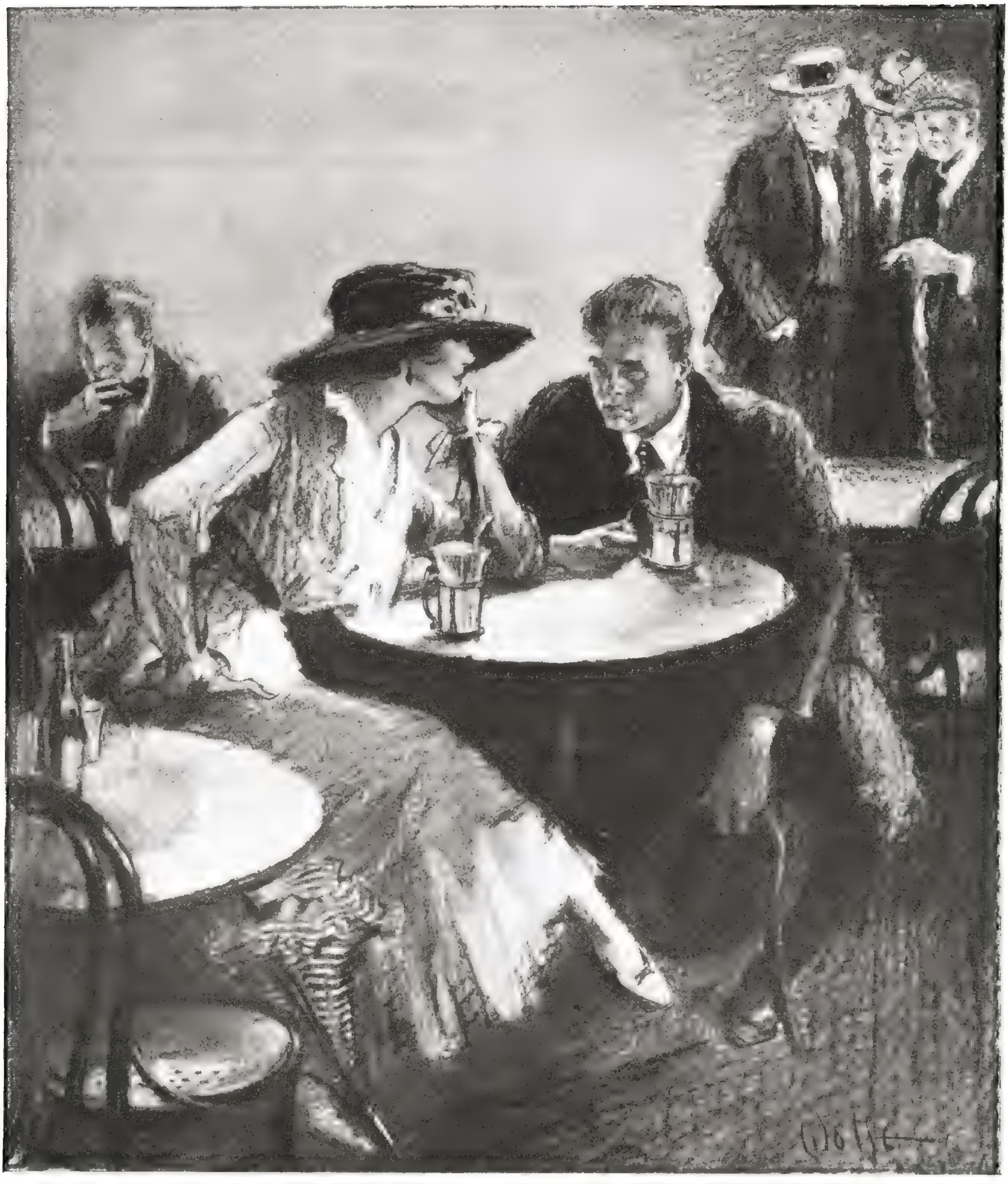
First to his mind came a curious thought—the audacity of death to come here!

Then, for the only time in his life—exultation! He looked at the hand—the dead hand. The King's Thumb. It would wag no more—thumbs up! Thumbs down! The tapering shadow had touched its vanishing-point; the lines had crossed and moved on unseen.

This life had been a stepping-stone to his destiny. This man had been born to prepare the rough forgings. It had been foreordained, inevitable. Even the evil wrought by Zechariah Colson in his youth, the greed, the cunning, of the seventies, had been a link in the chain. And the entire chain a tool forged for him, Ferdinand Winship. A smile played about his lips. His eyes were brittle. Now the whole world lay before him and no man stood between.

Tasks to be done flitted before his mind like pictures. There was the doctrine of

(*Continued on page 112*)



"Lots o' times reg'lar men don't ast a girl, Mister Toyne."

The Passing of the St. Louis Bearcat

By T. S. Stribling

IF A man had kissed the Blarney stone, memorized Lord Chesterfield's letters, fitted ladies' shoes in a department-store, run a Wednesday night prayer-meeting and practised medicine as a nerve specialist, he might possess such poise in the presence of women that he could eat ice-cream, make love, and even propose a matrimonial alliance, calmly and serenely under the adverse and outspoken strictures of half a dozen critics and rivals.

Unfortunately, Sim Toyne lacked this technical training. He was only a muck-table operative, and he sat in the Leadville Ice-Cream Parlor with the red flag of mental anarchy in his face, sweating profusely, and wondering why the soda-jerker, who leaned grinning on his marble slab, did not chuck the whole set of roughnecks into the street.

The girl, on the other hand, was entirely self-possessed.

She smiled sweetly in the general

direction of the boy-spotted entrance even while she talked to Sim.

This difference in poise was caused by a difference in age. Sim Toyne and Maggie Maroney were both seventeen. That is to say, the girl was five or ten years older than her gentleman friend.

Maggie unpursed her rouged lips momentarily from the straws:

"Ain't them kids silly?"

"They make me sick," agreed Sim with deadly literalness.

"Me, too."

"I kain't see what makes you let such kids go round with you like you do, Maggie?" Sim's voice started in a high, pained surprise and trailed into the aching depths of his chest tones.

Maggie turned wistful eyes on him. They were the only spots on her face that were neither painted not enameled nor penciled.

"Lots o' times reg'lar men don't ast a girl, Mister Toyne."

A thrill went from end to end of Sim as if he had been a harp-string under St. Cecilia's fingers. He leaned over the table again, drawing a breath. "You mean, Maggie, that me——"

"They're still looking," she whispered.

Sim settled back, his head in a whirl at the amazing implication. "I reckon you want to go to th' fight with me, don't yuh?" he inquired shakily.

"You mean the fight at the 'Y'?"

"Yeh."

"Where I live?"

"Sure."

"Why, it's only three stories downstairs, Mr. Toyne," smiled the siren.

Sim was momentarily taken aback, but returned warmly to the attack: "I don't care—it's the principle of the thing, Maggie."

"All we'll do is step in an elevator and step off at the gym floor."

An inspiration came to Sim: "I'll come early and we'll walk down. Nobody ever goes down by the steps."

Miss Maroney seemed startled, then leveled a home-manicured finger across the damp table with line and gesture copied from her favorite vaudeville beauty: "Oh, you wicked, wicked men!"

FROM the entrance came whispered eulogies: "Gee! Don't that chicken know how to show a kid a good time!"

"Then you will!" shivered the youngster.

Maggie hesitated: "I about half-way promised to walk down with Peter McGillicuddy, Mr. Toyne."

Sim's chair seemed to sway under him. "Him!"

"Don't you tell I told you!" she warned.

"Oh, I won't."

"I wouldn't have him know I told you for nothing."

"I won't, Maggie."

"I keep serious matters sacred, Mr. Toyne."

It seemed to Sim as if one of the figures in the church were speaking out of some remote goodness.

"Then I can come?" he palpitated.

"If you won't tell Peter McGillicuddy, Mr. Toyne. I'd ruther you'd stab me here," she pressed her hand to her ample bosom, "than to make one of my frien's so awful jealous as he'd be."

Sim resisted an impulse to lean across and press this loyal heart to his bosom. The silence vibrated. Sim signaled the soda-jerker for two more. The moment passed and they talked of indifferent things.

"Where'll our seat be?" inquired Maggie archly. "A box?"

"No, a chair." Then he suddenly saw his mistake and reddened.

Maggie giggled, under the impression it was premeditated. "Where will the *chair* be, Mr. Toyne?" And she trilled again.

"Right by the ringside—I'm one of the fighters."

"*What?*"

"Yeh," he nodded modestly and looked away.

"Why, Sim Toyne!"

"Yeh."

"Ain't you afraid?"

"Me! Why, Maggie, I'm thinking of entering the profession."

SHE leaned over impulsively and placed one of the warmest little palms Sim had ever known on the back of his hand. "Sim, dear, how can you he'p being afraid?"

Sim sat with rabbit-like stillness for fear she should discover her largesse and withdraw it. He cast about wildly for something to say to camouflage this tingling oversight, when a sentence that he had taken some pains to compose the night before popped into his head. He swayed across the table and the speech began almost before he knew it, in the hypnotic monotone of a book solicitor:

"No, Miss Maroney, fear can never enter the heart of a man inspired by the presence of a pure woman at the ringside. I am some pounds lighter than the St. Louis Bearcat; I haven't his ring experience or his training; but strengthened bv the power of a great love, Maggie, burning with high ideels in my profession, me and you will——"

"Sh—Sim—they're still lookin'," warned the girl, shaken out of her composure for once.

She withdrew her hand quickly, picked up her empty purse and handkerchief that shook out a swirl of perfume.

Sim began to hurry the exact change out of his pocket so he would not lose her to his rivals at the door. His fist got hung somehow. As he worked at it nervously, she leaned toward him: "I hate to drop you here, Mr. Toyne, but that boy, Peter McGillicuddy, just made me give him a teeny-weeny bit of this afternoon when I held back the fight for you. I wanted you all the afternoon, Sim, but—" At the look in Sim's eyes she broke off and whispered warmly: "Well, what's a girl to do when nobody she wants won't ast for dates in time——"

Then aloud, "Good afternoon, Mr. Toyne, ta, ta——"

Another vaudeville wave as she sailed to the conquests waiting at the entrance.

The coming prize-fighter leaned weakly against the marmoreal furnishings of the Imperial Ice-Cream Parlor—still, there was no earthly way for the girl to have got out of it. The man who spoke in time got her. There was a broad simple justice in that. A fair field and no favors.

He drew a long breath and very slowly laid out a quarter, a nickel and three cents war tax. There was no hurry. The crowd at the door had drifted off in the wake of McGillicuddy and Maggie.

As Sim approached the Breen home an hour later, a place where he occupied a station somewhere between a boarder and an eldest son, he saw Doll Breen sitting on the porch waiting for supper.

The boy wondered how Doll's married life had degenerated to this unimpassioned sitting around waiting for supper. Now if he were married to Maggie—the boy shivered in shadowy ecstasy.

The lover nodded at the stolid husband, ran on in, up a flight of stairs to his room, where he began a feverish adornment of his person. He locked his door, stopped the keyhole with a wisp of paper, got out a thirty-five-cent safety-razor outfit and began lathering his face.

Sim lathered conscientiously, rubbing in the soap with his finger-tips with a circular motion. He did this because a negro barber on Gaudelupe Prospect had told him that his beard was the toughest and wiriest that ever entered his shop, and that Sim would have to be very careful in shaving if he didn't get pimples.

Well, it turned out the barber was right. He had got pimples. Now he always softened the bristles on his face thoroughly in an effort not to get more.

After ten diligent minutes, Sim achieved the snowball effect of a shaving-soap advertisement. He was about to chop in with his safety when there came a light pattering on the stairs, immediately followed by a kick at the door and a small possessive voice ordering:

"Sim, come play dominoes with me till dinner."

At the onslaught, Sim managed to cut himself. He screwed his face to one side at the sting. "I kain't, Adele."

"Why?"

"I'm dressing."

A moment's silence, then a small voice stated with the sharpness of one trifled with: "No, you aren't dressing, Sim Toyne!"

"I know I am!"

"I know you aren't!"

"How do you know I ain't?"

"'Cause, you don't stop up your keyhole when you're dressing."

Sim stared at the door, his face growing warm under his lather.

"Adele Breen!" he cried, scandalized.

"Well, you don't," stated Adele positively, "and you aren't dressing now. What are you doing in there, Sim Toyne? What made you stop up this keyhole? What are you doing in there?"

Sim stared frozenly at the door. "If you don't go away, I'll tell your mama!"

"Well, you—let me in!" Her voice squeezed up as she pushed vigorously.

"I'll not do it—you go on away!"

Came a little interim. Sim heard a faint picking at the outside, and the wisp of paper in the keyhole began to wiggle up and down.

"Mrs. Breen!" burst out the boy in an agony. "Oh, Mrs. Breen! Come to Adele! Come to Adele, Mrs. Breen!"

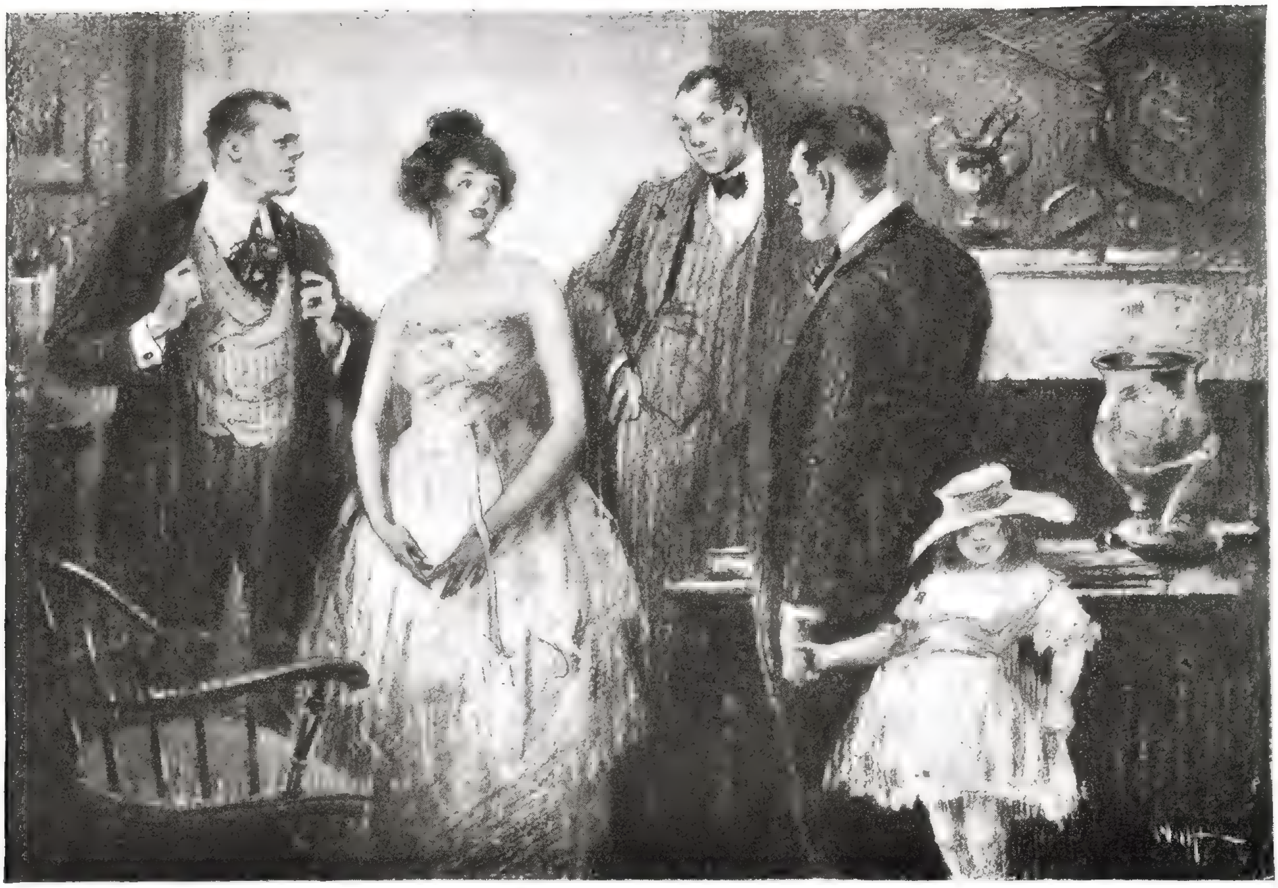
From below came a woman's pleasant penetrating slide up the gamut: "Is that you, Sim?"

"Yes'm, it's me!"

"What is it?"

As a light retreat had followed this explosion, Sim called back, "Nothing now, Mrs. Breen," adding in a lower tone: "She'll skin you, girl, when I tell this."

Silence followed this declaration and



So arresting and vital was she that Toyne and McGillicuddy, who were not hardened to functions and evening gowns, began talking disconnectedly to the gentleman Maggie was introducing.

presently came a faint creaking of the steps as Adele tiptoed down in an effort to save her cuticle, and perhaps later make complete denial of any excursion to Sim Toyne's door. For in practise Miss Breen was an out-and-out opportunist.

When the dinner-bell tinkled, Sim had just finished slicking his pompadour with his palm and the reverse side of his brush. Now his hair lay flat back on his head in a straw-colored piano finish. He had changed his working-clothes for a costume of green and buff suitable for evening wear. The only suggestion of the athletic event which he would attend that evening was a crimson-and-yellow sweater that gleamed under his coat.

Mrs. Breen, a pleasant-sized woman with chestnutty hair, opened her eyes when he entered the dining-room. "Going out to-night, Sim?"

"Why, you *were* dressing!" trilled Adele, forgetting the alibi she had planned.

"What's up?" inquired Doll.

"A little set-to at the gym," explained Sim modestly.

"Who fights?"

"The St. Louis Bearcat and——"

"Who made him mad?" from Adele.

The trio of grown-ups began laughing.

"No one, dear, they just fight for fun—they don't hit hard."

The two males glanced at each other in silent hilarity.

"I want to go," said Adele.

"No, sweetheart, you can't go. Have some steak, Sim."

Suddenly Sim remembered he must eat no dinner. Instantly the table took on the glamour of a banquet. He realized with a sinking heart that a pugilist's life was not all symphonies and sunsets.

"Why no, ma'am, I don't want nothing but a half of a glass of milk."

Mrs. Breen looked up in surprise. "Are you sick, Sim?"

"Oh, no'om."

"I bet he is!" chirped Adele excitedly. "He was doing something in his room I couldn't see."

"Why, Adele!" cried Mrs. Breen.

"He wouldn't let me in!" put in Adele hastily.

"I was shaving," said Sim, flushing and frowning at his empty plate.

"You *said you were dressing!*" accused Adele, bouncing in her chair and jabbing a small finger at him with each word.

"Do sit still!" implored the mother.

"Ain't I dressed?" demanded Sim in confusion.

"But-you-don't-stop-up-your-keyhole-to-dress!" spaced Adele triumphantly; "I *knew* you didn't."

Only the confusion of the moment saved Adele as a wailing sacrifice to the ogre of propriety. Mrs. Breen was trying to restore order.

"Won't you have some spaghetti, Sim?"

"No'om."

"Not off your feed, are you, Sim?" asked Doll.

By this time the boy had regained his composure and some of his importance returned. "No, us pugs never eat before a battle."

"*Us* pugs?" interrogated Breen.

"Uh huh," casually. "I fight the St. Louis Bearcat t'night."

The effect was fully as melodramatic as Sim had hoped. The three Breens stared.

"You!" gasped Doll.

Mrs. Breen rose in arms. "Sim Toyne, you aren't going to do it! Why, you'll be killed! Did that unprincipled Maroney——"

"Edna!" said Doll.

Authority in a family is a queer thing. It is handed about from moment to moment in the most capricious manner. Even the children may seize it by some lucky stroke of judgment, and for an instant they are regarded by the doctors in the temple.

"I certainly wouldn't, Sim," mollified Mrs. Breen; "you'll get hurt."

"I'm going! I'm going! I'm going!" shrilled Adele ecstatically. "Mama, I'm going! Papa, lemme go!"

"No, no."

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"But I *want* to!" wailed the child. "I want to see Sim wh-whoop the St. Louis Bearcat!" She openly sobbed her desire toward one after the other of the grown-ups.

"No girls will be there," stated the father as though that had any bearing.

"Yes, there will," the words popped out of Sim's mouth, because he habitually abetted Adele's insurgency, and therefore the parents loved him. No sooner were they out than he regretted them.

"Oh, well, let her go," agreed Doll.

Immediately Sim realized his mistake. He gasped, looked appealingly at the matron. "Oh, Mrs. Breen—I—I can't take her!"

"Of course not, Adele; he's got to fight."

"Nun-no, I—I—I got a date—" He went crimson again.

Adele stiffened. "With a girl?" she shrilled.

"Then you can't go, Adele," concluded Mrs. Breen.

The effect was abrupt. Adele shrieked, tumbled off her chair, struck the floor, rolling, kicking, scratching. She rolled shrieking against the leg of the table, caromed against another, spun across the floor.

Mrs. Breen jumped up from the table with a whitened face. Doll pushed back his chair, hurried for the door, and escaped.

Sim leaped up, his own face going colorless. "Don't! Don't whip her, Mrs. Breen!" he gasped. "Oh, don't, Mrs. Breen!" He ran, caught the whirling form, stopped over it and shielded it from the coming nemesis. "Hush! Hush, Adele!" he implored. "Please, plea-s-e don't, Mrs. Breen!"

Discipline is handicapped. To whip a child is to belabor everybody within sight or sound. One might as well run amuck and be done with it.

"But she gets worse and worse!" cried the mother, almost terrified.

Adele lay still. "Do I get to go?" she asked in a voice remarkably composed.

"Oh, yes—I reckon so," agreed Sim miserably.

"Sim, don't you do it!" cried Mrs. Breen indignantly.

"Oh, yes—yes—" repeated Sim in long sighs. He visualized what he was missing—the walk down the dark winding steps, declarations of love, kisses, embraces, promises of endless devotion—he felt faint—sick—but he could not endure to see Adele whipped.

Mrs. Breen stood eying the pantheress and her victim; suddenly she proposed with significance: "Sim, you stay right *here*. I'll take Adele to my room to dress her. We'll be gone *fifteen* minutes."

Adele grasped the ruse more quickly than the boy. As her mother led her from the room, she turned to threaten:

"Sim Toyne, if you run off and leave me, I'll screech till mama whips me."

So he did not fly, but went glumly to the phone, called up McGillicuddy and arranged new social adjustments. "We'll make a party of four," he told his friend and rival; "kind of a box-party—" and he thought to himself: "This'll break Maggie's heart."

IT WAS quite dark when Peter McGillicuddy joined Sim and Adele at an appointed drug-store and they proceeded to the "Y." The young lady took her escorts by the hands and converted their arms into a swing by doubling up her legs every few steps.

McGillicuddy was a tall gangling youth and his decorations were weak compared to the fighter's prismatic effect. Peter felt this, and also he felt a wholesome respect for the amazing honor that had befallen his companion.

"Feel O.K., Sim?" he asked anxiously.

"Fine as split silk."

"Not nervous?"

Sim laughed briefly and shakily. "Training gets all that kid stuff out of a man, Lengthy."

"I bet it does," agreed the tall boy enviously.

A short pause, then Peter said with the awkwardness of one boy trying to thank another: "Say, Runt, that—that was pretty dern big-hearted in you—ringing me up like that."

Sim glowed. "Don't mention it, Lengthy."

"Does Mag——"

"Shh!"

"'S'matter?"

"Don't call no names."

"Why?"

"Got a friend in this neighborhood," explained Sim mysteriously, "who throws a fit when they hear a certain party's name called."

"That's me," stated Adele placidly, as she took a luxurious swing.

As they moved along under Adele's weight, Peter mused: "I swan. Ain't they all jest alike?"

"Being a man's awful responsible, Lengthy," murmured Sim, gazing at a star.

"Ain't that th' truth!"

"Women's feelings cling around a feller so quick—sometimes I think what if some of 'em was to take morphin or jump off'n a clift on my account——"

In the shadow of future tragedies only the female swung away undisturbed.

"A man ort to marry a girl, or not raise no hopes," moralized Peter solemnly.

"I'm going to, right after this fight, Lengthy."

"What?"

"Yep."

"You mean Mag——"

"Shh!"

A dense silence. Adele looked from one to the other suspiciously, but the darkness prevented her reading their faces. Sim added: "That's him."

The switch of gender put the girl at fault, but left her listening attentively.

"You don't mean it's arranged!"

"Practically."

"Sim—he's a-foolin' you."

"Haw!"

"You don't mean ever'thing's settled."

"Jest about—"

"Then geemeny crimeny!" groaned Peter in anguish. "The way that—that fellow lied to me!"

"Mr. McGillicuddy!" reprimanded the fighter sharply. "I'll have you know you're talking about my finance."

The tall boy came to himself. "Sim, I apologize—I—I didn't think how it sounded."

"It sounded like time to me."

"Financed," repeated Peter dazedly.

"If I knock out the Bearcat, I guess Maroney will manage me hisself. He sorter hinted like it. We'll be jest one family traveling around fighting all comers."

Peter seemed not to take it in. He plodded ahead, carrying more than his share of the oscillating Adele. As he went he mumbled in a stricken voice: "Putting my arm around a girl that's financed."

Sim stared. "Did she let you?"

"She told me not to," admitted Peter with a dismal sigh.

THE Maroney reception-room on the third floor of the Leadville "Y" was redolent of sport. A set of foils crossed over one door, a pair of rackets over another. Sundry loving-cups and medals scattered over the room bore testimony to Maroney's prowess both as a trainer and as an athlete.

But the most convincing witness of the director's fitness was Maggie Maroney herself. The trophies explained Maggie like so many footnotes. Amid the garnerings of brawn, one overlooked the paint and enamel and perceived the girl beneath, blowsy with the health that brawn had bequeathed her. Beneath those absurd cosmetics, Maggie's neck was an alabaster column whose lines glided subtly into a white bosom. So arresting and vital was she that Toyne and McGillicuddy, who were not hardened to functions and evening gowns, looked hurriedly away and began talking disconnectedly with the gentleman Maggie was introducing to them.

"Say you come from St. Louis, Mr. Fahey?" babbled Peter.

"I've heard it was a good big town," aided Sim.

"Not as big as London," piped up Adele on the authority of her geography.

"D'je come up to see the fight?" proceeded Peter with concentration.

"I'm an old friend of the family's," laughed Mr. Fahey.

"Guess you've seen fights in St. Louis—"

Maggie began laughing, "Boys, Mr. Fahey is the St. Louis Bearcat."

Amazement seized Sim. This the St. Louis Bearcat! A little man, rather old—positively old. He must have been twenty-six or seven. And this little old man was all that stood between Sim and the bewildering vision hovering at his left elbow. Then the name was wrong.

"Why, I thought the Bearcat's name was Stingaree!" cried the coming champion in bewilderment.

"That's his fighting name," explained Maggie in bubbling humor; "his real name's Madison Fahey. I've known him all my life."

"MAGGIE tells me you meet me tonight, Mr. Toyne," observed the little man genially. "Well, you young fellows are bound to show us old boys where we get off at last. If somebody's got to slip me the sleeping sickness, I'd rather it 'ud be one of Maggie's friends."

A suspicion shot through Sim that the Bearcat meant to throw the fight to him. Perhaps Maroney had arranged it. Sim objected to this.

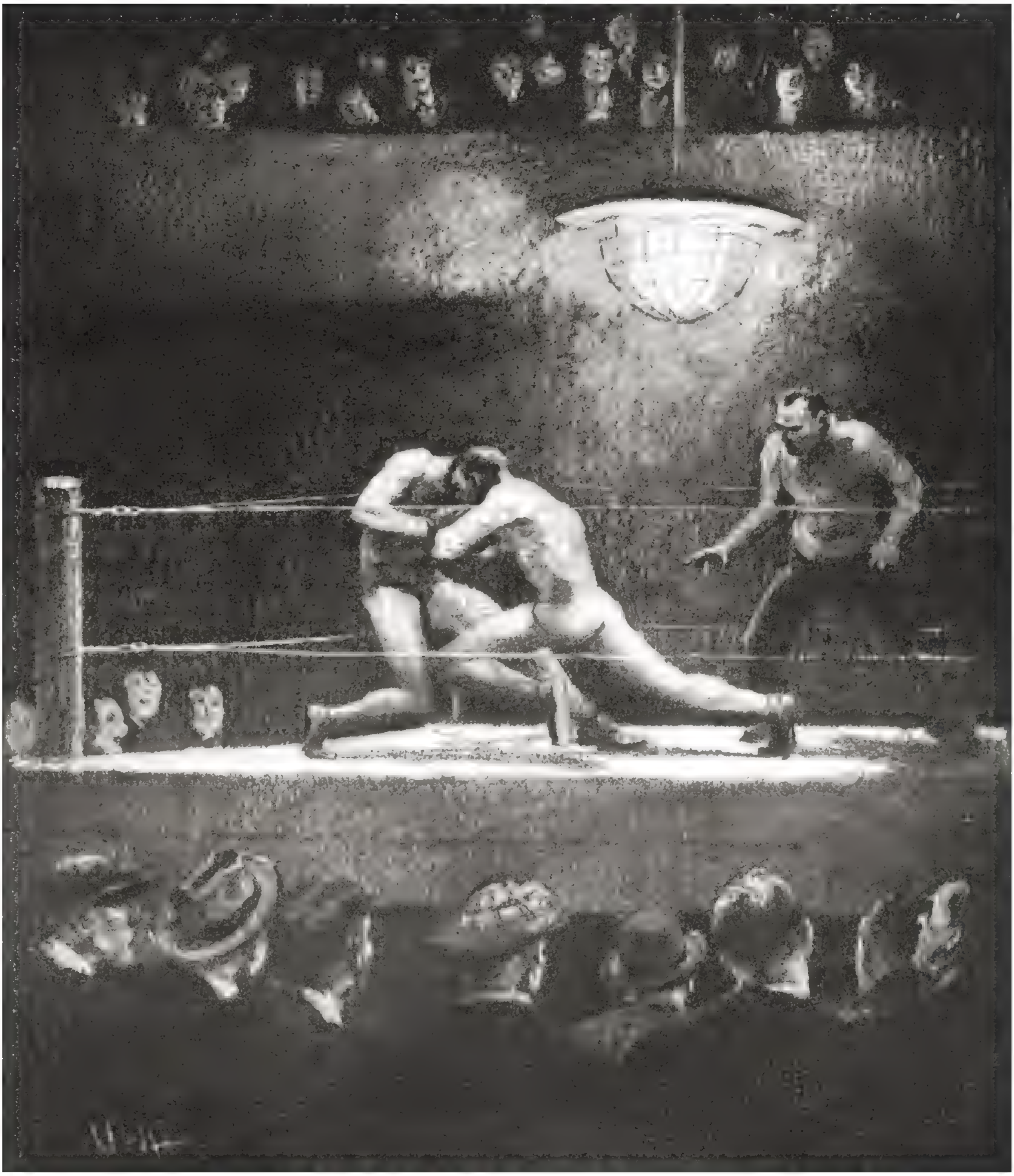
"Look here, Mr. Fahey," he said, "if I can't knock you out fair and square, I don't want the honor. I know Maroney's a great friend of mine, but——"

Mr. Fahey gave Toyne a pat on the shoulder that had considerable drive considering the patter's size and age. "I'll totter around as long as I can, Mr. Toyne." He began smiling in his pleasant way, drew out a watch freckled with diamonds and said he had better be getting down to the dressing-room.

Maggie explained that she and the boys would walk down for exercise. She asked Mr. Fahey to go along, but the Bearcat pleaded that he was not accustomed to the Leadville altitude and the steps got his wind, so he went on without them.

After the party had started for the excitement of the steps, Adele decided that she preferred the elevator. No argument moved her. At last Sim, with a generosity that strained some valve in his heart, offered to ride down with Adele and let Peter and Maggie walk.

Peter, who was still looking fixedly in



The arc light seemed to explode. Pain and a gong-like ringing roared through his head. He felt himself reeling, falling.

various directions, said he guessed not; that they would all ride down together.

In the elevator Sim found opportunity to squeeze Maggie's fingers, a caress which was returned with delicate sympathy and encouragement.

For some unknown reason Adele, who stood between them, reached up and landed a savage little blow in the pit of Sim's stomach. It cut off his breath momentarily. The incident passed without explanations.

NOWADAYS a prize-fight draws a large human assortment: Lawyers, doctors, yeggmen and the police, social leaders and oil-stock salesmen. The sport waxes. The A. E. F. discovered that fists and the heart to use them may influence the political structure of the world. The willingness to accept a bloody snout and give one, may be the palladium of our liberty, which Fourth of July orators have given such wide publicity. Since the war all manner of county, state, sectional and national championships have been promoted. The squared ring has become a public function.

In the gymnasium under the basketball flood-lights a dais had been raised and roped off. Seats had been taken from the auditorium and massed around it, and already held a sprinkling of humanity. The canvas cover of the platform was snowy white. The yellow Manila ropes gleamed with newness under the arc-lights. The circular rail of the running-track formed a kind of gallery above the pit, and this was already circled with a frieze of boyish heads hanging over, staring with owl-like intentness at the empty ring.

From this ring of worshippers came a shrill, excited, "There comes another one of um! That's Sim Toyne!"

Sim's knees rattled together from stage-fright.

"D'ju hear that?" fluttered Peter in

Sim's ear, "Now I reckon you know what Fame feels like."

Sim moistened parched lips. "It don't uffect me at all, Lengthy," he said almost in a sick voice.

"Don't it?"

"Not a speck."

"I guess you—you're thinking of—" Peter nodded faintly toward Maggie.

"Maybe I am, Peter."

"Sim—old man—I wish you happiness; I—I don't care if I do say it!"

"Take care of her while I'm gone, Peter," begged Sim with a touch of melodrama. "You set on one side of her and Adele on the other."

Peter nodded with emotion. The two men wrung each other's hands.

"Luck, Sim," called Maggie gaily.

"Can't I go with you?" shrilled Adele.

"Naw, naw you can't!" snapped Sim, "Set there by Miss Maroney."

Adele pushed tempestuously in between the grown-ups, and stated frankly to Miss Maroney "I hate you!" Then Peter realized he would not have the pleasure of sitting near the breaker of his broken heart. The box-party did not augur well.

In the dressing-room, Maroney's stable of pugs hustled rather sketchy bodies into gym trunks and sweaters. The air was impregnated with the foreboding smell of arnica and witch-hazel. Over in a corner a leaky shower wept monotonous tears.

When Sim pushed through the door into the damp, unaired dressing-room, a chorus leaped at him:

"Have you saw him, Sim?"

"Say, Sim, the dope ain't come!"

"Not a bottle, an' we ordered a case."

"D'reckon the Bearcat bribed the sody-pop company not to send us no dope, so we won't be stimilated?"

"Have you seen him, Sim?"

Sim made a careless gesture. "I don't need no dope."

"Oh, you don't!"

"Geemeny, what's eatin' yuh?"

"Have you seen him?"

Sim began to strip coolly. "Yeh, I've seen him. Why, he's a little bit of a feller—— "

Outraged explosions battered down this evidence. "Wha's matter with you?"

"They's bats in your belfry!"

"But I know—I've been talkin' to him!" retorted Sim.

"But look at Reddy McGrue there!" howled a fat boy with a jellied gesture. "He's puttin' back on his clo'es! Look at him! Look at Reddy puttin' back on his clo'es!"

Sim looked. "Well, what o' that?" he demanded doubtfully. "Reddy may be gettin' cold."

"Yes—it's his feet."

Sim stared. "You don't mean you're quittin', Reddy?"

"I'm goin' to swop jobs with a rubber," explained Reddy doggedly. "I think I know one that wants to trade." He slipped on his shoes and started for the door.

"Why, you're not afraid, Reddy!" cried Sim, amazed.

"Me—oh no, I ain't afraid now—not for myse'f—I'm goin' to be a rubber——"

"But he's a little bitty man!" expostulated Toyne.

"Little! Geemeny crimeny! Ain't I jest back from peekin' into his dressin'-room?" He turned away his head and paddled at some vision still hovering terrifically before him. "All I know is if I kain't be a rubber, I'm goin' to walk out of this 'Y' standin' up, 'stead of sliding out into a ambulance."

"But I saw Mr. Fahey a minute ago——"

"Fahey!" derided a chorus. "Why, the Bearcat's name's Stingaree!"

A suspicion shot through Sim that Maggie had been fooling him. It would be like Maggie to introduce some little old man for a pugilist, who was not a boxer at all. Then he guessed why—because the girl loved him. It was to give him self-confidence.

"When a woman really loves a man," mused Sim, "she is liable to do any fool trick for his good, because when you get right down to it, a woman jest naturally hasn't got no sense noway."

This added proof of Maggie's devotion touched him with a thrilling tenderness. He continued thinking of the girl as he watched Reddy before the steam-filmed mirror readjusting his tie, and blowing a windy whistle as he deserted.

But the roomful did not hold it against Reddy. His was not a cowardly backdown; it was a strategical retreat before an overwhelming force, rather like the Marne campaign.

THE fat boy went to the door and peered into the smelly hall. "Ain't that case o' dope come yet?" he called loudly to the empty passage. He felt the need of something bracing.

Suddenly the muffled sound of a great handclapping in the gymnasium penetrated the dressing-room. Maroney's athletes paused to listen intently. When the applause died away they could hear Maroney's voice introducing the Bearcat. More applause drowned much of what he said; they caught a phrase here and there:

"It's unnecessary fr me t'introduce t'you th' little man with th' big wallop."

Prolonged applause — "battled three times f'r champeenship of th' lightweights —An' may I add, I had th' great honor of 'nauguratin' th' Bearcat's triumphant career. Jest eight years ago I trained Teddy Stingaree in St. Louis." Uproar. "T'night, Mr. Stingaree in his tour of the West, meetin' all comers, gives an exhibition with my Y. M. C. A. boxin'-class. I ask each and all to watch clost every fight, f'r jest as I trained a world's champ eight years ago in St. Louis, so I'm trainin' one to-day in Leadville. To-night, in the boys' dressin' room of this buildin', la'es zan gents, a future world's champ is makin' ready for his first battle!" Immense sensation.

Turmoil drowned the speaker's last words. In the dressing-room itself a peculiar thing happened when Maroney mentioned a future world champion among their number. Every lad braced up. Even the demoralized Reddy McGrue hesitated, and finally resumed a seat on the bench by the lockers and began nervously removing the collar he had just restored to his neck.

At that moment two rubbers passed the entrance with a pail containing ice, bottles and sponges. Another rubber stuck his head in the door and called, "Billy Shugart!"

A short, black-haired youngster started nervously, pulled his sweater more tightly around his thin shoulders and moved for the door as if he were screwing up his courage to fling himself over a precipice.

As he went, he looked back at his comrades with round eyes. "Good-by, boys," he said with a grimace meant to register as a smile; "send flowers." And the dark passageway swallowed him.

Sim Toyne watched him go with a queer thrill of sympathy. To Sim, Billy's action in presenting his body to be pounded by a world's champion seemed a brave, brave thing. And it was a brave thing. Yet, in a way, it was an ordinary thing. It was one of those triumphs of soul over flesh that bob up everywhere. Indeed, that string of youngsters who presently disappeared one by one, trying to grin, trying to be facetious, was a confutation of the whole theory of the prize-fight. A discerning eye might have seen in these silly hobbledehoys a finer flame than was ever kindled by brawn or science. Amid fear and weakness they were standing by some fantastic code of youth. They all did it, for theirs was but the ordinary human courage, possessed in a pinch by all mankind. And yet it is an amazing thing, this nullification of force, this assertion of soul. It is the fire that purified the Argonne. The youngsters shivering down the dark passageway to meet the world's champion were champions of the world; but the little fellows had no idea what nobility moved their thin legs.

To a spectator at a prize-fight the noises of the audience fall into orderly sequence, and in fact are practically unnoticed, so concentrated is the interest upon the epic in the ring. But when heard from a distance, the uproar of the spectators suggests collective lunacy.

Two minutes after the fight began, screams, laughter, roars, yells, beat on Sim's ears with the disconnection of Bedlam. His nerves turned into an emotional weathercock registering a whirlwind. Now and then came silence as strident as the furor. During these the husky whisperings of the young pugs and the tearful drip of the leaky shower reasserted themselves.

THE amateurs passed out one by one and none returned. The rubber who called out their names snapped epigrammatic but horrifying opinions of the conflicts as he shuttled back and forth:

"He played with Jimmy two rounds—He hit Hal just once under the jaw. Reddy McGrue bit the Stingaree—he's mad now! I wouldn't uh stood the punishment John Devine got, not to be champeen of the sun, moon an' stars! He's usin' em up jest as fast as he can. They say the altitude's gettin' his goat. —Jim's got his—Tom's got his——Shorty's got his—your turn to get yours, Sim!"

A shock went through Toyne. He looked around in amazement. The room was empty. Complete silence filled the building save for the tearful drip of the shower. During the last fight, Sim almost had begun to believe his time would never come. The moments seemed to have stopped. Time, as it were, had formed a pool and hung over the brink of the cataract roaring in the gymnasium. The flight of minutes, the vanishing of fighters, seemed to have no effect in bringing *his* battle closer. His fight had become like death, an event which the pass-

(*Continued on page 107*)

Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Author of "Java Head," "The Three Black Pennys," etc.

XXXIX

IT WAS fall—October—and the day was a space of pale gold foliage wreathed in blue garlands of mist. The gardener was busy with a wooden rake and wheelbarrow in which he carted away dead leaves for burning. The fire was back of the low fence, in the rear, and Linda, at the dining-room window, could hear the fierce small crackle of flames; the drifting pungent smoke was like a faint breath of ammonia. Arnaud had left for the day; Lowrie was at the university, while Vigné and her husband—moving toward their ultimate colonial threshold—had taken a small house. She was alone.

As usual.

However, in her present state her solitude had lost its inevitability; she failed to see why it must continue until the end of time. She could no longer discover a sufficient reason for her limitless endurance, her placid acceptance of all that chance, or any inconsiderable person, happened to dictate. She wasn't like that in the least. Her temper had solidified as though it were ice, taking everywhere the form in which she held it. It was a reality. She determined, as well, that her feeling should not melt back into the familiar acceptance of a routine that had led her blindfolded across such an extent of life.

She understood now, in a large part, her disturbance at the indignity to Dodge's monument; she, he had assured her, was its inspiration; except for her it would never have been realized; he would have kept on modeling those Newport fountains, continued with the Susanna Nodas, spending himself ignobly. He loved her, and that love had resulted in a statue the world of art, of taste, honored. But it was she all the while they were approving, discussing, writing about, Linda Condon.

She had always been that, Pleydon had informed her, never Linda Hallet—in spite of Arnaud and their children. It sounded like nonsense; but, at the bottom it was truth. Of course it couldn't be explained, for example, to the man who had every right, every evidence, to consider himself her husband. Nothing was susceptible of explanation. Absolutely nothing! There was the earth, which appeared to be everything, the houses you entered, the streets you passed over, the people among whom you lived, yet that wasn't all. Heavens, no! It was quite unimportant compared with—with other facts latent in the mind and blood.

Dodge Pleydon's love was one of those other facts; it was simply impossible to deny its existence, its power. Dodge had been totally changed by it, born over again. But she, who had been the source, had had no good from it, nothing except the thrill that had always been hers. No one knew of it, counted it as her achievement, paid the slightest attention to her. Arnaud smiled indulgently, Lowrie scoffed. When the statue had been thrown down they thought of it merely as a deplorable part of the day's news. They hadn't seen that she, Linda Condon, was unspeakably insulted.

She doubted if she could bring them to comprehend what had happened—to her. Or if Arnaud understood, if she made it plain, what good would be done! That wouldn't save her, put her back again on the pedestal. The latter was necessary. Linda recognized that a great deal of her feeling was based on pride; but it was a pride entirely justified. She had no intention of submitting to the coarse hands and ropes of public affront. Throughout her life she had rebelled against any profanation of her person, she had hated to be touched.

Every instinct, she found, every delicate self-opinion, was bound into Pleydon's success; the latter had kept her alive. Without it existence would have been intolerable. It was unbearable now.

She discharged the small daily duties of her efficient housekeeping with a contemptuous exactness; for years she had accomplished, in herself, nothing more. But at last a break had come. Linda recognized this without any knowledge of what reparation it would find. She wasn't concerned with that, a small detail. It would be apparent. Arnaud was silent through dinner, tired, it seemed. She saw him as if at the distant end of a dull corridor—as she looked back. There was no change in her liking for him. Mechanically she noticed the disorder of his scant hair and rumpled sleeves.

Not until waking sharply, in the middle of the night, did she have a glimpse of a possible course—she might live with Dodge and perfectly express both her retaliation and her accomplishment. In that way she would reestablish herself beside him and their vision in bronze, on an elevation beyond the spite of the envious and the blind.

It was so directly simple she was surprised that it hadn't occurred to her before. The possibility had always been a part, unsuspected and valuable, of her special being; the largely condemned faults of her character and experience had at least brought her this—a not inconsiderable freedom in a world everywhere barred by the necessity of upholding a hypocritical show of superiority to honest desire. The detachment that deprived her of life's conventional joys released her from its common obligations. That conviction, however, was too intimately connected with all her inheritance to bring her any conscious dramatic sense of rebellion or high feeling of justified indignation.

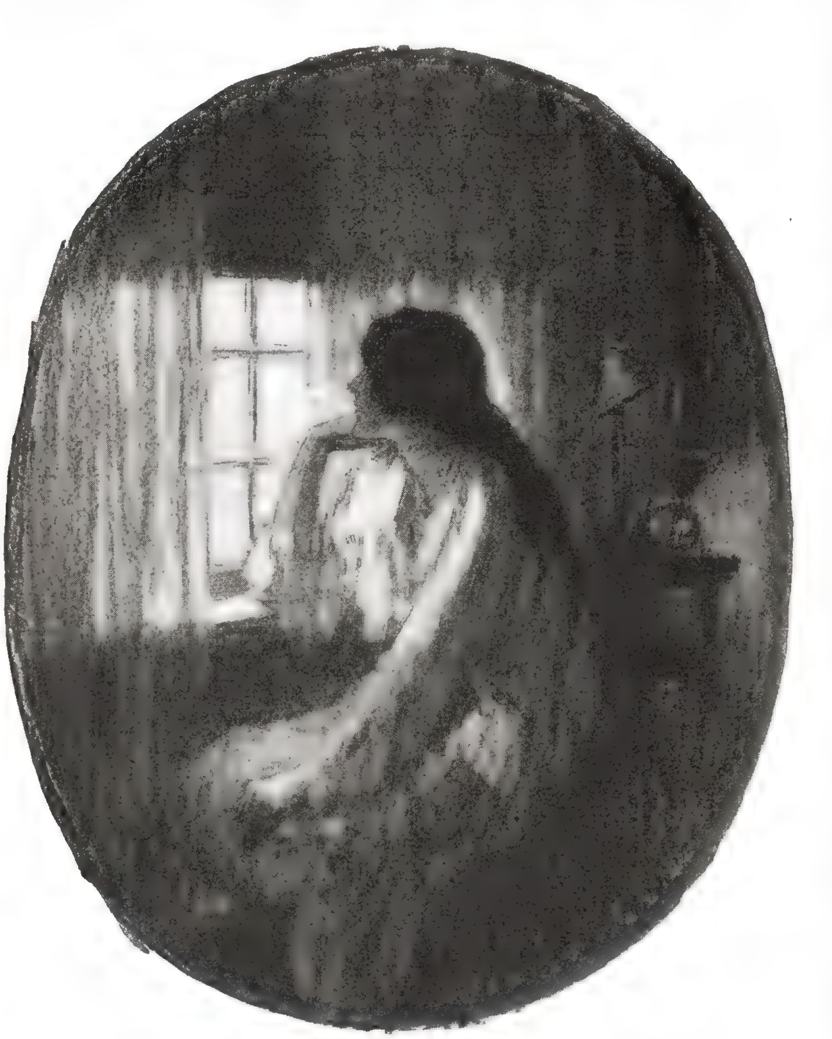
Sleep had deserted her, and she waited for the dawn in the windows that would bring her escape. It was very slow coming; the blackness took on a grayer tone, like ink with added faint infusions of water. Slowly the blackness dissolved, and she heard the stir of the sparrows in the ivy. There was the passing rumble of an early electric car on the paved aged street, the blurred hurried shuffle of a workman's clumsy shoes. The brightening morning was cool with a premonitory touch of frost; at the window she saw a vanishing silver sheen on the lawn and board fence.

A sensation of youth pervaded her; and while perhaps it was out of keeping with her years, she had still her vitality unspent: she was without a trace of the momentary frost on the grass. She was tranquil, leisurely; her heart evenly sent its life through her unflushed body. Piece by piece she put on her web-like garments, black and white; brushing the heavy stream of her hair and tying the inevitable sash about her supple waist.

Below she met Arnaud with an unpleasant shock—she hadn't given him a thought. Her feeling now was hardly more than annoyance at her forgetfulness. He would be terribly distressed at her going, and she was genuinely sorry for this, poised at the edge of an explanation of her purpose. Arnaud was putting butter and salt into his egg-cup, after that he would grind the pepper from a French mill—pure spices was a precision of his—and she waited until the operation was completed.

Then it occurred to her that all she could hope to accomplish by admitting her intention was the ruin of his last hour alone with her. He was happier, gayer, than usual. But his age was evident in his voice, his gestures. Linda marveled at her coldness, her ruthless disregard of Arnaud's claim on her, his affection, as deep as Pleydon's, perhaps no less fine, but not so imperative. Yet Arnaud had had over twenty years of her life, the best; and she had never deceived him about the quality of her gift. It was right, now, for Dodge to have the remainder. But whether it were right or wrong, there was no failure of her determination to go to Pleydon in the vindication of her existence.

She delayed speaking to Arnaud until, suddenly, breakfast was over. He seldom went to the law office where he had been a partner, but stayed about the lower floor of his house, in the library or directing small outside undertakings. Either that or he left, late, for the Historical Society, with which his connection and interest were uninterrupted. As Linda passed him in the hall, he was fumbling in the green bag that accompanied all his journeyings into the city; and she gathered that he intended to make one of his occasional sallies. She proceeded above, to her room, where with steady hands she pinned on her hat. It would be impossible to take any additional clothes, and she'd have to content herself with something ready-made until she could order others in the establishment of her living with Dodge. A severe jacket, gloves and a short cape of blue fox were collected; she gazed finally, thoughtfully, about the room, and then with a subdued whisper of skirts, descended the stair. Arnaud was in the library, bending over the table that bore his accumulation of papers and serious journals. A lingering impulse to speak was overborne by the memory of what, lately, she had endured—she saw him at the dusty end of that long corridor through which she had monotonously journeyed, denied of her one triumph, lost in inconsequential shadows, and continued firmly to the door which closed behind her with a normal mute smoothness, an inanimate silence.



Sleep had deserted her, and she waited for the dawn in the windows that would bring her escape.

XL

THE maid who admitted Linda to Pleydon's apartment, first replying, "Yes, Mrs. Hallet." "No, Mrs. Hallet," to her questions, continued in fuller sentences expressing a triumph of sympathy over mere correctness. She lingered at the door of the informal drawing-room, imparting the information that Mr. Pleydon had become very irregular indeed about his meals, and that his return for lunch was uncertain. Something, however, would be prepared for her. Linda acknowledged this briefly. Often, with Mr. Pleydon at home, he wouldn't so much as look at his dinner. Times, too, it seemed as though he had been in the studio all night. He went out but seldom now, and rarely remained away for more than an hour or two. Linda heard this without an indication of responsive interest, and the servant, returning abruptly from the excursion into humanity, disappeared.

She was glad to have this opportunity alone to accustom herself to a novel position. But she was once more annoyingly calm. Annoyingly, she reiterated; the fervor of her anger, which at the same time had been bitterly cold, had lessened. She was practically normal. She regarded this, the loss of her unprecedented emotion, in the light of a fraud on her sanguine decision. Linda had counted on its support, its generous, irresistible tide, to carry her through the remainder of life with the exhilaration she had so largely missed.

Here in Dodge's room she was as placid, almost, as though she were in the library at home. That customary term took its place in her thoughts before she recognized that it had shifted with her. However, it was unimportant—home had never been a magical word to her; it belonged in that vast category which, of such universal weight, left her unstirred. She resembled those Eastern people restlessly and perpetually moving across sandy deserts as they exhausted, one after another, widely separated scanty green.

She studied the objects around her with the pleased recognition that they were unique, valuable, and in faultless taste. Then she fell to wondering at the difference had Dodge been poor. She would have come to him, Linda knew, just the same. But, she admitted frankly, it would have been uncomfortable. Perhaps that—actual poverty, actual deprivation—was what her character needed. A popular sentiment upheld that view; she decided it was without foundation. There was no reason why beauty, finely fitting surroundings, should damage the spirit.

Her mind turned to an examination of her desertion of Arnaud, but she could find no trace of conventional regret; of what she felt her sensation ought to be. The instinctive revolt from oblivion was an infinitely stronger reality than any allegiance to abstract duty. She was consumed by the passionate need to preserve her integrity of being herself. The word selfish occurred to her, but to be met unabashed by the query, why not? Selfishness was a reproach applied by those who failed to get what they wanted to all who succeeded. Linda wasn't afraid of public opinion, censure; she didn't shrink even from the injury to her husband. What Dodge would think, however, was hidden from her.

She had no doubt of his complete acceptance of all she offered; ordinary obligations to society bound him as little as they held her. It would be enough that she wanted to come to him. She would bother him, change his habit of living, very little. Long years of loneliness had taught her to be self-sufficient. Linda would be too wise to insist on distasteful regularity in the interest of a comparatively unimportant well-being. In short, she wouldn't bother him. That must be made clear at once.

More than anything else he would be inexpressibly delighted to have her with him, to—at last—find his love. Little intimacies of satin mules, glimpses, charming to an artist. He'd be faultless, too, in the attitudes where Arnaud had never for a moment deviated from beautiful consideration. Two remarkable men. While her deficiency in humor was admitted, she saw a glimmer of the absurd in her attitude and present situation. The combination, at least, was uncommon. There had been no change in her feeling for either Arnaud or Dodge, their places in her being were undisturbed; she liked her husband no less, Dodge no better.

Lunch was announced, a small ceremony of covered silver dishes, heavy crystal, Nankin china, and flowers. The linen, which was old, bore a monogram unfamiliar to her—that of Dodge's mother, probably. When she had finished, but was still lingering at the narrow refectory table, she heard Pleydon enter the hall and the explanatory voice of the servant. An unexpected embarrassment pervaded her, but she overcame it by the realization that there was no need for an immediate announcement of her purpose. Dodge would naturally suppose that she was in New York shopping.

He did, to her intense relief; with a moving pleasure that she had lunched with him. "It's seldom," he went on, "that you are so sensible. I hope you haven't any plans or concerts to drag you away immediately. I owe you a million strawberries; but, aside from that, I'd like you to stay as long as possible."

"Very well," she replied quietly; "I will."

She hadn't seen him since the statue

at Hesperia had been destroyed, and she tried faintly to tell him how much that outrage had hurt her. It had injured him too, she realized; just as Arnaud predicted. He showed his age more gauntly, more absolutely, than the other. His skin was dry; the vitality of his countenance might have been burned out by the flame visible in his eyes.

"The drunken fools!" he exclaimed of the mob that had torn Simon Downige from his eminence; "they came by way of all the saloons in the city. Free drinks! That is the disturbing thing about what the optimistic call civilization—the fact that it is always at the mercy of the ignorant and the brutal. There is no security; none, that is, except in the individual spirit. And they, mostly, are the victims of a singular insane resentment—Savonarola; and there were greater.

"But you mustn't think, you mustn't suppose, that I mean it's hopeless. How could I? Who has had more from living? Love and complete self-expression. That exhausts every possibility. Three words. Remember Cottarsport. But the love—ah," he smiled, but not directly at her. Linda was at once reassured and disturbed, and she rose, proceeding into the drawing-room.

There she sat gracefully composed and with still hands; she never embroidered or employed her leisure with trivial useful tasks. Pleydon was extended on a chair, his fingers caught behind his head and his long legs thrust out and crossed at the ankles. His gaze was fixed on her unwaveringly; and yet, when she tried to meet its focus, it went beyond her as though it pierced the solidity of her body and the walls in the contemplation of a far-removed shining image. Her disturbance grew to the inclusion of a degree of fretfulness at his unbroken silence, his apparent absorption in what his meditation projected or found.

XLI

NOW, she decided, was the moment for her revelation; or rather, it couldn't very well be further deferred, for it promised to be halting. But with her lips forming the words, he abruptly spoke:

"I have lived for so long with your spirit, it has become so familiar—I mean the ability of completely making you out of my heart—that when you are here the difference isn't staggering. You see, you are never away. I have that ability; it came out of the other wreck. But you know about it—from years back. Time has only managed a greater power. Lately, and I have nothing to do with it, I have been seeing you again as a girl; as young as at Markue's party; younger. Not more than ten. I don't mean that there is anything—isn't the fashionable word subliminal? — esoteric. God forbid! You'll remember my hatred of that brutal deception.

"No, it's only a part of my ability to create the shape of feeling, of Simon's hope. I see things as realities capable of exact statement; and, naturally, more than all the rest, you come to me that way. But as a child—who knows why?" he relinquished the answer with an opened palm. "And young like that, perhaps ten, I love you more sharply, more unutterably, than at any age else. What is it I love? Not your adorable body, not that, even without the wreck. It isn't necessary to understand:

"You have, as a child, a quality of blinding loveliness in a world I absolutely distrust. An Elysian flower. Is it possible, do you suppose, to worship an abstract idea? It's not necessary to insist on my sanity."

The question of that had occurred independently to Linda; his hurried voice and lost gaze filled her with apprehension. A dull reddish patch, she saw, burned in either thin cheek; and she told herself that the fever had revived in him. Pleydon continued:

"Yet it is a timeless vision, because you never get old. I see Hallet failing year by year, and your children, only yesterday dabs of soft flesh, grow up and marry or pass through college. I hear myself in the studio with an old man's cough; the chisels slip under the mall and I can't move the clay about without help—all fading, decaying, but you. Candles burn out, hundreds of them, while your whiteness, your flame——

"Strange, too, how you light a world, a sky, eternity. A word we have no business with; a high-sounding word for a penny purpose. For, look, we try to keep alive because it's necessary to life, to nature; and the effort, the struggle, breeds the dream. You can understand that. Men who ought to know say that love is nothing more." He rose and stood over her, towering and portentous against the curtained light. "I don't pretend to guess. I'm a creative artist—Simon Downige at Cottarsport—I have you. If it's God so much the better."

What principally swept over Linda was the knowledge that his possession of her must keep them always apart. The reality, all realities, were veils to Pleydon. Her momentary vision of things beyond brick and earth was magnified in him until everything else was obliterated. The fever! Oh, yes, that and his passion for work merged in his passion for her. She could bring him nothing; and she had a curious picture of two Lindas visible to him here—the Linda that was actual and the other, the child. And of them it was the latter he cared most for, recreated out of his desire to defraud his loneliness, to repay the damage to his spirit realized in bronze.

She was, suddenly, too weary to stir or lift her hand; a depression as absolute as her flare of rage enveloped her. Now the reason for her coming seemed inexplicable, as if, for the while, her mind had failed. She repressed a shudder at the thought of being, through the long nights of his restlessness and wandering voice, alone with Pleydon. She hadn't, Linda discovered, any of the transmuting feeling for him which alone made surrender possible. She calculated mentally how long it would take her to reach the station; what train would be available.

Linda accepted dumbly the fatality to her own hope; for a few hours she had thought it possible to break out of the prison of circumstance, to walk free from all hindrance; but it had been vain. She gazed at Dodge Pleydon intensely—the last view of the man she had so nearly married, and who, more than any other force, dominated her nature. It was already too late for anything but memory; she saw—filled with pity for them both—hardly more than a strange old man with deadened hair and a yellow, parchment-like skin. His suit of loose gray flannel gave her a feeling that it had been borrowed from some one she lovingly knew. The gesture of his hand, too, had been copied from a brilliant personage with a consuming impatience at all impotence.

"Remember me to Arnaud," he said, holding her gloves and the short blue-fox cape. "Wait!" he cried sharply, turning to the bookcase against the wall. Pleydon fumbled in a box of lacquered gilt with a silk cord and produced a glove once white but now yellowed and fragile with age. "You never missed it," he proceeded in a gleeful triumph; "but then you had so many pairs. Once I sent you nine dozen together from Grenoble. They were nothing, but this you had worn. For a long while it kept the shape of your hand."

"Dodge," she tried without success to steady her voice, "it stayed with you anyhow, my—my hand."

"But yes," he answered impatiently. He returned the glove to its box, carefully tying the tasseled cord. Then, after clumsily helping her with the cape, he accompanied her to the elevator. "There were other things," he told her. "Did you see the letters about the Hesperia affair? Heaps of them. Rodin. . . .But what can you expect in a world where there is no safety—" The stopping cage cut off his remark. She held out the hand that was less real to him than the dream. "Good-by, Dodge."

"Yes, Linda. But watch that door, your skirt might easily be caught in it." He fussed over her safety until, abruptly, he seemed to rise in space, shut out from her by the limitations of her faith.

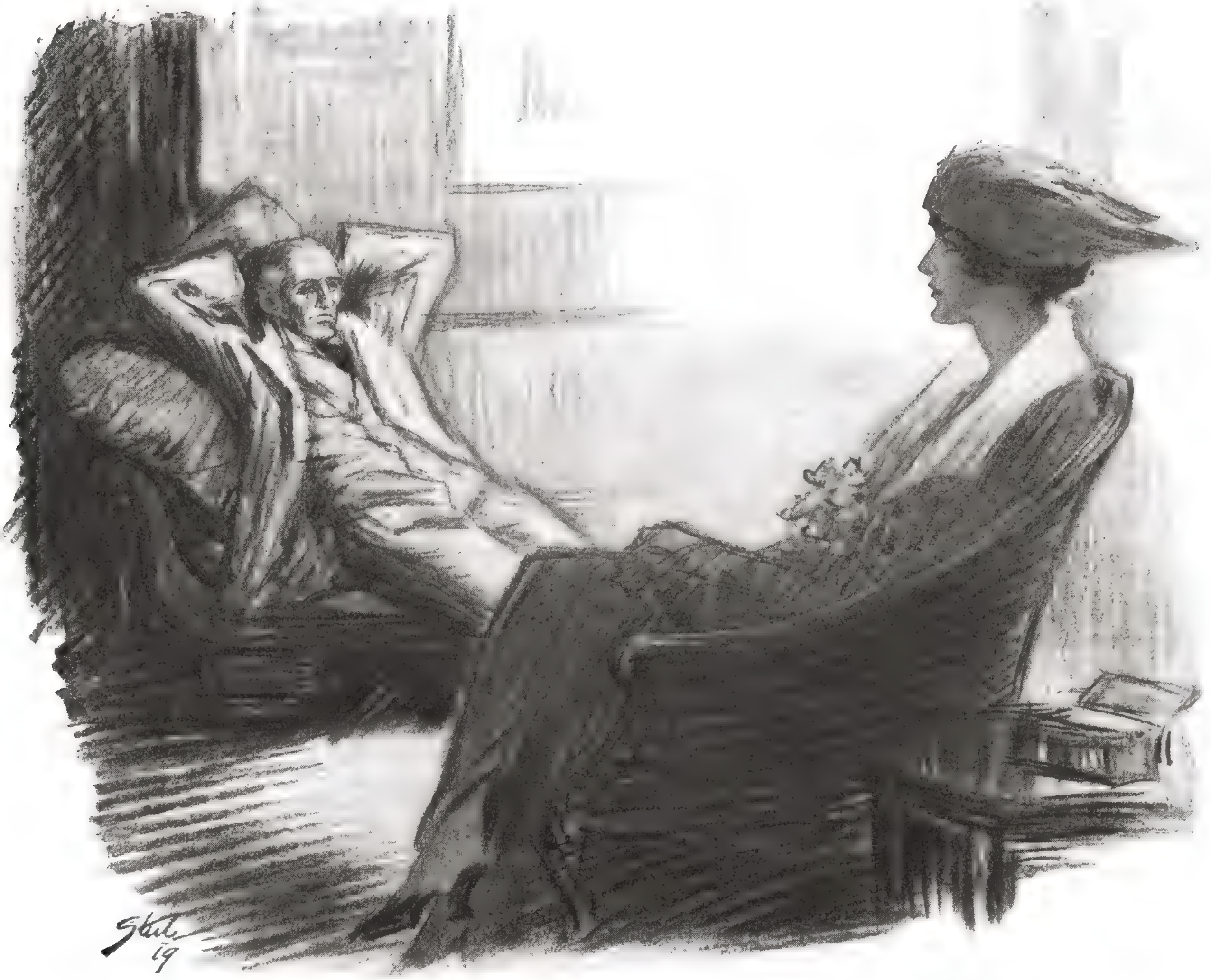
The evening overshadowed her in the train, as if she were whirling in the swiftest passage possible through an indeterminate grayness, from day to night. The latter descended on her as she reached the steps of her home. It was still that; now it would continue to be until death. Nothing could ever again offer her change, release, vindication; nothing, that was, which might give her, for a day, what even her mother had plentifully experienced—the igniting exultation of the body.

It was inevitable, she thought, for Arnaud to be in the library. He rose unsteadily as she stood in the doorway. "Linda," he articulated with difficulty. A book had rested open on the table beside him and, closing it, he put it back in its place. His arm trembled so, that it took a painfully long while. Then he moved forward, still confused.

"What a confounded time you were gone. I had the most idiotic fancy. You see, it was so unlike you; none more exact in habit. All day. I didn't get to the Historical Society; it seemed so devilish far off. I'd never blame you for leaving an old man without any gumption." He must never think that again, she replied. Wasn't she, too, middle-aged?

XLII

LINDA admitted, definitely, the loss of her youth; and yet a stubborn inner conviction that she was unchanged remained. In this she had for support her appearance; practically she was as freshly and gracefully pale as the girl who had married Arnaud Hallet. Even Vigné, with indelible traces of her motherhood,



Now, she decided, was the moment for her revelation; or rather, it couldn't very well be further deferred, for it promised to be halting.

had faint lines absent from Linda's flawless countenance. Her children, and Arnaud, were immensely proud of her beauty; it had become a part—in the form of her ridiculously young air—of the family conversational resources. She was increasingly aware of its supreme significance to her.

One of her few certainties had been the discovery that, while small truths might be had from others, all that intimately and deeply concerned her was beyond questioning and advice. The importance of her attractiveness, for example, which seemed the base of her entire being, was completely out of accord with the accepted standard of values for middle-aged women. Other things, called moral and spiritual, she inferred, should take up her days and thoughts. There was a course of discipline—exactly like exercises in the morning—for the preparation of the willingness to die.

But such an attitude was eternally beyond her; she repudiated it with a revolt stringing every nerve indignantly tense. She had had, on the whole, singularly little from life but her fine body; it had always been the temple and altar of her service and no mere wordy reassurance now could repay her for its swift or gradual destruction. The latter, except for accident, would be her fate; she was remarkably sound. In her social adventures the balls to which, without Arnaud, she occasionally went, she was morbid in her sensitive dread of discovering, through a waning admiration, that she was faded.

It would be impossible to spend more care on her person than she customarily had; but that was unrelenting. Linda was inexorable in her demands on the establishments that made her suits and dresses. The slightest imperfection of fit exasperated her; and she regarded the endless change of fashions with contempt. This same shifting, she observed, occurred not only in women's clothes but in the women themselves.

Linda remembered her mother, eternal in gaiety, but very obviously different from her in states of mind affecting her appearance. She was unable to define the change; but it was unmistakable—Stella Condon seemed a little old-fashioned. When now, to Lowrie's wife, Linda was unmistakably out of date. Lowrie, fast accomplishing all that had been predicted for him, had married a girl incomprehensible to his mother. Observing this later feminine development, she had the baffled feeling of inspecting a creature of a new order.

To Linda, Jean Tynedale, now a Hallet, seemed harder than even her own famous coldness had succeeded in being. This came mostly from Jean's imposing education; there had been, in addition to the politest of finishing schools, college—a woman's concern, Bryn Mawr—and then post-graduate honors in a noteworthy university. She was entirely addressed, in a concrete way, to the abstract problems of social progress and hygiene; and, under thirty, the animating spirit, as well as financial support, of an incredible number of settlements and allied undertakings. She spoke crisply before civic and other clubs; even, in the interest of suffrage, addressing a nondescript audience from a box on the street.

But it was her unpertubed dissection of the motives of sex, the denouncement of a criminal mysterious ignorance, that most daunted Linda. She listened to Jean with a series of distinct shocks to her sense of propriety. What she had agreed to consider a nameless attribute of women, or, if anything more exact, the power of their charm over men, the other defined in unequivocal scientific terms. She understood every impulse veiled for Linda in a reticence absolutely needful to its appeal.

This, of course, the elder distrusted; just as she had no approval for Jean's public activities. Linda didn't like public women; her every instinct cried for a fine seclusion, fine in the meaning of an appropriate setting for feminine distinction, the magic of dress and cut roses. Her private inelegant word for Lowrie's wife was "bold"; indeed, describing to herself the younger woman's patronage of her carriage, she descended to her mother's colloquialism, "brass."

She thought this sitting at a dinner-table which held Vigné and her husband and Lowrie and Jean Hallet. Arnaud, drawing life from the vitality of an atmosphere charged with youth, was unflagging in splendid spirits and his valorous wit. Jean would never inspire the affection Arnaud had given her; nor the passion that, in Pleydon, had burned unfed even by hope.

Her thoughts slipped away from the present to the sculptor. Three years had vanished since she had gone with an intention of finality to his apartment, and in that time he had neither been in their house nor written. Linda had expected this; she was without the desire to see or hear from him. Dodge Pleydon was finished for her; as a man, a potentiality, he had departed from her life. He was a piece with her memories, the triumphs of her young days. Without an actual knowledge of the moment of its accomplishment she had passed over the border of that land, leaving it complete and fair and radiant for her lingering view. Whether or not she had been happy was now of no importance; the magic of its light showed only a garden and a girl in white with a black bang against her blue eyes.

The bang, the blueness of gaze, were still hers; but, only this morning, brush in hand, the former had offered less resistance in its arrangement; it was thinner, and the color perceptibly not so dense. At this, with a chill edge of fear, she had determined to go at once to her hairdresser; no one, neither Arnaud, who loved its luster, nor an unsympathetic bold scrutiny, a scrutiny of brass, should see that she was getting gray. There was no fault about her figure, she had that for her satisfaction; she was more graceful than Jean's square thinness, more slim than Vigné's maternal presence.

Linda had the feeling that she was engaged in a struggle with time, a ruthless antagonist whom she viewed with a personal enmity. Time might, would, of course, triumph in the end; but there would be no sign of her surrender in the meanwhile; she wouldn't bend an inch, relinquish by a fraction the pride and delicacy of her person. The skilful dyeing of her hair to its old absolute blackness, as natural and becoming in appearance as ever, was a symbol of her determination to cheat an intolerable tyranny.

The process, dismaying her soul, she bore with a rigid fortitude; as she endured the coldness of a morning bath from which, often, she was slow to react. This, to her, was widely different from the futile efforts of her mother, those women of the past, to preserve for practical ends their flushes of youth and exhilaration. She felt obscurely that she was serving a deeper reality created by the hands of Pleydon, Arnaud's faith and pure pleasure, all that countless men had seen in her for admiration, solace and power.

But it was inevitable, she told herself bitterly, that she should hear the first intimation of her decline from Jean Hallet. Rather, she overheard it, the discussion of her, from the loiterers at breakfast as she moved about the communicating library. Jean's emphatic, slightly rough-textured voice arrested her in the arrangement of a bowl of zinnias:

"You can't say just where she has failed, but it's evident. Perhaps a general dryness. Perfectly natural. Thoroughly silly to fight against it—" Vigné interrupted her. "I think mother's wonderful. I can't remember any other woman nearly her age who looks so enchanting in the evening."

Linda quietly left the flowers as they were and went up to the room that had been her father's. It was now used as a spare bedroom; and she had turned into it, in place of her own chamber, instinctively, without reason. She had kept it exactly as it had been when Amelia Lowrie first conducted her there, as it was when her father, a boy, slept under the white canopy.

Linda advanced to the mirror, and, her hands so tightly clenched that the finger-nails dug into the palms, forced herself to gaze steadily at her wavering reflection. It seemed to her that there had been a malicious magic in Jean's detraction; for immediately, as though the harm had been wrought by the girl's voice, she saw that her clear freshness had gone. Her face had a wax-like quality, the violet shadows under her eyes were brown. Who had once called her a gardenia? Now she was wilting—how many gardenias had she seen droop, turn brown! Her heart beat with a disturbing echo in her ears, and, with a slight gasp that resembled a sob, she sank on one of the uncomfortable painted chairs.

What, above every other sensation, oppressed her was a feeling of terrific loneliness—the familiar isolation magnified until it was past bearing. Yet, there was Arnaud, infallible in his tender comprehension, she ought to go to him at once and find support. But it was impossible; all that he could give her was, to her special necessity, useless. She had never been able to establish herself in his sympathy; the reason for that lay in the fact that she could bring nothing similar in return.

The room—except for the timed clangor of the electric cars, like the measure of lost minutes—was quiet. The photograph of Bartram Hallet in cricketing clothes had faded until it was almost indistinguishable. Soon the faint figure would disappear entirely, as though the picture were amenable to the relentless principle operating in her.

The peace about her finally lessened her acute suffering, stilled her heart. She told herself with a show of vigor that she was a coward, a charge that roused an unexpected activity of denial. She discovered that cowardice was intolerable to her. What had happened, too, was so far out of her hands that a trace of philosophical acceptance, recognition, came to her support. The loveliest women alive must do the same, meet in a looking-glass—that eternal accompanying sibyl—their disaster. She rose, her lips firmly set, composed and pale, and returned to the neglected flowers in the library.

Vigné entered and put an affectionate arm about her shoulders, repeating—unconscious that Linda had heard the discussion that had given it being—the conviction that her mother was wonderful, specially in the black dinner dress with the girdle of jet. With no facility of expression she gave her daughter's arm a quick light pressure.

From then she watched the slow progress of age with a new realization, but an unabated distaste and, wherever it was possible, a determined artifice. Arnaud had failed swiftly in the past months; and, while she was inspecting the impaired supports of an arbor in the garden, he came to her with an unopened telegram. "I abhor these things," he declared fretfully; "they are so sudden. Why don't people write decent letters any more! It's like the telephone. Good manners have been ruined."

She tore open the envelope, read the brief line within, and, a hand suddenly put out to the arbor, sank on its bench. There had been rain, but a late sun was again pouring over the sparkling grass, and robins were singing with a lyrical clearness. "What is it?" Arnaud demanded anxiously, tremulous in the unsparing sunlight. She replied:

"Dodge died this morning."

His concern was as much for her as for Pleydon's death. "I'm sorry, Linda," his hand was on her shoulder. "It is a shock to you. A fine man, a genius—none stronger in our day. . . . When you were young and so longed after. I was lucky, Linda, to get you; have you all this while. Nothing in Pleydon's life, not even his success, could have made up for your loss."

She wondered dully if Dodge had missed her, if Arnaud Hallet had ever had her in his possession. The robins filled the immaculate air with song. It was impossible that Dodge, who was so imperious in his certainty that he would never say good-by to her, was dead.

XLIII

THERE was a revival of public interest in the destruction of Pleydon's statue at Hesperia, the papers again printed accounts colored by a variety of attitudes unembarrassed by fact; and the serious journals united in a dignity of eminently safe praise. At first Linda made an effort to preserve these; but soon their similarity, her inability to find, among sonorous periods, any trace of Dodge's spirit—in reality she knew so blindingly much more than the most penetrating critical intellect—caused her to leave the reviews unread. No one else living had understood Pleydon; and when descriptions of his life spoke of the austerity in his later years, his fanatical aversion to women, Linda thought of the brittle glove in the gilt-lacquer box.

Her own emotion, it seemed to her, was the most confused of all the unintelligible pressures that had converted her life into an enigma. She had a distinct sense of overwhelming loss—of something, Linda was obliged to add, she had never possessed. However, she realized that during Pleydon's life she had dimly expected a happy accident of explanation; until almost the last, yes—after she had returned from that ultimate journey, she had been conscious of the presence of hope. The hope had been for herself, created out of her constant, baffled dissatisfaction.

But now the man in whom solely she had been expressed, the only possible reason for her obstinate pride, had left her in a world that, but for Arnaud's fondness, looked on her without remark. The loss of her distinction had been finally evident at balls, in the dresses in which Vigné had thought her so wonderful, and she dropped them.

Here, she repeated, was when affection, generously radiated through life, should have reflected over her a tranquil and contented joy. She had never given it, and she was without the ability to receive. She admitted to herself, with a little annoyed laugh, that her old desire for inviolable charm, for the integrity of a memorable slimness, was unimpaired. It was, she thought, too ridiculous, inappropriate, for words.

Yet it had changed slightly into the recognition that what so often had been called her beauty was all she now had for sustenance, all she had ever had. Her mind returned continually to Pleydon, and—deep in the mystery of his passion—a sudden insistent wish to see the monument at Cottarsport invaded her. She spoke to Arnaud at once about this; and alone, through his delicacy of perception, Linda went to Boston the following day.

The further ride to Cottarsport followed the sea—a brilliant, serene blue, fretted on the landward side by innumerable bare promontories, hideous towns and factories, but bowed in a far unbroken arc at the immaculate horizon. She left the train for a hilly cluster of houses, gray and low like the rock everywhere apparent, dropping to a harbor that bore a company of motionless boats with half-spread drying sails.

The day was at noon, and the sky, blue like the sea, held, still as the anchored schooners, faint, chalky, symmetrical clouds. Linda found the common without guidance; and at once saw, on its immovable base of rugged granite, the bronze statue of Simon Downige. It stood well in advance of what, evidently, was the court-house, the white steeple Dodge had described; by a path in the thin grass she found a bench; and there, her gloved hands folded, at rest in her lap, her gaze and longing were lifted to the fixed aspiration.

From where she sat the seated figure was raised against the sky; Simon's face was turned toward the west; the West that, for him, was the future, but which for Linda represented all the past. The conviction flooded her with unutterable sadness. A sense of failure weighed on her, no less heavy for the fact that it was perpetually vague. Her thoughts gathered about Dodge himself; and she recalled the curious vividness of his vision of her as a child, perhaps ten. She, too, tried to remember that time and age. It was almost in her grasp, but her realization was spoiled by absurd mental fragments—the familiar illusion of a leopard and a rider with bright hair, a forest with the ascending voices of angels, and an ominous squat figure with a slowly nodding plumed head.

The vista of a hotel returned, a fleet recollection of marble columns and a wide red carpet—the white gleam and carbolized smell of a drug-store—a thick magazine in a brown cover. These, changed into emotions of mingled joy and pain, shifted in bright or dim colors and sensations. There was a slow, heavy plodding of feet, now above her head, the passage of a carried weight; and, in a flash of perception, she knew it was a coffin. She raised her clasped hands to her breast, crying into the sunny silence to the figure of Simon Downige lost in dream:

"He died that night, at the Boscombe, after he had told me about the meadows with silk tents——"

Her memory, thrilling with the echoed miraculous chord, of the child of ten, sitting gravely, alone, among the shrill satins and caustic voices of a feminine throng, was complete. She saw herself, Linda Condon, as objectively as Pleydon's described vision; there was a large bow on her straight black hair, and, from under the bang, her gaze was clear and wondering. How marvelously young she was! The vindictive curiosity of the questioning women, intent on their rings, brought out her eager defense of her mother, the effort to explain away the ugly fact that—that Mr. Jasper was married.

She saw Linda descending the marble stairs to the lower floor where the games were kept in a somber corridor, and heard a voice halting her irresolute passage:

"Hello, Bellina."

That wasn't her name, and she corrected him, waiting afterward to listen to a strange fairy-like tale. The solitary, sick-looking man, with inky shadows under fixed eyes, was so actual that she recaptured the pungent drift of his burning cigarette. He talked in a bitter intensity that hurt her about love. Yet, at first, he had said that she was lovely, a touch of her . . . forever in the memory. Mostly, however, he spoke of a beautiful passion. It had largely vanished, his explanation continued; men had come to worship other things. Plato had started it.

She recalled Plato, as well, in connection with Dodge; now, it appeared to her, that remote name had always been at the back of her consciousness. There were other names, other men, of an age long ago in Italy. Their ideal, religion, was contained in the adoration of a woman, but not her body—it was a love of her spirit, the spirit their purity of need recognized, perhaps helped to create. It wasn't an ordinary passion, in particular it had no part in what, since, men had turned to. As different as possible from all she observed about her! It was useless for common purposes, withheld from Arnaud Hallet.

The man, seriously addressing the serious uncomprehending interest of ten, proceeded with a description of violins—but she had heard them through all her life—and a parting that left only a white glove for remembrance. Then he had repeated that line, in Italian, which, not long back, her husband had recalled. The old gesture toward the stars, the need to escape fatality—how she had suffered from that!

Yet it was a service of the body, a faith spiritual because, here, it was never to be won, never to be realized in warm embrace. It had no recognition in flesh, and it was the reward of no prayer or humility or righteousness. Only beauty knew and possessed it. His image grew dim like the blurring of his voice by pain and the shadow of death. Linda's thoughts and longing turned again to Dodge; it seemed to her that he no more than took up the recital where the other was silent.

Pleydon—was it at Markue's party or later?—had talked about "Homer's children"; he had meant the creations of great artists, in sound or color or words or form, through that supreme love unrealized in other life. The statue of Simon Downige, towering before her against the sky, above the sea, held in immutable bronze his meaning. The meager bundle and crude stick rested by shoes clogged with mud; Simon's body was crushed with weariness; but under the sweat-plastered brow his gaze pierced indomitable and undismayed to the vision of a place of truth.

She was choked by a sharp rush of joy at Dodge's accomplishment, an entire understanding of the beauty he had vainly explained, the deathless communication of old splendid courage, an unshaken divine need, to succeeding men and hope. This had been hers. She had always felt her presence in his success; but, until now, it had belonged exclusively to him. Dodge had, in his love, absorbed her, and that resulted in the statues the world applauded. She, Linda thought, had been an element easily dismissed. It had hurt her pride almost beyond endurance, the pride that took the form of an inner necessity for the survival of her grace—all she had.

She had even asked him, in a passing resentment, why he had never directly modeled her, kept, with his recording genius, the shape of her features. She had gone to him in a blinder vanity for the purpose of stamping her participation in his triumph on the stupid insensibility of their world. How incredible! But at last she could see that he had preserved her spirit, her secret self, from destruction. He had cheated death of her fineness. The delicate perfection of her youth would never perish, never be dulled by old age or currupted in death. It had inspired and entered into Pleydon's being, and he had lifted it on the pedestal rising between the sea and sky.

She was in the Luxembourg, in that statue of Cotton Mather, the somber flame, about which he wrote with a comment on the changing subjects of his creations. From the moment when he sat beside her on the divan in that room stifling with incense, with the naked glimmer of women's shoulders, she had been the source of his power. She had been his power. Linda smiled quietly, in retrospect, at her years of uncertainty, the feeling of waste, that had robbed her of peace. How complete her mystification had been! And, all the while, she had had the thrill of delight, of premonition, born in her through the forgotten hour with the man who had died.

The sun, moving in celestial space, shifted the shadow about the base of Simon Downige's monument. The afternoon was advancing. She rose and turned, looking out over the sea to the horizon as brightly sharp as a curved sword. The life of Cottarsport, below her, proceeded in detached figures, an occasional unhurried passage. The boats in the harbor were slumberous. It was time to go. She gazed again, for a last view, at the bronze seated figure; and a word of Pleydon's, but rather it was Greek, wove its significance in the placid texture of her thoughts. Its exact shape evaded her—a difficult word to recall—*Katharsis*—the purging of the heart. About her was the beating of the white wings of a Victory sweeping her—a faded, slender woman in immaculate gloves and a small matchless hat—into a region without despair.

THE END

Next month begins Katharine Newlin Burt's new serial ***"Hidden Creek."***

High Company

Soldier Hospital Sketches

By Harry Lee, of the American Red Cross

The author of "High Company" has for a long period served our boys (of whom his son is one) in hospitals over there and here. In their simplicity and beauty his words give us the very heart of the hospital soldiers.—THE EDITORS

"Men of Good-Will"

Ho—
Listen to them!
Ding-dong, ding-a-ling,
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
All the village bells!
The ringers, whoever they are,
Surely their very hearts are in it.
Ding-a-ling, dong-ding-dong,
All the bells everywhere.

When did ever such a fanfare
Float over the pines
To our high windows?
When did ever the sun shine so?
The air keen and clear,
Bathed yesterday in rain,
And from the floating clouds
Bright snow-stars falling.
Every door is wide,
The latch-string of the world is out.

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
"Same to you, buddy,
And many of 'em!"

Happy boys,
Who were well enough, or lucky enough,
To get "leaves."
It was good to see them go
Loaded down with bags and bundles,
Limping off—God bless them,
But their hearts not limping;
Leaping, dancing, singing,
Those hearts.
It was good to see them go,
Homeward bound,
And yet, and yet—
"Oh, well—hang it all,
They're puttin' up a good time
For us fellers that couldn't go,
So what the—tra la la la——"

Is this the Hospital,
That humdrum place of yesterday,
So woodsy now,
With green things everywhere?
As if—since we couldn't go outdoors,
Outdoors had come to us.
And at the elbow of each corridor
A tiny twinkling tree.
Ah, the good nurses planned it all,
Plotting o' nights,
Across the street,
In—"No Man's Land."
A twinkling tree at every turn,
In memory of a Child.

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Like little golden bells,
The words are chiming everywhere,
Upstairs and down,
Downstairs and up again.
"The same to you—the same to you!"

Kitchen duty?
'Tis a cinch on such a day,
So savory the whiffs
Of stirred and basted things,
And bubbling, bouncing things
In steamy pots.
How gay the scurrying youths,
Bent backward with the weight
Of clattering loads
Piled perilously high!

Thoughts are runaway horses
On Christmas Day;
No checks, no reins—
Home,
Overseas,
Back home again,
The others—over there—
Who long ago found peace.
You can't sit still and think;
You must get up and go,
Even if going's not so good.
On crutches,
In your chair,
Or heel and toe.
No matter—go you must.
You're not the only guy—
See what the rest are doing.

Through the halls,
Into the library, a bower to-day,
The wards—to hail a buddy.
Wards where wounds must be dressed
Even on Christmas Day,
Into the cool, dim lobby,
Where before the flickering tapers,
The priest is saying mass.
Candles, a cross—bowed heads.
You linger till the service ends.

The solemn clock,
With unchanged countenance,
Overlooking the young crusaders,
Like a ventriloquist
Calls:
"Dine—dine—dine,"
As though he would repeat unendingly
That fine command,
Did not the bugle drown him out,
Did not the mess-hall doors swing wide.
There is a flutter now
Of femininity—
The village ladies,
Come to serve the "chow."
Go it, old bugler,
Outside there in the snow,
No one will murder you
For that to-day.

Everything a blur of khaki,
A flutter of skirts,
A hullaballoo of voices.
"Oh, lady, lady, what a spread!
Hardtack, corn willie, beans?
Not on your life!
Turkey to-day, I'm tellin' you,
Turkey and all the trimmin's."
What's this?
A jolly old gray lady at the door,
With paper rainbow caps for every boy.
"Tip 'em over your ear, buddy,
Or wear 'em crisscross,
With a stray lock down,
Like Bony-parte."

The grim, old mess hall
Has grown young again,
Back in the heydey of its tavern time.
The mighty chandelier,
Hung with the tinkling prisms,
That used to make
The fat bediamonded necks of dowagers
Glitter so regally,
Blazes again,
And youth triumphant blazes back.
The past—ah,
Christmas Day—
Strike up, you minstrels,
Make the ivories thrill!
Make them laugh, make them sing,
And you, with the slender bow,
Sweep the strings,
Call forth the hidden glory,
The tender, holy thoughts
Too vague for words—
Courage and sacrifice,
And faith,
And love.

Good, good—we understand.
Now for the rattling of the drums,
Crash of the cymbals,
Blare of horns,
Rag it—jazz it,
For that's us too!

A wide aisle between the tables,
With their smoking plenty,
And hungry guests,
Leads to the stage,
Where cloggers clog,
And boxers wield the mits,
And warblers swell their lyric throats,
On show-nights.
The platform now is mountain high
With bumpy Christmas stockings,
Red and full.
And from behind the pines,
Which flank the stage,
Wild, jingling sleigh-bells sound,
A stamping as of hoofs.
"Whoa, Prancer—whoa!"
And up pops Santa,
Roly-poly,
Cherry-nosed,
White-whiskered,
Dressed in red.
Then what a shout goes up!
"'Tis Gaily—camouflaged—our troubadour!"
And "Gaily," the old music-master, pants:
"Merry Christmas, just the same!
A Merry Christmas, lads!"
What bluff, hale greeting they shout back,
Men of the child-heart!
How they laugh!

And then the Bluebirds come,
A score of them,
And each boy knows his own.
The one who taught—oh, leatherwork,
Wood-carving,
Stringing beads,
Whatever craft she used
That helped the long days pass.
Louder,
Louder still,
The clapping hands,
The tapping crutches, canes.
While Santa passes stockings,
The girls are weaving in and out
Among the chairs and tables
With their gifts.

Then—all at once—
A sound of rushing feet,
A swirl of gauzy veils,
Of flying, unbound hair,
A glint of filmy wings
And spangled skirts.
A flight of baby fairies
Whirl in and wave their wands,
Blow kisses,
Smile,
And dance off after Santa,
Old Santa, jingling gaily,
To the wards.

Good ladies all,
And—the Pie-Lady.

To every ward they go,
And every door,
Save one.

A soldier stands before it silently.
Santa goes slowly by,
With lowered head.
Some boy—"gone west"
Beyond that door.
The fairies too are hushed;
They tiptoe past,
And wonder why—
But he who dies on Christmas Day
Goes straight to God.
And so
The laughter comes again,
The little feet go dancing on.

Just at the passing of the Christmas Day,
When stars shone down
On snowy roofs
And pines
And shadowed lawns,
Old Santa left the hospital,
Dark now and still.
Before it passed from sight,
He turned,
His face was lifted and his hand.

"Men of Good-Will,"
He murmured,
"Peace,"
And then—
"Sleep well,
High Company."

The Pie-Lady

Many a lady has come visiting the hospital
Since first it opened its doors
To the good lads.
Ladies in limousines,
Ladies afoot,
Gushing ladies,
Garrulous ladies,
Ladies slim, ladies stout,
Ladies short and tall,
Young ladies,
And others not so young,
Good ladies all,
And—the Pie-Lady.

The Pie-Lady is not so young,
And she is stout
And neither tall nor short.
Her eyes through thick glasses
Seem preternaturally small
And blue
And twinkling.
In each ear a white stone sparkles,
As though well content
With the pleasant things
Their mistress hears on all sides,
And with the mothering words she says.
Always the wide hat with white around it,
Always the white broad collar.
When she speaks there is a curious little
Hold-up of words.
So many rushing pell-mell to be said,
They trip each other's toes in the saying.
And in her arms—
Surely no other two arms
Could hold such delectable mountains
Of brown-crusted, quivery-topped gooeyness.
Oh, boy——!

And dependable—
The sun is not more so,
Nor the nurse with the 'Dakin'
To pump into your tubed wounds,
Nor the "misery-wagon" for the dressings,
Nor the bitter draughts.
The Pie-Lady is as sure—
And so much more welcome.
If it rains,
Her umbrella is an ark;
If it snows,
Her cloak is shelter.

When she comes from the village of Cliftonway,
All the boys in the west wing know it—
The good word is passed.
If she travels Lexington-way,
Ward D and Ward B shove windows up,
Whatever the weather,
To hail her,
And when she enters
It's not just Pie but Home that comes.
Visions of other mothers
In well-remembered kitchens,
Of cakes being stirred in yellow bowls,
Of eggs dizzily beaten,
Of oven doors opening,
Letting out agreeable spicy odors,
And clicking shut again.

"No pie for you to-day, boy!"
To Wasson in his cast.
Hale, cheery old Wasson,
Who must either stand erect
Like a wooden Indian
Or lie flat.
"Sorry, boy, no pie—Doctor says not!"
All the while slyly winking
Through the spectacles
At the rest.
Then wielding the knife,
And with fine consistency,
Dealing every one—
Wasson, too—"Bless you, boy!"
A generous piece.

"On Sundays, boys, you must all come
To my house!"—
"Wheel-chairs!"—"Sure!
Wheel-chair brigade!"
The Pie-Lady's house—
God save you and the divil take you,
What a house it is!

What does the red parlor carpet care for most,
Being the Pie-Lady's own carpet?
Why, wheels to run over it,
And hob-nails to tramp it,
And crutches to beat it, and canes
And the like.
And the piano—
'Tis fairly hoarse with the rags
That the neighbor-girls play for the boys.
Miracles happen
In the Pie-Lady's house.

When the "Wearin' of the Green"
Or "Mrs. McCloud's Reel"
Or "Ja-da" goes,
Even bandaged toes will tap.
Youth must dance, if only on one foot.
And it's just such a glad higglety-pigglety
Of jests and laughs,
Of clicking knives and forks.
If any arm is out o' commission,
Who cuts the meat?
If somebody looks too sad,
Who knows how to woo back the smile?
And who better than the postman
Knows the letters that come from Everywhere
Her boys have gone?
"'Tis from McHugh, poor boy!"
She is showing Mrs. McGilvery
On the side
His last letter—
"I sent him a box of things, Mrs. McGilvery,
But he never got them.
This is the notice from the paper,
Requiem mass and all—in his home town.
See what he says, poor boy:

" 'I often think of you, Mother,
How kind you was to me,
At the hospital and at your house,
And the good eats.
I'm feeling fine here—they've good nurses,
And the doctor says the next slashing
Will fix me up.
But I miss the boys—and you,
So say a little prayer for me
Now and then—
We can do that for each other,
And that's a whole lot.'

"Yes, Mrs. McGilvery, 'tis his last letter,
God rest his soul—
Have some more of the chicken, Tony,
What's gone with your appetite, you rogue?
And you, John."

Many a lady comes visiting the Hospital,
Fairer ladies,
More worldly wise maybe,
More learned in the way of words.
But the Pie-Lady—
She's for now,
When we need her so,
And for memory.
She is like mothers are,
And mothers are like God,
And God is Love.

Every Dog Has His Day

"Bum" may sound uncomplimentary;
So do such terms as "Gold-bricker"
And "Cripple,"
Flung in bluff affection
From Buddy to Buddy.
At any rate, "Bum" was the little mongrel's name.
And it was given to him by Lou Slansky,
The afternoon his pal, George Buck,
Had the operation.

Lou had wheeled himself out on the lawn,
Under the pines,
Where the hot sun gave way to the wind.
He was puffing his pipe glumly,
Giving no quarter to the girls,
Who in passing
Were used to the bantering words
Of the two cronies;
Thinking only of the smothering ether
And the pain—
Wishing he might suffer it
Instead of his friend.

Then the dog came by,
Crouched on his hunkers,
Lifted an interested ear,
Hung out the red flag of his panting tongue,
Raised his brown eyes questioningly,
As to say:
"What's the row, old man—
Anything I can help?"
And waited.

"Come here, you bum!"
Bewildered by the conflict of tone and word,
Bum lingered,
Thumping the grass with a hopeful tail.
Then approaching cautiously,
Within the reach of the hand
Which did not strike
But patted,
Bum reared on his hind legs,
His paws resting on the blanketed lap.
"You old Bum! You mangy old roust-about!"
The cold wet nose touched the caressing hand.
"Who's your master?"
The red tongue gave the hand
An appreciative slither.
"Old Calico-coat,
Who gave you the black eye?"
Bum panted delightedly;
Here was friendship at last.
With one swift leap
He was on the soldier's knees,
Lapping at his face
With little excited yelps.
"Down!"
He crouched obediently
At the boy's feet,
His nose to the ground, apologetically
Between his paws.
"Go get it, Bum!"
He was not angry then!
Bum ran after the thrown cane,
Bringing it back triumphantly
Again and again.
The other soldiers lying about under the trees
Grew interested.
One of them tossed him a ball.
"What a jolly lot they are," Bum thought.
"They would make good masters—
I'll adopt them!"
So the afternoon passed too swiftly.
And Bum was snoozing by his new-found friend,
When the strange chair on wheels
Began to move.
He pricked up his ears.
A moving chair—how odd!
He rose—stretched—yawned,
Shook himself
And trotted after.

The afternoon passed too swiftly.
Bum was snoozing by his new-found friend.

At the door of the hospital,
Two great fellows in khaki,
With pistols at their sides,
Took the chair in hand
To wheel it up the incline to the entrance.
Bum's suspicions were aroused.
He growled ominously,
Showed his white teeth;
"Youck, youck—youck-youck!"
He barked threateningly.
There was laughing then.
Even First-Friend joined—
Bum wondered why.
When the wide screen doors opened,
The chair was wheeled through,
The door shut with a bang,
And he was outside,
He whimpered there,
Scratched at the wire netting,
Whined,
Recalled all the wheedling words dogs know,
But no one came.
And at last one of the Awful Two with pistols
Drove him away.
"Get out, you bum!" he said.

Bum skulked down the steps,
And under a green bush
By the door.
People were coming and going,
Dusk was making everything dim.

At last a bevy of nurses came.
Pretty ladies in white,
Their blue cloaks flung back,
The scarlet showing,
They stopped to talk,
The door half open—

Swift as the wind
Bum sped
Over the gravel drive:
Up the steps,
Through the doorway,
Across the great lobby,
His nose to the ground.
"Aha—now I'll find him!"
He thought.
" 'Bum!' he called me, but he made it a good name!
Here Master went—down this hall,
Around this turn—
What funny red lights people need
To show them the way!
I can find my way in the dark.
Here—here he is!
Ah, but the door is closed—always doors!
Youck! Youck!"

Voices sounded—the knob turned,
Bum bounded in,
His tail wiggling ecstatically.
"Youck, youck—youck-youck!"
Sure enough, First-Friend was there,
And in the bed.
Another friend—very white,
But smiling too.
"I said they were a jolly lot!"
Bum thought.
"This is 'Bum!' He found me—see!
When you go out again—
We'll have him.
Let's keep him here till then."
And so Bum came to be
An inmate of the hospital.
And as he goes from ward to ward,
Lapping shared milk,
Gobbling a bit of meat, dropped from a tray,
Scampering for things thrown from beds,
Or wigwagging to the village
Behind wheeled chairs,
He often says to himself
Thankfully:
"Every dog has his day,
And this is mine!"

Buy and Use

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS

Every seal you buy means
another blow struck against

THE WHITE PLAGUE

There's No Place Like Home

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

IN REALLY popular fiction, the home is all compact of lamplight and love and laughter. Many homes are like that. But it is a curious fact that the men who have rhapsodized most about the ties of home have been inveterate travelers. It wasn't mere coincidence that the author of "Home, Sweet Home" was a world wanderer and died in Tunis. Dickens once wrote in a letter that "the men who have left home very young have, many long years afterwards, had the tenderest regard for it." He wrote it very seriously, not at all aware of how amusing that "many long years afterwards" was to sound.

One important reason why homes often fail to be as pleasant as they might is because parents don't want their children to be themselves. They want them miniature editions of their fathers and mothers, which doesn't work out very well, because children are notoriously careless about choosing the kind of parents they want to be like. When you read an obituary notice of a man who died in the same house in which he was born and who never traveled more than twenty miles from it, the next sentence usually informs you that his sons could not attend the funeral. One was in Madagascar and the other in Samoa.

Too many parents have the same ideas about children as did Isaac Watts in his cradle song—

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
  House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
  All thy wants are well supplied.

What sort of a child could be lulled by that? Yet parents often adopt the same principle. They buy certified milk and toy railroads, doctors' visits and balloons. Then, like Dr. Watts, they tell their boys and girls how lucky they are. And how good they must be because of all that has been done for them.

There are two kinds of homesickness,—sickness for home and of home. Sickness of home usually comes from the demands parents make upon children.

It is one of the things that knows no frontiers. Go across the seas to Valencia and look into the great house of *Don Esteban* and *Doña Cristina Ferragut*, where the huge garret was so stuffed with gorgeous raiment for disguises that it made a wonderful playroom. Little *Ulysses Ferragut* had a happy boyhood there. But as he grew older, the ages-old conflict began. His father wanted him to be a lawyer, his mother yearned to see him a priest. And to *Ulysses* the restless sea called.

"*Mare Nostrum.*"

"*Sylvia and Michael.*"

How he won to his desire and the far paths that he followed are vividly described in "Mare Nostrum" (Dutton), the long-awaited novel that Vicente Blasco Ibáñez wrote after finishing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It has the epic sweep of its predecessor, with the added wonder of the sea.

From time immemorial human history has been made by man's desire to master the Mediterranean. Wars have been fought for it by peoples who lived on its shores—Phoenician rovers, Greek adventurers, Romans and Carthaginians, swarthy Moors, Italians, French and Spaniards, Austrians and the madly mixed tribes of the Balkans. Sitting by their fires in the cold North, men have dreamed of its warm coasts and fared forth to seize its shores—Norsemen, Teutons, Slavs shuddering in snowy wastes.

Ulysses had his will and for years he wandered far, not only in the Mediterranean, but in the oceans that stretched beyond it. He roved in clean ships and dirty ships, to all the continents, to all the great ports and many of the small. He married and tried to retire, but the call of the sea was too strong. He bought a steamer and christened it *Mare Nostrum*—Our Sea.

The war merely piled up profits for *Ulysses*. Then came an enforced lay-up in Naples, and at Pompeii he looked into the eyes of *Freya Talberg*, eyes that were to lure him to his doom. She drugged him, with drink and with her beauty, until he hated himself and her, but could not break away. He was treading into hell, but he would have fought the man who tried to turn him back.

Freya was a German spy and *Ulysses* was pliant to her wiles. He supplied with oil the first German sea-sharks to profane the Mediterranean, and his son was sucked down into the whirling waters, a sacrifice offered up for his father's mad guilt.

It was the only blow that could have shaken him free from this Circe. He enlisted for the war against the tribes from the cold north who were driving south to seize "Our Sea." He sold himself with his ship and was on service for the Allies when, like his son, he too went down. Despite the darkness he could see a face near his, he could feel arms encircling him. Not *Freya's* but Amphitrite, she who of old had ruled with Poseidon in a palace in the deeps. A voice in his heart called out her name as he sank in the sea that he had so loved and served.

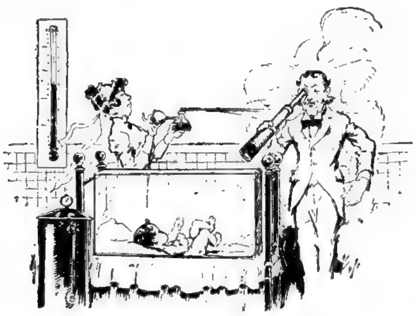
Although *Freya Talberg* is more real than any woman in "The Four Horsemen," she isn't any too real. But the men are gloriously alive—*Ulysses* himself and that bearded and dripping uncle of his who lived in the sea, simple *Toni* and *Caragol*. And the pages about the sea, which would be resented if written by almost any one else, are so packed with information and so enticing to read that you wonder whether it would not be a good plan for the author to write an encyclopedia. What an exciting one it would be!

Another wanderer, this time one who has never known a real home and who is always sick for one, is *Sylvia Snow*, Compton Mackenzie's heroine. In "Sylvia Scarlett" she had adventures a-plenty. In "Sylvia and Michael" (Harper) she sees them. So the earlier book ought to be the better. Judged merely as a story, perhaps it is. But it isn't nearly so interesting a book. And you don't have to know it to understand "Sylvia and Michael."

"*Saint's Progress.*"

Sylvia wanders far. Fate whirls her through Russia and into the turbulent Balkans. All the time she is groping, wondering about life and love and religion. She is a complicated young person, with the masculine and the feminine so mixed up in her that now her head rules imperiously and now her heart. At last the backwash of war shipwrecks her upon Samothrace. But now *Michael Fane* is with her and the world whirlpool has hurled *Sylvia* into the home she longed for. But it won't be a journey's end. *Sylvia* and *Michael* will always venture on.

Sylvia looks on at the seamy side of life in resplendent and dingy cabarets, in hotels, among singers and officers and adventurers. Many of them were not good people, as goodness is defined, but some of them were extraordinarily interesting.



"Their Mutual Child."

Sylvia needed all her clear-sightedness to go through what she did without being dragged down. Her degradation in London and her illness in Petrograd regenerated her. And this story about her is one of the best things that Mr. Mackenzie has done; one of the outstanding English novels of the year.

Sylvia, sick for home, is in sight of it, through war's strange whirl. *Noel*, in "Saint's Progress" (Scribner), by John Galsworthy, is whirled out of the home she is sick of through the war. "Poor Daddy," who has tried so hard to make his motherless girls good in his unworldly way, finds all his own repressed wildness bursting bounds in "*Nollie*." She is the "fairy princess" with close-cropped curling hair and a fey look in her eyes. It is her war baby that pulls the saint's home and his church about his ears. He, like his church, somehow fails in modern wartime, and the end of his progress sees him upon a desert clinging desperately to his faith and futilely wondering why he can't reach men's hearts.

Noel finds herself symbolically in a dark wood, groping helplessly; even caught and dragged down by an ugly hand; she breaks free and dashes wildly out into the arms of *Jimmy Fort* and—Respectability! Her outraged family breathes a long sigh of relief—"Jimmy isn't ideal, but Noel had broken her wing," forsooth! And *Jimmy!* Brown, lean, lovable, longing to be at the front, but lame, he is a sort of whitewash, and not such a very white wash either. Thus coated, however, *Noël* may again bask in the sun of respectability.

So low has Mr. Galsworthy fallen. Through mazes of lovely pictures of moonlight and May blossoms, of platitudinous and multitudinous discussion, he casts aside the anemic spirituality of the saint and replaces it by what? Where is the robust promise of Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife"? Or the tragic beauty of "The Dark Flower"? Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Quite the reverse is the final triumph in May Sinclair's new novel, the triumph of truth over respectability, "Mary Olivier; A Life" (Macmillan). *Mary's* home was cruel and crushing to her from infancy. But the long, slow groping of her way out is as steady and intrinsic as *Noel's* is flighty and unreal. Mr. Galsworthy's exquisite word-paintings are easier reading than this new abortive style of Miss Sinclair's. She seems to say to her readers: "Here's a stiff and thorny way to go. If you can brace yourself for the struggle, you will have your reward." And very hard going it is, through the bumpy descriptions of *Mary's* childhood and youth. Bumpy and painful it was for *Mary*, too, with those repressed and suffering and ugly relatives hovering in the background. None but the most intrepid spirit could stand against their dead weight.

Mary's mother was the sweet and lovely kind that coils itself about its innocent offspring and with loving squeezes strangles their very souls. But *Mary's* spirit couldn't be strangled. It was the hardy variety that transmutes sorrow into art. *Mary* was a poet. But she wasn't discovered until she was nearly forty, and with the blossoming of her love life with *Richard* came her high courage. She found herself. "Dear Mamma" held *Mary's* body to the end. But the real *Mary* came into her own. She lived. It is a gripping book Miss Sinclair has written—if you win through the brambles of this new style which has displaced the limpid flow of words that used to be hers.

The scientific home that childless philosophers commend is about the worst of all. Pelham Grenville Wodehouse has written a merry story about one in "Their Mutual Child" (Boni & Liveright), a tale that makes you chuckle as you read and that is not at all hampered by the seriousness that crops out now and then.

Mrs. Lora Delane Porter was one of those dreadful persons who want to reform every one else. It never occurred to her that she might start with herself. That idea never does occur to reformers.

Mrs. Porter had a niece who was very nice, even if her father was fabulously rich. *Aunt Lora* sniffed very audibly when she looked over her niece's suitors. They weren't at all the sort of men who improved the race. Then chance revealed *Kirk Winfield*, an athletic artist. *Mrs. Porter* swooped upon him, poked him and appraised him. Here was a husband for *Ruth*.

Luckily *Kirk* liked the idea. One glimpse of *Ruth* was enough to convert him. So they were married and lived happily for a little while. Then *Ruth* inherited one of those embarrassing incomes and *Kirk* lost all his money. And everything began to go wrong.

Mrs. Porter took charge of *Bill Winfield* and with *Ruth's* money she equipped a perfect nursery. It was so perfect that it was horrible, all brass and white tiles, where a speck of dust would have felt as lonesome as *Robinson Crusoe*. *Bill* was a successful baby in spite of it. One doubts whether he could be. But that's a minor flaw in a mirthful book.

Not all the fictional heroes who run away from home do it while they are young. There is *Charles Strickland*, in W. Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence" (Doran). He waited until he was forty and had a son and daughter almost old enough to marry. *Strickland* was tired of his wife and he was not interested in his children. The only thing in life that interested him was painting. So he fled to Paris, leaving his family in penury. It wasn't a pleasant thing to do, but Mr. Maugham does not attempt the impossible by defending his hero. He merely says: "This is what he did."

Some people will think that *Strickland's* conduct was so despicable that it was incredible. But remember a certain William Shakespeare. Because Shakespeare was as great a genius as ever lived, some of his biographers have the curious idea that his must have been a blameless life. But the stubborn facts remain that the future dramatist ran away from his family, probably did not see them for eleven years and, so far as we know, contributed nothing to their support. Perhaps he wanted to write, just as *Strickland* wanted to paint.

Mr. Maugham makes his hero an actual genius. He cared not a rap for the opinions of others. He endured degradation and the most abject poverty, but there was no merit in it. He did not want money. He wanted to paint. There were times when he was half-starved, but he managed somehow to keep alive and to have enough cash to buy canvas and paints. Only one man recognized his genius, and that man he rewarded by taking his wife from him.

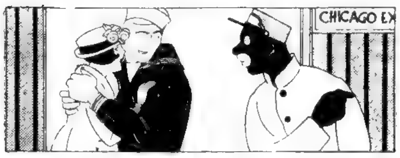
He drifted to Marseilles and then to Tahiti, where his genius flowered, just as did that of Paul Gauguin, whose career may have suggested Mr. Maugham's study. Mr. Maugham says somewhere in his tale that *Strickland* was odious but unquestionably a genius. He makes you feel that way too. You don't like him, but you know him and recognize his extraordinary way of making colors express a beauty that fascinated and troubled beholders, a beauty so bizarre that not until after *Strickland's* terrible death did his paintings come into their own.

"The Moon and Sixpence" is too narrow a study of a single man to give it rank as a great novel. But there can be little question that it is the most brilliant novel of the year in English. Dislike it as you may, it is hard to escape that verdict.

"The Moon and Sixpence."

After all, home is a state of mind rather than four walls and some furniture. Isn't that where the sentimentalists and cynics both go astray? Where a man's spirit is at peace is his home. Some find it in Alaska or Peru, some in the place of their birth.

Under *the* Spreading Chestnut Tree



THE gob was on shore-leave and happy because he had found a girl as affectionate as he. His joy was dimmed, however, for a bluecoat had forbidden spooning in the park and his girl had tabued it in the streets. But life took a new turn when he saw a man kiss his wife farewell in front of the Pennsylvania Station, New York. He rushed his girl toward a crowd hurrying toward the Philadelphia express, and bade her a fond farewell. When the crowd thinned, they joined a throng for Washington, and repeated the act. They repeated it again before the Chicago train.

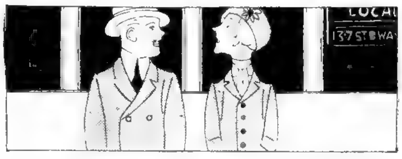
This was too much for a colored porter who had been watching. He stepped up to the gob. "Boss," he said, "why don't you go down-stairs and try the Long Island Station? Dem local trains am a-leaving mos' all de time!"

IN A city schoolroom there was one pupil who would insist on saying "I have went." One day the teacher grew very angry at the child. "You will have to stay after school," she said, "and write 'I have gone,' one thousand times. Perhaps that will cure you."

The boy obeyed, and when he had finished, not finding the teacher, he wrote her the following note:

Dear Teacher:

I wrote "I have gone" one thousand times, and as you were out of the room, I have went home.



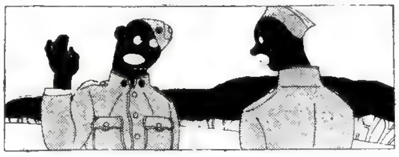
IT WAS in the New York subway, before the signing of the armistice. A very plain young woman sat staring at a youth in civilian clothing. Suddenly she spoke: "Why aren't you in the army?"

"For the same reason, madam, that you are not in Ziegfeld's Follies—physical disability."

EDITOR'S NOTE — Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

FIRST doughboy: "These cooties are an infernal nuisance! I can't think of anything that could be worse!"

Second doughboy: "I can. What if the durn things chirped like crickets?"



HE WAS a homesick colored soldier in a labor battalion, and he saw no chance of a discharge.

"De nex' wah dey has," he announced to a friend, "dey's two men dat ain't goin'—me an' de man dey sends to git me."

"**FLORA**," said Mrs. Barrows to her new maid, "your cake was very good, but there were not enough nuts in it. When you make another, please remember I like plenty of nuts."

"Well, mum," replied the girl, "the reason I didn't put more in was because I couldn't crack any more to-day. Indeed, mum, an' my jaw hurts yet from them I did crack."

NOTHING usual or unusual in life seemed to impress little Charlie, but when his mother took him to Niagara Falls she felt sure that he would show some interest. They arrived, and she waited eagerly to hear his first words.

"Oh, Mother," he exclaimed, pointing at the opposite bank, "look at the sheep!"

A MINISTER looking for a good, temperate man for sexton, was finally sure he had been successful. "Now, do you know where St. Thomas's Church is?" he asked the candidate.

The man thought a moment.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I know. That's the one right across from Jim Kelly's saloon."

EVERYTHING had gone wrong. He had even had to admit he was wrong the last time the city editor had discovered a mistake. "I'll never do anything right," he commented in disgust.

"Yes, you will," was the quick reply. "You'll die some day."

"No, I won't do that right; I'll probably linger."

TWO dusky veterans of foreign service were enlarging upon the disadvantages of army discipline.

"Sam," queried Tom, "what you gwine do when you gits outer dis man's army?"

"I'm gwinter buy two mules," replied Tom promptly, "an' I'm gwinter name one ob 'em Corp'al an' de other Sergeant, an' den I'm gwinter beat 'em bofe twell dey wishes dey was privates."

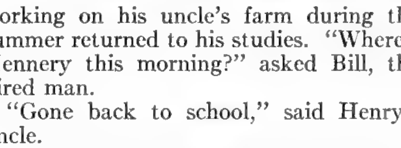
A COLLEGE student who had been working on his uncle's farm during the summer returned to his studies. "Where's Hennery this morning?" asked Bill, the hired man.

"Gone back to school," said Henry's uncle.

"Didn't he go to school when he was a boy?" inquired Bill with astonishment.

The farmer then gave a detailed account of the student's progress—beginning with grade school and ending with the university.

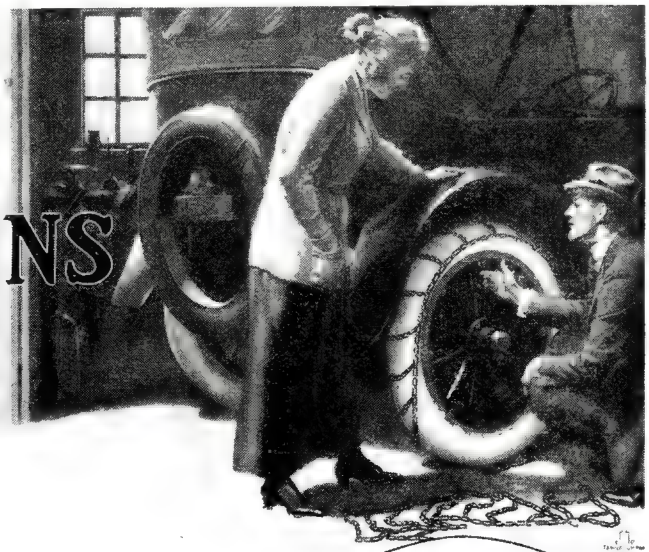
Bill stood open-mouthed. "Gawd!" he exclaimed. "What reader's he in?"



THE tram was about to start when an enormously corpulent individual hauled himself aboard. A small boy appeared to be fascinated. His ardent gaze eventually began to annoy the fat man, who demanded in angry tones: "What are you staring at me for?"

"Please, sir," replied the lad, "there's nowhere else to look."

Practice Putting on— WEED TIRE CHAINS in the Garage



It only takes a few moments to attach them when you know how. No jack required. Study the directions. Practice makes perfect. No danger of injury to tires.

THE careful driver regularly gives his car "the once over" every few days before he takes it out of the garage. He gives a turn or two to the grease cups—tests out the brakes, sees that there is a sufficient supply of oil, water, and gasoline, and that the batteries are in good condition, etc. By so doing he is assured, barring accidents, that he will have no trouble on the road. But—

HOW few there are that pay the slightest attention to the proper method of attaching Weed Tire Chains

Rain comes on, the road and pavements suddenly become slippery and treacherous—the car slips or skids—the Weed Chains, carried in nearly every tool box, are hauled out and a hundred to one the driver has only a hazy idea how to attach them. He fumbles around, gets hot under the collar, and falsely accuses them of being a nuisance.

Women drivers are very numerous nowadays. They are driving out into the country over all sorts of roads—***they surely need protection against the dangerous skid.*** How many of them know how to put on Weed Chains? Have you ever instructed your wife, your sister, or your daughter?

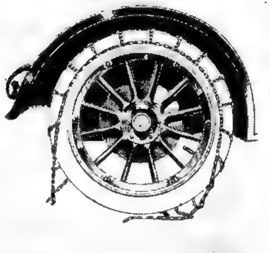
The directions for attaching Weed Chains are simple, yet most important.

Avoid annoyances on the road—learn how easy it is to put them on correctly—***practice in the garage*** and give the women instruction. It will amply repay you in security, satisfaction, and comfort.

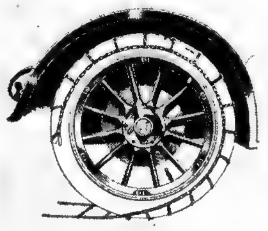
Printed instructions for attaching Weed Chains are packed in every bag. If you desire a copy, write us and we will gladly mail it to you.

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand, or snow.

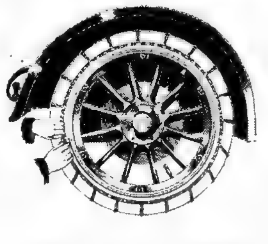
Observe these three fundamentals



Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

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A MAN FOR THE AGES

(*Continued from page 44*)

the curtain. Some of the spectators were informed by her that Abe Lincoln was crude and awkward and without a word to please a lady of her breeding. But she had achieved the credit with certain people, of having rejected a young man for whom great honors were thought to be in store.

Later in November Mr. Lincoln went out on the circuit with the distinguished John T. Stuart who had taken him into partnership. Bim's letter to him bears an endorsement on its envelope as follows: "This letter was forwarded from Vandalia the week I went out on the circuit and remained unopened in our office until my return six weeks later. A. Lincoln."

THE day of his return he went to Sarah and Samson with the letter.

"I'll get a good horse and start for Chicago tomorrow morning," said Samson. "They have had a double blow. Did you read that Harry had been killed?"

"Harry killed!" Mr. Lincoln exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that Harry has been killed?"

"The Chicago *Democrat* says so, but we don't believe it," said Samson. "Here's the article copied into the Sangamon *Journal*. Read it, and then I'll tell you why I don't think it is so."

Abe Lincoln read the article.

"You see it was dated in Tampa, November the fifth," said Samson. "Before we had read that article we had received a letter from Harry dated November the seventh. In the letter he says he is all right and I calculate that he ought to know as much about it as any one."

"Thank God! Then it's a mistake," said Lincoln. "We can't afford to lose Harry. I feel rather poor with Jack Kelso gone. It will comfort me to do what I can for his wife and daughter. I'll give you every dollar I can spare."

A moment of sorrowful silence followed.

"I'll never forget the kindly soul of Jack nor his wit nor his sayings, many of which are in my note-book," said Lincoln as he sat looking sadly into the fire.

They talked of the great but humble man who had so loved honor and beauty and whose life had ended in the unholy turmoil of the new city.

"The country is in great trouble," was a remark of Abe Lincoln inspired by the reflections of the hour. "We tried to allay it in the special session of July. Our efforts have done no good. The ail is too deep-seated. We must first minister to a mind diseased and pluck from the heart a rooted sorrow. You were right about it, Samson. We have been dreaming. Some one must invent a new system. Wildcat money will do no good. These big financial problems are beyond my knowledge. I don't know how to think in these terms. Next season I propose to make a clean breast of it. We're all wrong, but I fear that not all of us will be brave enough to say so."

Samson hired horses for the journey and set out early next morning with his son Josiah, bound for the new city. The boy had begged to go, and both Samson and Sarah thought it would be good for him to take a better look at Illinois than his geography afforded.

"Joe is a good boy," his mother said as she embraced him.

He was, indeed, a gentle-hearted, willing handed, brown-eyed youth who had been a great help to his father. Every winter morning he and Betsy had done the chores and ridden on the back of Colonel to Menton Graham's school, where they had made excellent progress.

Joe and his father got to Brimstead's in time for dinner.

"How d'y do?" Samson shouted as Henry came to the door.

"Better!" the latter answered. He put his hand on Samson's pommel and said in a confidential tone: "El Dorado was one of the wickedest cities in history. It was like Tyre and Babylon. It robbed me. Look at that pile of stakes."

Samson saw a cord of stakes along the road in the edge of the meadow.

"They are the teeth of my city," said Brimstead in a low voice. "I've drawed 'em out. They ain't goin' to bite me no more."

"They are the towers and steeples of El Dorado," Samson laughed. "Have any of the notes been paid?"

"Not one, and I can't get a word from my broker about the men who drew the notes—who they are or where they are."

"I'm going to Chicago, and if you wish I'll try to find him and see what he says."

"That's just what I wish," said Brimstead. "His name is Lionel Davis. His address is 14 South Water Street. He put the opium in our pipes here in Tazewell County. It was his favorite county. He spent two days with us here. I sold him all the land I had on the river shore and he gave me his note for it."

"If you'll let me take the note, I'll see what can be done to get the money," Samson answered.

"Say, I'll tell ye," Brimstead went on. "It's for five thousand dollars and I don't suppose it's worth the paper he wrote it on. You can take it, and if you find it's no good you lose it just as careful as you can. I don't want to see it again. Come into the house. The woman is making a johnny-cake and fryin' some sausage."

THEY had a happy half-hour at the table, Mrs. Brimstead being in better spirits since her husband had got back to his farming. Annabel, her form filling with the grace and charm of womanhood, was there and more beautiful than ever.

They had been speaking of Jack Kelso's death.

"I heard him say once that when he saw a beautiful young face it reminded him of noble singing and the odor of growing corn," said Samson.

"I'd rather see the face," Joe remarked, whereupon they all laughed and the boy blushed to the roots of his blond hair.

"He's become a man of good judgment," said Brimstead.

Annabel's sister Jane, who had clung to the wagon in No Santa Claus Land, was a bright-eyed, merry-hearted girl of twelve. The boy Robert was a shy, good-looking lad a little older than Josiah.

"Well, what's the news?" Samson asked.

"Nothin' has happened since we saw you but the fall of El Dorado," Brimstead answered.

"There was the robbery of the mail stage last summer a few miles north of here," said Mrs. Brimstead. "Every smitch of the mail was stolen. I guess that's the reason we haven't had no letter from Vermont in a year."

"Maybe that's why we haven't heard from home," Samson echoed.

"Why don't you leave Joe here while you're gone to Chicago?" Annabel asked.

"It would help his education to rassle around with Robert an' the girls," said Brimstead.

"Would you like to stay?" Samson asked.

"I don't mind," said Josiah, who, on the lonely prairie, had had few companions of his own age.

So it happened that Samson went on alone. As he was leaving, Brimstead came close to his side and whispered:

"Don't you ever let a city move into you an' settle down and make itself to home. If you do, you want to keep your eye on its leading citizens."

"Nobody can tell what'll happen when he's dreamin'," Samson remarked with a laugh as he rode away, waving his hand to the boy Josiah, who stood looking up the road with a growing sense of loneliness.

NEAR the Sycamore Woods Samson came upon a gray-haired man lying by the roadside with a horse tethered near him. The stranger was sick with fever. Samson got down from his horse.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"The will of God," the stranger feebly answered. "I prayed for help and you have come. I am Peter Cartwright, the preacher. I was so sick and weak I had to get off my horse and lie down. If you had not come, I think I should have died here."

Samson gave him some of the medicine for chills and fever which he always carried in his pocket and water from his canteen. The sun shone warm, but the ground was damp and cold and there was a chilly breeze. He wrapped the stricken man in his coat and sat down beside him.

"Is there any house where I could find help and shelter for you?" he asked.

"No, but I feel better—glory to God!" said the preacher. "If you can help me to the back of my horse, I will try to ride on with you. There is to be a quarterly meeting ten miles up the road tonight. With the help of God I must get there and tell the people of His goodness and mercy to the children of men. Nothing shall keep me from my duty. I may save a dozen souls from hell—who knows?"

Samson was astonished at the iron will and holy zeal of this lion-hearted, strong-armed, fighting preacher of the prairies of whom he had heard so much. He looked at the rugged head covered with thick, bushy, gray hair, at the deep-lined face, smooth-shaven save for a lock in the front of each ear, with its keen, dark eyes and large, firm mouth and jaw. Samson lifted the preacher and set him on the back of his horse.

"God blessed you with great strength," said the latter. "Are you a Christian?"

"I am."

"Have you had the blessed assurance?"

"I have."

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Does not depend upon opportunity or intellectual brilliancy of any kind, because it is well known that uneducated people often acquire great wealth, while cultured and talented people remain in poverty.

Again, it does not depend upon capital, because many men with large capital lose it, while others with no capital acquire phenomenal wealth.

Nor does it depend upon getting into any particular business. Men secure independence in every business, while others in the same business remain in want.

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This may seem "too good to be true," but if you will consider that by the touch of a button or the turn of a lever science has placed almost infinite resources at the disposal of man, it becomes evident that there may be still other laws not generally known which contain even greater possibilities.

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Charles F. Haanel, 205 Howard Building, St. Louis, Mo.

This advertisement *contains a message of such transcendental importance that no reader of this magazine whether man, woman, or child, should fail to answer it.*

They rode in silence. Presently Samson observed that the preacher was actually asleep, snoring in the saddle. They proceeded for an hour or more in this manner. When the horses were wallowing through a swale the preacher awoke.

"Glory to God!" he shouted. "I am better. I shall be able to preach tonight. A little farther on is the cabin of Brother Cawkins. He has been terribly pecked up by a stiff-necked, rebellious wife. We'll stop there for a cup of tea, and if she raises a rumpus you'll see me take her by the horns."

Mrs. Cawkins was a lean, sallow, stern-eyed woman of some forty years with a face like bitter herbs; her husband a mild-mannered, shiftless man who, encouraged by Mr. Cartwright, had taken to riding through the upper counties as a preacher—a course of conduct of which his wife heartily disapproved. Solicited by her husband, she sullenly made tea for the travelers. When it had been drunk, the two preachers knelt in a corner of the room and Mr. Cartwright began to pray in a loud voice. Mrs. Cawkins shoved the table about and tipped over the chairs and dropped the rolling-pin as a counter-demonstration. The famous circuit-rider, being in no way put out by this, she dashed a dipper of cold water on the head of her husband. The praying stopped. Mr. Cartwright rose from his knees and commanded her to desist. On her declaration that she would not, he laid hold of the woman, forced her out of the door, bolted it and resumed his praying.

Having recorded this remarkable incident in his diary, Samson writes:

"Many of these ignorant people in the lonely prairie cabins are like children. Cartwright leads them on like a father and sometimes with a strong hand. If any of them deserve a spanking, they get it. He and others like him have helped to keep the cabin people clean and going up hill instead of down. They have established schools and missions and scattered books and comforted sorrows and kindled the fire of high hope in the hearts of the humble."

AS they were leaving, Mr. Cawkins told them that the plague had broken out in the settlement on Honey Creek, where the quarterly meeting was to be held, and that the people had been rapidly "dying off." Samson knew from this that the smallpox—a dreaded and terrible scourge of pioneer days—had come again.

"It's dangerous to go there," said Cawkins.

"Where is sorrow there is my proper place," Cartwright answered. "Those people need comfort and the help of God."

"But are you not afraid of the plague?" Samson asked.

"I fear only the wrath of my Master."

"I got a letter from a lady there," Cawkins went on. "As nigh as I can make out, they need a minister. I can read print handy, but writin' bothers me. You read it, brother."

Mr. Cartwright took the letter and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Mr. Barman gave me your name. We need a minister to comfort the sick and help bury the dead. It is a good deal to ask of you, but if you feel like taking the chance of coming here I am sure you could do a lot of good. We have doctors enough and it seems a pity that the church should fail these people when they need it most. The ministers in Chicago seem too busy to come. One of them came out for a funeral and unfortunately took the disease. If you have the courage to come, you would win the gratitude of many people. For a month I have been taking care of the sick and up to now no harm has come to me.

"Yours respectfully,
"BIM KELSO."

"A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps," said Cartwright. "For three days I have felt that He was leading me."

"I begin to think that He has been leading me," Samson declared. "Bim Kelso is the person I seek."

"I would have gone, but my wife took on so I couldn't get away," said Cawkins.

"I'll come back some day soon and you and I will pry the devil out of her with the crowbar of God's truth and mercy," Cartwright assured him as he and Samson took the road to the north.

ON their way to the Honey Creek settlement the lion-hearted minister told of swimming through flooded rivers, getting lost on the plains and suffering for food and water, of lying down to rest at night in wet clothes with no shelter but the woods, of hand-to-hand fights with rowdies who endeavored to sell drink or create a disturbance at his meetings. Such was the zeal for righteousness woven by many hands into the fabric of the West. A little before sundown they reached the settlement. Samson asked a man in the road if he knew where they could find the nurse Bim Kelso.

"Do ye mean that angel o' God in a white dress that takes keer o' the sick?" the man asked.

"I guess that would be Bim," said Samson.

"She's over in yon house," the other answered, pointing with his pipe to a cabin some twenty rods beyond them. "Thar's two children sick thar an' the mammy dead an' buried in the ground."

"Is the plague getting worse?" Cartwright asked.

"No, I reckon it's better. Nobody has come down since the day before yestiddy. Thar's the doctor comin.' He kin tell ye."

A bearded man of middle age was approaching them in the saddle.

"Gentlemen, you must not stop in this neighborhood," he warned them. "There's an epidemic of smallpox here. We are trying to control it. Every one must help."

"I am Peter Cartwright—the preacher sent of God to comfort the sick and bury the dead," said Samson's companion.

"We welcome you, but if you stop here you will have to stay until the epidemic is over."

"That I am prepared to do."

"Then I shall take you where you can find entertainment, such as it is."

"First, this man wishes to speak to Miss Kelso, the nurse," said Cartwright. "He is a friend of hers."

"You can see her, but only at a distance," the doctor answered. "I must keep you at least twenty feet away from her. Come with me."

They proceeded to the stricken house. The doctor entered, and presently Bim came out. Her eyes filled with tears and for a moment she could not speak. She wore a white dress and cap and was pale and weary; "but still as I looked at her I thought of the saying of her father's that her form and face reminded him of the singing of birds in the springtime, she looked so sweet and graceful," Samson writes in his diary.

"Why didn't you let me know of your troubles?" he asked.

"Early last summer I wrote a long letter to you," she answered.

"It didn't reach me. One day in June the stage was robbed of its mail down in Tazewell County. Your letter was probably on that stage."

"Harry's death was the last blow. I came out here to get away from my troubles—perhaps to die. I didn't care."

"Harry is not dead," said Samson.

Her right hand touched her forehead; her lips fell apart; her eyes took on a look of tragic earnestness.

"Not dead!" she whispered.

"He is alive and well."

Bim staggered toward him and fell to her knees and lay crouched upon the ground in the dusky twilight, shaking and choked with sobs, and with tears streaming from her eyes. She was almost as silent as the shadow of the coming night. She looked like one searching in the dust for something very precious. The strong heart of Samson was touched by the sorrowful look of her so that he could not speak.

Soon he was able to say in a low, trembling voice:

"In every letter he tells of his love for you. That article in the paper was a cruel mistake."

AFTER a silence Bim rose from the ground. She stood for a moment wiping her eyes. Her form straightened and was presently erect. Her soul resented the injustice she had suffered. There was a wonderful and touching dignity in her voice and manner when she asked:

"Why didn't he write to me?"

"He must have written to you."

Sadly, calmly, thoughtfully, she spoke as she stood looking off at the fading glow in the West:

"It is terrible how things can work together to break the heart and will of a woman. Write to Harry and tell him that he must not come to see me again. I have promised to marry another man."

"I hope it isn't Davis," said Samson.

"It is Davis."

"I don't like him. I don't think he's honest."

"But he has been wonderfully kind to us. Without his help we couldn't have lived. We couldn't even have given my father a decent burial. I suppose he has his faults. I no longer look for perfection in human beings."

"Has he been out here to see you?"

"No."

"And he won't come. That man knows how to keep out of danger. I don't believe you'll marry him."

"Why?"

"Because I intend to be a father to you and pay all your debts," said Samson.

The doctor called from the cabin.

Bim said, "God bless you and Harry!" as she turned away to take up her tasks again.

That night both of them began, as they say, to put two and two together. While

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he rode on in the growing dusk the keen intellect of Samson saw a convincing sequence of circumstances—the theft of the mail-sack, the false account of Harry's death, the failure of his letters to reach their destination, and the fact that Bim had accepted money from Davis in time of need. A strong suspicion of foul play grew upon him and he began to consider what he could do in the matter.

Having forded a creek, he caught the glow of a light in the darkness a little way up the road. It was the lighted window of a cabin, before whose door he stopped his horse and halloed.

"I am a belated and hungry traveler on my way to Chicago," he said to the man who presently greeted him from the open doorway.

"Have you come through Honey Creek settlement?" the latter asked.

"Left there about an hour ago."

"Sorry, mister, but I can't let you come into the house. If you'll move off a few feet, I'll lay some grub on the choppin'-block, an' up the road about half a mile you'll find a barn with some hay in it where you and your horse can spend the night under cover."

Samson moved away and soon the man brought a package of food and laid it on the block and ran back to the door.

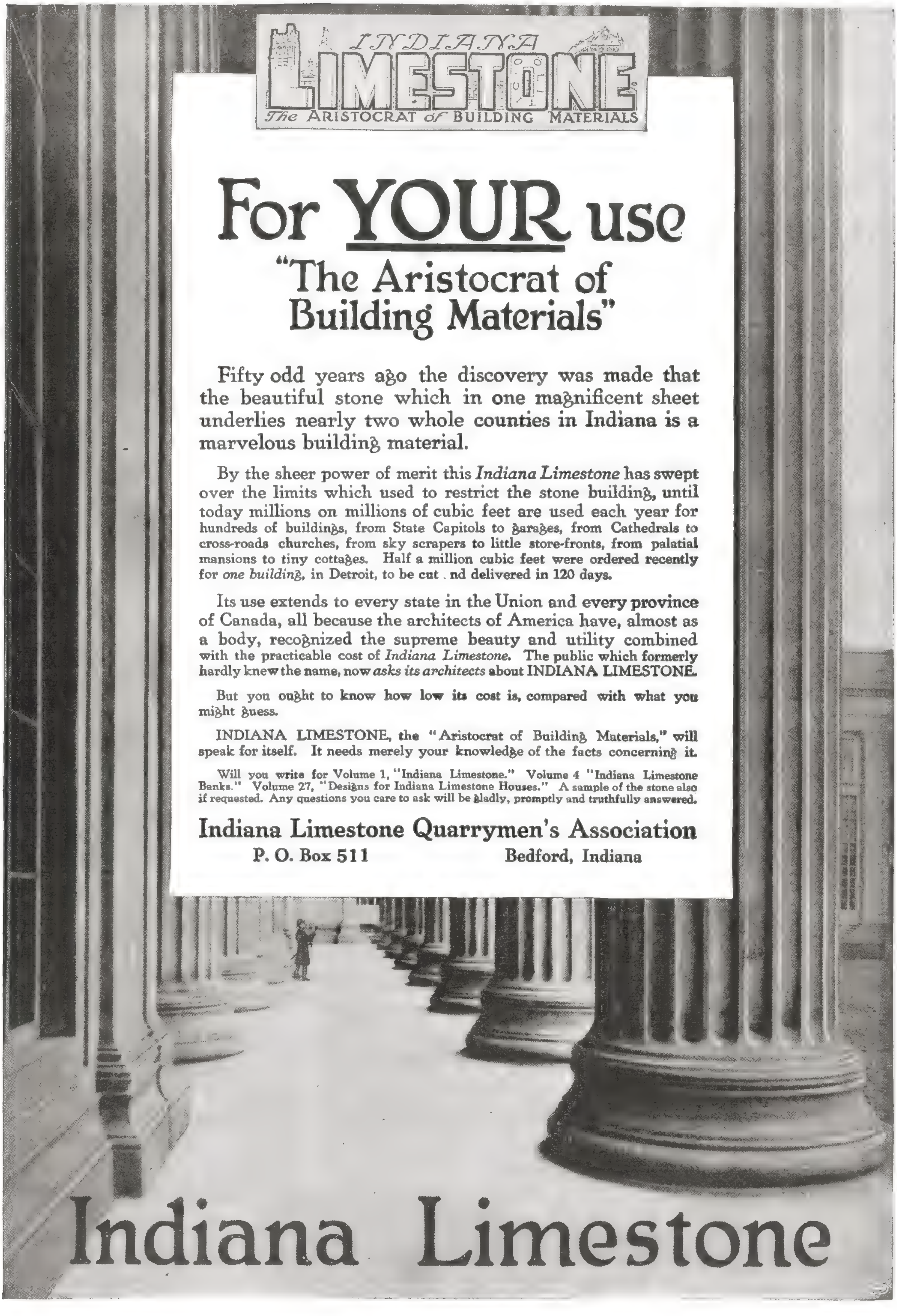
"I'll lay a piece of silver on the block," Samson called.

"Not a darn cent," the man answered. "I hate like p'ison to turn a feller away in the night, but we're awful skeered here with children in the house. Good-by. You can't miss the barn. It's close ag'in' the road."

Samson ate his luncheon in the darkness as he rode and presently came upon the barn, and unsaddled and hitched and fed his horse in one end of it—the beast having drunk his fill at the creek they had lately forded—and lay down to rest for the night with the saddle-blanket beneath him and his coat for cover. A wind from the north began to wail and whistle through the cracks in the barn and over its roof, bringing cold weather. Samson's feet and legs had been wet in the crossing, so that he found it difficult to keep warm. He crept to the side of his horse, which had lain down, and found a degree of comfort in the heat of the animal. But it was a bad night, at best, with only a moment now and then of a sort of one-eyed sleep in it.

"I've had many a long, hard night, but this is one of the worst of them," Samson thought.

There's many a bad night in the history of the pioneers, its shadow falling on lonely, ill-marked roads cut by rivers, creeks, and marshes and strung through unnumbered miles of wild country. Samson was up and off at daylight in a bitter wind and six inches of snow. It was a kind of work he would not have undertaken upon any call less commanding than that of friendship. He reached Chicago at noon, having had nothing to eat that day. There was no such eager, noisy crowd in the streets as he had seen before. The fever of speculation had passed. Some of the stores were closed; he counted a score of half-built structures getting weather-stained inside and out. But there were many people on the main thoroughfares. Among them were Europeans who had arrived the autumn before. They were changing, but the marks of the



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yoke were still upon them. In Chicago were the vitals of the West—and they were very much alive in spite of the panic.

Samson bought some new clothes and had a bath and a good dinner at the City Hotel. Then he went to the office of Mr. Lionel Davis. There to his surprise he met his old acquaintance, Eli Fredenberg, who greeted him with great warmth and told of having settled in Chicago.

A well-dressed young man came out of an inner office and informed the Jew that Mr. Davis could not see him that day.

"I'd like to see Mr. Davis," said Samson as Eli went away.

"I'm Mr. Davis's secretary," the young man politely informed him.

"What's a secretary?" Samson asked.

"It's a man who helps another with his work."

"I don't need any help myself—thank you," said Samson. "You tell him that I've got some money that belongs to him and that I'm ready to deliver it."

The young man disappeared through the door of the private office and soon returned and conducted Samson into the presence of Mr. Davis who sat at a handsome desk, smoking, in a room with fine old mahogany furnishings brought up from New Orleans.

"Well, sir, what is this about?" the young speculator demanded.

"The daughter of my old friend, Jack Kelso, owes you some money and I want to pay it," said Samson.

"Oh, that is a matter between Miss Kelso and me," Mr. Davis spoke politely and with a smile.

"Not exactly—since I know about it," Samson answered.

"I refuse to discuss this affair with you," Davis declared.

"I suppose you mistrust me," said Samson. "Well, I've offered to pay you and I'm going to make it plain to them that they don't have to worry any more about the money you loaned them."

"Very well. I bid you good morning."

"Don't be in a hurry," Samson answered. "I have a note of five thousand dollars against you. It is endorsed to me by Henry Brimstead and I want to collect it."

"I refuse to pay it," Davis promptly answered.

"Then I shall have to put it in the hands of a lawyer," said Samson.

"Put it where you like, but don't consume any more of my time."

"But you'll have to hear me say that I don't think you're honest."

"I have heard you," Davis answered calmly.

Samson withdrew and went to the home of Mrs. Kelso. He found her with Bim's boy in her lap—a handsome little lad, then a bit over two years old, with dark eyes and curly hair like his mother's—at the house on La Salle Street. The good woman gave Samson an account of the year filled with tearful praise of the part Mr. Davis had played in it. Samson told of the failure of Bim's letter to reach him and of his offer to return the money which Davis had paid for their relief.

"I don't like the man and I don't want you to be under obligation to him," said Samson. "The story of Harry's death was false and I think that he is responsible for it. He wanted her to marry him right away after that—of course. And she went to the plague settlement to avoid marriage. I know her better than you do. She has read him right. Her soul has looked into his soul and it keeps her away from him."

But Mrs. Kelso could believe no evil of her benefactor, nor would she promise to cease depending on his bounty.

Samson was a little disheartened by his visit. He went to see John Wentworth, the editor of the *Democrat*, of whose extreme length Mr. Lincoln had humorously spoken in his presence. The young New Englander was seven feet tall. He welcomed the broad-shouldered man from Sangamon County and began at once to question him about Honest Abe and "Steve" Douglas and O. H. Browning and E. D. Baker and all the able men of the middle counties. Then he wanted to know of the condition of the people since the collapse of the land boom. Samson's humorous comment and sane views delighted the young editor. At the first opportunity Samson came to the business of his call—the mischievous lie regarding Harry's death which had appeared in the *Democrat*. Mr. Wentworth went to the proof-room and found the manuscript of the article.

"We kept it because we didn't know and do not now know the writer," said Wentworth.

Samson told of the evil it had wrought and conveyed his suspicions to the editor.

"Davis is rather unscrupulous," said Wentworth. "We know a lot about him in this office."

Samson looked at the article and presently said: "Here is a note that he gave to a friend of mine. It looks to me as if the note and the article were written by the same hand."

Mr. Wentworth compared the two and said: "You are right. The same person wrote them. But it was not Davis."

When Samson left the office of the *Democrat*, he had accomplished little save the confirmation of his suspicions. There was nothing he could do about it.

He went to Eli Fredenberg. Eli, having sold out at the height of the boom in Springfield, had been back in Germany to visit his friends.

"I haf money—plendy money," said Eli. "In the ol' country I vas rich. I thought maybe I stay dere an' make myself happy. It was one big job. Mein friends dey hate me becos I haf succeed so much. De odders hate me becos de butcher haf mein fadder been. Dey laugh at my good close. Nobody likes me not. I come away. Dey don't blame you here becos you vas born."

"What has Davis done to you?" Samson asked, recalling where he had met Eli that morning.

Eli explained that he had borrowed money from Davis to tide him over the hard times and was paying twelve per cent for it.

"Dis morning I get dot letter from his secretary," he said as he passed a letter to Samson.

It was a demand for payment in the handwriting of the Brimstead note and had a considerable effect on the persons of this little history. It conveyed definite knowledge of the authorship of a malicious falsehood. It aroused the anger and the sympathy of Samson Traylor. In the conditions then prevailing Eli was unable to get the money. He was in danger of

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The high price of alcohol—its low boiling point—quick evaporation and inflammability make it impractical. Use Johnson's Freeze-Proof, then forget there is such a thing as a frozen radiator.

One package will protect a Ford to 5° below zero and two packages will protect it to 50° below zero. For larger cars consult scale on package.

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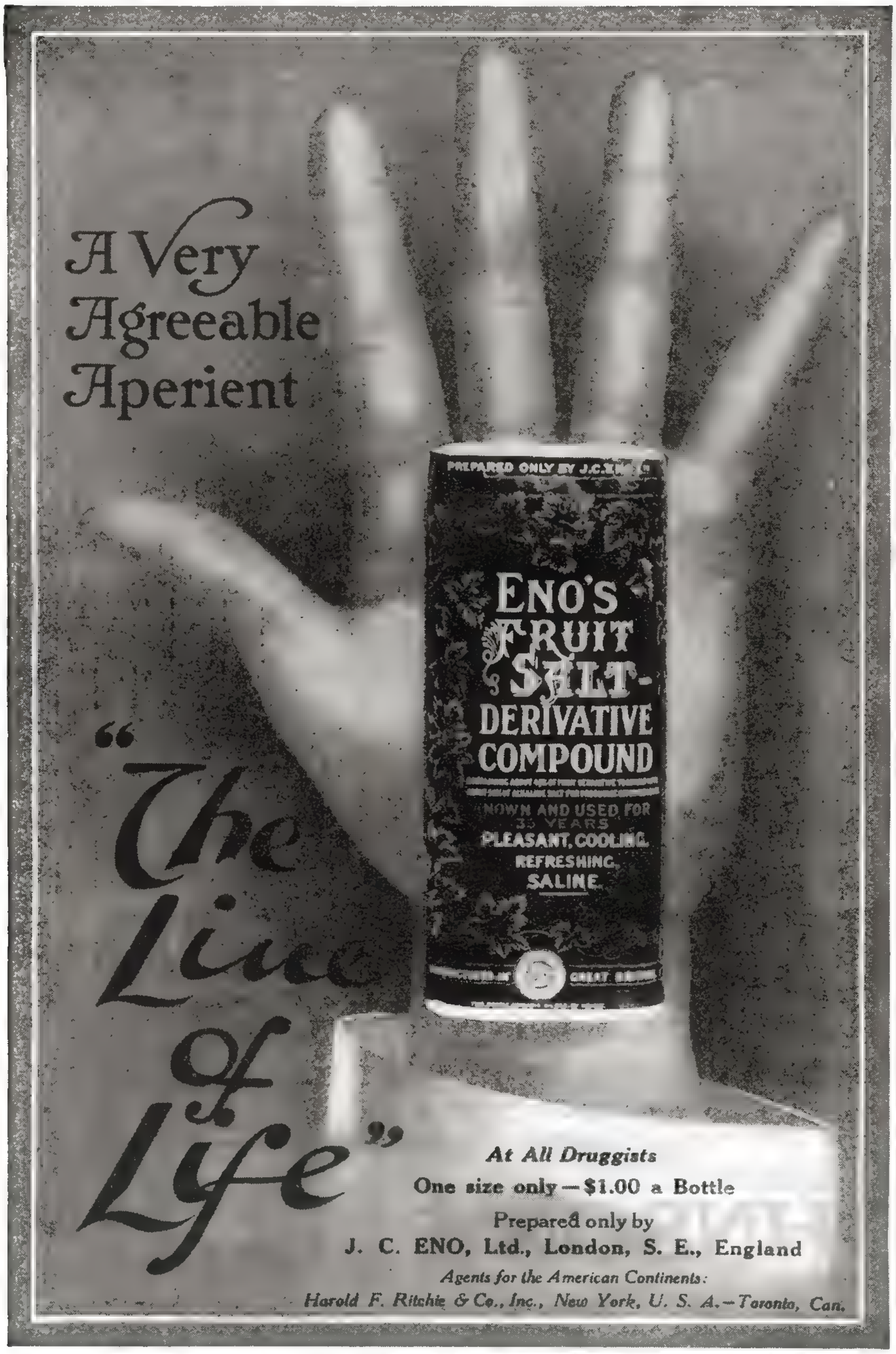
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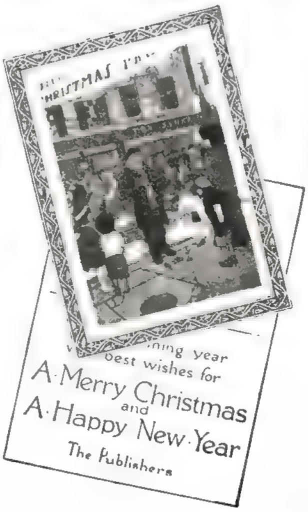

losing his business. Samson spent a day investigating the affairs of the merchant. His banker and others spoke well of him. He was said to be a man of character and credit embarrassed by the unexpected scarcity of good money. So it came about that, before he left the new city, Samson bought a fourth interest in the business of Eli Fredenberg. The lots he owned were then worth less than when he had bought them, but his faith in the future of Chicago had not abated.

He wrote a long letter to Bim recounting the history of his visit and frankly stating the suspicions to which he had been led. He set out on the west road at daylight, having wisely decided to keep away from the plague settlement. Better weather had come. In the sunlight of a clear sky he fared away over the vast prairies feeling that it was a long road ahead and a most unpromising visit behind him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Wherein a Remarkable School of Political Science begins its Session in the rear of Joshua Speed's store. At Samson's fireside Honest Abe talks of the Authority of the Law and the Right of Revolution. Later he brings a suit against Lionel Davis.

THE boy Joe had a golden week at the home of the Brimsteads. The fair Annabel, knowing not the power that lay in her beauty, had captured his young heart, scarcely fifteen years of age. He had no interest in her younger sister, Mary. But Annabel, with her long skirts and full form and glowing eyes and gentle dignity, had stirred him to the depths. When he left, he carried a soul heavy with regret and great resolutions. Not that he had mentioned the matter to her nor to any one. It was a matter too sacred for speech. To God in his prayers he spoke of it but to no other.

He asked to be made and to be thought worthy. He would have had the whole world stopped and put to sleep for a term until he was delivered from the bondage of his tender youth. That being impossible, it was for him a sad but not a hopeless world. Indeed, he rejoiced in his sadness. Annabel was four years older than he. If he could make her to know the depth of his passion, perhaps she would wait for him. He sought for self-expression in the "Household Book of Poetry"—a sorrowful and pious volume. He could find no ladder of rhyme with an adequate reach. He endeavored to build one. He wrote melancholy verses and letters, confessing his passion to Annabel, which she did not recognize, but which she always kept and valued for their "ingenuous and noble ardor." It was a matter of slight importance, one would say, but it marked the beginning of a great career. Immediately after his return to the new home in Springfield the boy Joe set out to make himself honored of his ideal. In the effort he made himself honored of many. His eager brain had soon taken the footing of manhood.

A remarkable school of political science had begun its sessions in that little western village. The world had never seen the like of it. Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, E. D. Baker, O. H. Browning, Jesse B. Thomas, and Josiah Lamborn—

Too much Turkish
or
Just enough Turkish?

IN one way, at least, smoking is exactly like eating.

The more rich and delicious a certain food is, the more care people take to avoid eating too much of it—for instance, plum pudding or candy.

The same rule applies to smoking.

Cigar smokers, for example, are today more careful to avoid too many rich, heavy Havanas. (In fact, more and more cigar smokers now smoke cigarettes too, to help cut down the number of cigars.)

In the same way, cigarette smokers are learning that Turkish tobacco, delicious as it is, is so over-rich or heavy that a man can easily smoke too much of it.

But they are learning also that, instead of cutting down the number of cigarettes per day, they can cut down on the *proportion of Turkish in each cigarette.*

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THEY can do this by switching from *straight* Turkish to *part Turkish,* or "Turkish blend," cigarettes.

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Perhaps this is the main reason why so many smokers of *straight* Turkish cigarettes keep switching to Fatimas.

Less worry about "too many"

ANOTHER reason undoubtedly is the fact that Fatimas treat smokers so kindly. The Turkish is so perfectly "balanced" by the other tobaccos in the blend that Fatima smokers never have any worry about smoking "too many."

* * *

AT any rate, whatever the reason may be, Fatima keeps on attracting more and more of those smokers who, if they preferred the fancy, expensive, straight Turkish cigarettes, could easily afford them.

This is shown, of course, by Fatima's record in having won the top notch in sales at so many of the fashionable clubs and hotels and other prominent places all over the country.

How much is "just enough"?

DOES not Fatima's record seem to prove that this is the one cigarette containing just enough Turkish? Not too much nor too little Turkish, but *just enough.* Make a test for yourself.

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Fatima's Record

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New York
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a most unusual array of talent, as subsequent history has proved—were wont to gather round the fireplace in Joshua Speed's store evenings to discuss the issues of the time. Samson and his son Joe came often to hear the talk. Douglas looked like a dwarf among those long-geared men. He was slight and short, being only about five feet tall; but he had a big round head covered with thick, straight dark hair, a bull-dog look and a voice like thunder. The first steamboat had crossed the Atlantic the year before, and the Future of Transportation was one of the first themes discussed by this remarkable group of men. Douglas and Lincoln were in a heated argument over the admission of slavery to the territories the first night that Samson and Joe sat down with them.

Of that meeting the diary says: "We didn't like that little rooster of a man, he had such a high and mighty way with him and was so frankly opposed to the principles we believe in. He was an out-and-out pro-slavery man. He would have every state free to regulate its domestic institutions in its own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. Lincoln held that it amounted to saying that if one man chose to enslave another no third party shall be allowed to object."

In the course of the argument, Douglas alleged that the Whigs were the aristocrats of the country.

"That reminds me of a night when I was speaking at Havana," said Honest Abe. "A man with a ruffled shirt and a massive gold watch-chain got up and charged that the Whigs were aristocrats. Douglas in his broadcloth and fine linen reminds me of that man. I'm going to answer Douglas as I answered him. Most of the Whigs I know are my kind of folks. I was a poor boy working on a flatboat at eight dollars a month and had only a pair of breeches and they were buckskin. If you know the nature of buckskin, you know that when it is wet and dried by the sun it will shrink, and my breeches kept shrinking and deserting the sock area of my legs until several inches of them were bare above my shoes. While I was growing longer they were growing shorter and so much tighter that they left a blue streak around my legs which can be seen to this day. If you call that aristocracy, I know of one Whig that is an aristocrat."

"But look at the New England type of Whig exemplified by the imperious and majestic Webster," said Douglas.

"Webster was another poor lad," Lincoln answered. "His father's home was a log cabin in a lonely land until about the time Daniel was born, when the family moved to a small frame house. His is the majesty of a great intellect."

There was much talk of this sort until Mr. Lincoln excused himself to walk home with his two friends who had just returned from the north, being eager to learn of Samson's visit. The latter gave him a full account of it and asked him to undertake the collection of Brimstead's note.

"I'll get after that fellow right away," said Lincoln. "I'm glad to get a chance at one of those men who have been skinning the farmers. I suppose he has other creditors in Tazewell County?"

"I presume there are many of them."

"I'll find out about that," said Lincoln.

They sat down by the fireside in Samson's house.

"Joe has decided that he wants to be a lawyer," said Samson.

"Well, Joe, we'll all do what we can to help," Abe Lincoln began. "We shall want to keep you from being a shot-gun lawyer. I've got a good first lesson for you. I found a letter which Rufus Choate had written to Judge Davis. In it he says that we rightly have great respect for the decisions of the majority, but that the law is something vastly greater and more sacred than the verdict of any majority. 'It is a thing,' he says, 'which has stood the test of long experience—a body of digested rules and processes bequeathed to us by all the ages of the past. The inspired wisdom of the primeval East, the robust genius of Athens and Rome, the keener modern sense of righteousness are in it. The law comes down to us one mighty and continuous stream of wisdom and experience, accumulated, ancestral, widening and deepening and washing itself clearer as it runs on, the agent of civilization, the builder of a thousand cities. To have lived through ages of unceasing trial with the passions, interests, and affairs of men; to have lived through the drums and tramplings of conquest, through revolution and reform and all the changing cycles of opinion; to have attended the progress of the race and gathered unto itself the approbation of civilized humanity is to have proved that it carries in it some spark of immortal life.'"

The face of Lincoln changed as he recited the lines of the learned and distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts.

"It was like lighting a lantern when he began to say these glowing words," Samson writes in his diary. "He wrote them down so that Joe could commit them to memory."

"That is a wonderful statement," Samson remarked.

Abe answered: "It suggests to me that the voice of the people in any one generation may or may not be inspired, but that the voice of the best men of all ages, expressing their sense of justice and of right in the law, is and must be the voice of God. The spirit and body of its decrees are as indestructible as the throne of Heaven. You can overthrow them, but until their power is re-established, as surely it will be, you will live in savagery."

"You do not deny the right of revolution?"

"No, but I can see no excuse for it in America. It has remained for us to add to the body of the law the idea that men are created free and equal. The lack of that saving principle in the codes of the world has been the great cause of injustice and oppression. The voice of revolution here would be like that of *Iago* in the play and worse. It would be like the unscrupulous lawyer, anxious for a fee, who says to a client, living happily with his wife: 'I know she is handsome and virtuous and intelligent and loving, but she has her faults. There are lovelier women. I could easily get a divorce for you.' We would quickly throw such a man out of the door. A man's country is like his wife. If she is virtuous and well-disposed, he should permit no meddling, odious persons to come between them. Least of all should he look for perfection in her, knowing that it is not to be found in this world of ours."

Smoother Faces!

"That *is* a shave!"

Refreshing as the bath; smooth as the shirt front; satisfying as the last pat to the bow tie. A Smoother Face adds the final touch of distinction.

Gem Damaskeene Blades — keen as Damascus steel — actually give a new satisfaction to shaving. They remove the fine stubble your present razor leaves. That is why the Gem gives Smoother Faces.

Are you sure you shave correctly? There is a way to get a better shave with *any* razor. It is told in "Smoother Faces and How to Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

"The blade is the razor"

The steel in these blades, so tough yet resilient; so highly tempered and accurately ground; so delicately yet durably edged — this steel is unique in Razordom. Because it is the result of 30 long years of study, experiment, and patented improvement.

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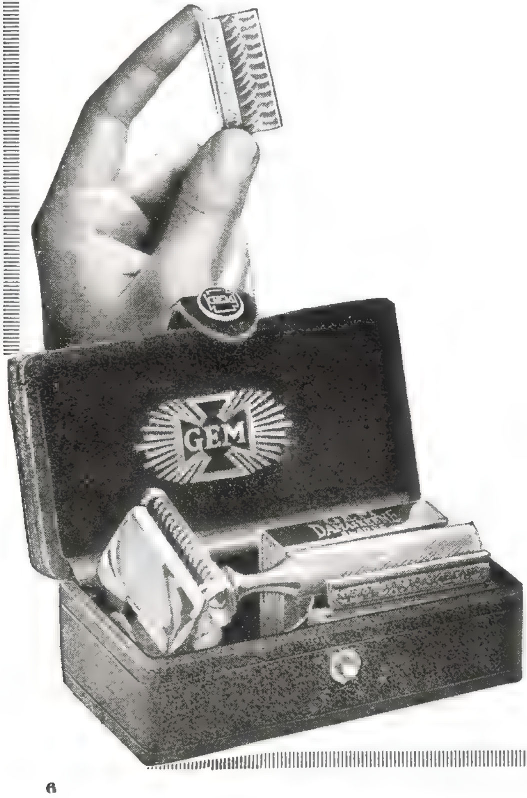

This razor is scientific simplicity itself. Scientific because the Universal Angle holds the blade against your face at the correct angle for shaving; simple because there are no risky adjustments to make.

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Why *shouldn't* grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

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Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

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Honest Abe rose and walked up and down the room in silence for a moment. Then he added:

"Choate phrased it well when he said: 'We should beware of awaking the tremendous divinities of change from their long sleep.' Let us think of that when we consider what we shall do with the evils that afflict us."

The boy Joe had been deeply interested in this talk. "If you'll lend me a book, I'd like to begin studying," he said.

"There's time enough for that," said Lincoln. "First I want you to understand what the law is and what the lawyer should be. You wouldn't want to be a pettifogger. Choate is the right model. He has a dignity suited to the greatness of his chosen master. They say that before a justice of the peace in a room no bigger than a shoemaker's shop his work is done with the same dignity and care that he would show in the supreme court of Massachusetts. A newspaper says that in a dog case at Beverly he treated the dog as if he were a lion and the crabbed old squire with the consideration due a chief justice."

"He knows how to handle the English language," Samson observed.

"He got that by reading. He is the best-read man at the American bar and the best Bible student. There's a lot of work ahead of you, Joe, before you are a lawyer, and when you're admitted success comes only of the capacity for work. Brougham wrote the peroration of his speech in defense of Queen Caroline nineteen times."

"I want to be a great orator," the boy exclaimed with engaging frankness.

"Then you must remember that character is the biggest part of it," Honest Abe declared. "Great thoughts come out of great character and only out of that. They will come even if you have little learning and none of the graces which attract the eye. But you must have a character that is ever speaking even when your lips are silent. It must show in your life and fill the spaces between your words. It will help you to choose and charge them with the love of great things that carry conviction.

"I remember when I was a boy over in Gentryville a shaggy, plain-dressed man rode up to the door one day. He had a cheerful, kindly face. His character began to speak to us before he opened his mouth to ask for a drink of water.

"'I don't know who you are,' my father said. 'But I'd like it awful well if you'd light and talk to us.' He did and we didn't know till he had gone that he was the governor of the state. A good character shines like a candle on a dark night. You can't mistake it. A firefly can't hold his light long enough to fool you.

"Webster said in the Knapp trial: 'There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.'

"A great truth like that makes wonderful music on the lips of a sincere man. An orator must be a lover and discoverer of such unwritten laws."

It was nearing midnight when they heard footsteps on the boardwalk in front of the house. In a moment Harry Needles entered in cavalry uniform with fine top boots and silver spurs, erect as a young Indian brave and bronzed by tropic suns.

"Hello!" he said as he took off his belt and clanking saber. "I hang up my sword. I have had enough of war."

He had ridden across country from the boat-landing and, arriving so late, had left his horse at a livery-stable.

"I'm lucky to find you and Abe and Joe all up and waiting for me," he said as he shook their hands. "How is mother?"

"I'm well," Sarah called from the top of the stairway. "I'll be down in a minute."

For an hour or more they sat by the fireside while Harry told of his adventures in the great swamps of southern Florida.

"I've done my share of the fighting," he said at length. "I'm going north tomorrow to find Bim and her mother."

"I shall want you to serve a complaint on one Lionel Davis," said Mr. Lincoln.

"I have one of my own to serve on him," Harry answered. "But I hope that our case can be settled out of court."

"I think that I'll go with you as far as Tazewell County and draw the papers there," said Lincoln.

When the latter had left for his lodgings and Joe and his mother had gone to bed, Samson told Harry the details of his visit to Chicago.

"She may have taken the disease and died with it before now," said the young man. "I'll be on my way to Honey Creek in the morning. If she's sick, I'll take care of her. I'm not going to worry about Davis. But when I get there I wouldn't wonder if he'd have to worry a little bit about me."

"A MAN FOR THE AGES"

Will be concluded in the January Number

"MARY WOLLASTON"

A new serial of American life

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, author of "The Real Adventure," "The White Arc," etc.

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204D Odd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

YOU CAN'T MISS IT

(*Continued from page 24*)

"'Sall right. Trot upstairs. First door to your left. Pajamas in the closet. Help 'self."

"Fine! Will you take care of the bus?"

"You bet! If y' need anything, yell."

"That's fine," said Tommy again, as he turned to the girl. He wanted to say something to her, and generally he could conjure up a brisk little line to meet any situation, but this one was too novel, or else his brain was too groggy.

With a rather stupid feeling he said:

"Do you mind if I try thanking you some other time?"

"Any old time will do," the girl assured him with a smile.

After Tommy had stolen into the darkness of the stairs and started to climb, Andy Smith stepped close to the girl and asked in a low, husky whisper:

"Who is he?"

Dorothy looked furtively around her and put her head close to his with an air of mystery.

"I don't know!"

"Is it—*him?*" Andy demanded.

Her eyes were lustrous pools in the moonlight. She looked at him soberly without replying.

"Because if it is—" he began threateningly.

"Now, listen," she stopped him. "You are *not* going to tell Sheriff Hopper what you *guess*. And you don't *know*."

"Why not?" he gasped with surprise.

"Because—because there may be some mistake," Dorothy said nervously. "Maybe it isn't him. Maybe he is a perfectly innocent and harmless tourist—millionaire—or something. He wasn't going toward Baker's Junction, was he?"

"Well—" Andy gave way grudgingly.

"Now I've got to skip along. It'll be daylight in a few minutes."

"But what about to-morrow?" he growled, as he followed her to the Flinnet and untangled the tow-line.

"Well! What about to-morrow?" she replied coldly. "Won't I see you in the afternoon probably? Isn't that darned spark-plug missing in the last cylinder—as usual? And listen—" She had to raise her voice to penetrate the tumult of her engine, which Andy had cranked.

"If he asks you who I am, tell him—" the Flinnet started to move away—"you—don't—know!"

Andy stared after the departing tail-light doubtfully, shrugged, and turned his attention to the wounded Dulcier.

Dorothy Miller raced through the silvered night. Reaching the place where she had started the engine, she stopped, got out, and pushed the car up the slope to its former position in front of the farmhouse.

She entered the front door and passed down the hall with the quietness of a field mouse. The tremolo snores of her grandfather vibrated luxuriously upon the darkness, but they no longer supplied rhythm to adventure; they symbolized nothing in particular, for Dorothy was numb with fatigue.

She did not light the kerosene lamp, but sat down on the edge of her bed and began to unlace the brown boots. In the darkness her smile was lost. She knew she would probably not sleep a wink. It was the most thrilling and in all respects the most enjoyable night she had ever spent. And unless she missed her guess, the excitement had only begun.

IV

ORDINARILY Tommy Bennett's emersion from a night's sleep was accompanied by a grand orchestration of unrelated sounds: automobile horns, the clatter of steel wagon-tires on cobble, the grumble of the subway.

He now heard the wistful squeaking of a windmill, the distant and plaintive mooing of a cow bereft of her latest-born.

The first sight to meet his opening eyes was, invariably, a folded copy of a morning newspaper companionably sharing a teakwood taboret with a vacuum bottle and a polished tumbler.

The sight that welcomed his opening eyes on the morning following the collision with the elm tree was a pleasant view of sun-bathed landscape, a dimpling green meadow garnished with golden rod, clumps here and there of ballooning old trees, a meandering creek, and a road. A black road. A recently oiled road!

He found himself being impressed favorably with the sweetness of early morning in the country. It reminded him of the distant period when he had actually enjoyed himself at summer resorts. He remembered that he was the guest of a garage man in a village called Greenbrook, the existence of which, until last night, he had never dreamed of.

A conversation began underneath the window. Tommy rolled over and put out his head.

Directly underneath him, at the red gasoline pumping stand, he saw two men, one of whom had a head of curly brown hair and wore dirty overalls. The other man appeared to be taller. He had smooth glistening hair the color of the goldenrod, and he wore pale green suspenders over a pale pink shirt.

This man, the larger of the two, had his hands folded. His hands were rough and red. A yellow leather strap encircled his left wrist, giving to the wrist and forearm an effect of tremendous strength and endurance. Tommy was interested in a small nickel-plated badge in the shape of a shield, probably indicating some branch of local authority. This badge the pink-shirted and green-suspendered man had pinned on the left strap of the suspenders in front.

"The constabule, by heck!" Tommy observed jovially to himself, and smiled benignly as he leaned out farther. Great people, these farmers; great types; sometime he might find a place to use the "constabule."

"What time did she fetch him in?" the be-badged man was asking in a voice which humorously upheld his appearance; he was a great big burly bear.

"Oh, 'round two or so," Tommy heard the other man answer languidly, and recognized the voice as that of last night's Mr. Smith.

WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM—By George Creel

PELMANISM is the biggest thing that has come to the United States in many a year. With a record of 400,000 successes in England, this famous course in mind training has been Americanized at last, and is now operated by Americans in America for American men and women. Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to think; how to use fully the senses of which they are conscious; how to discover and to train the senses of which they have been unconscious. Pelmanism is merely the science of thinking; the science of putting right thought into successful action; the science of that mental team play that is the one true source of efficiency, the one master key that opens all doors to advancement.

I heard first of Pelmanism during a recent visit in London. Its matter filled pages in every paper and magazine and wherever one went there was talk of Pelmanism. "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

It was T. P. O'Connor who satisfied my curiosity and gave me facts. By 1918 alone there were 400,000 Pelmanists, figuring in every walk and condition of life. Lords and ladies of high degree, clerks and cooks, members of Parliament, laborers, clergymen and actors, farmers, lawyers, doctors, coal miners, soldiers and sailors, even generals and admirals, were all Pelmanizing and heads of great business houses were actually enrolling their entire staffs in the interest of larger efficiency.

The famous General Sir F. Maurice, describing it as a "system of mind drill based on scientific principles," urged its adoption by the army. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Admiral Lord Beresford indorsed it over their signatures. In France, Flanders and Italy over 100,000 soldiers of the empire were talking Pelmanism in order to fit themselves for return to civil life, and many members of the American Expeditionary Force were following this example.

Well-known writers like Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Max Pemberton, the Baroness Orczy and E. F. Benson were writing columns in praise and interpretation of Pelmanism. Great editors like Sir William Robertson Nicoll and educators such as Sir James Yoxall were going so far as to suggest its inclusion in the British educational system.

As a matter of fact, the thing had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep into life far down beneath all surface emotions, and bedded its roots in the very centres of individual being. It was an astonishing phenomenon, virtually compelling my interest, and I agreed gladly when certain members of Parliament offered to take me to Pelham House. A growing enthusiasm led me to study the plan in detail, and it is out of the deepest conviction that I make these flat statements:

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, develop and strengthen such qualities as will power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish" by curing mind wandering and wool gathering.

GEORGE CREEL
President, Pelman Institute of America

Viewed historically, Pelmanism is a study in intelligent growth. Twenty years ago it was a simple memory training system.

The founder of Pelmanism had an idea. He went to the leading psychologists of England, and also to those of America, and said: "I have a good memory system. I think I may say that it is the best. But it occurs to me that there is small point in memory unless there's a *mind* behind it. You gentlemen teach the science of the mind. But you teach it only to those who come to you. And few come, for psychology is looked upon as 'highbrow.' Why can't we popularize it? Why can't we make people train their minds just as they train their bodies? Why can't you put all that you have to teach into a series of simple, understandable lessons that can be grasped by the average man with an average education?"

And the eminent professor did it! Pelmanism to-day is the *one* known course in applied psychology, the *one* course that builds mind as a physical instructor builds muscle.

It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*. Instead of training memory alone, or will-power alone, or reasoning power alone it recognizes the absolute interdependency of these powers and trains them *together*.

It is not, however, an educational machine for grinding out standardized brains, for it realizes that there are wide differences in the minds and problems of men. It develops *individual* mentality to its highest power.

The course comes in twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." They are sent one at a time and the student fills out work sheets that are gone over, with pen and ink, by a staff of trained instructors. There is nothing arduous about the course, and it offers no great difficulties, but it does require *application. Pelmanism has got to be worked at.*

There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it. It is not "learned in an evening."

You can take a pill for a sluggish liver, but all the patent medicines in the world can't help a sluggish mind. Pelmanism is not a "pill" system. It proceeds upon the scientific theory that there is no law in nature that condemns the human mind to permanent limitations. It develops the mental faculties by regular exercise, just as the athlete develops his muscles.

Brains are not evolved by miracles. Just as the arms stay weak or grow flabby, when not used so does an unexercised mind stay weak or grow flabby.

Pelmanism is the science of Get There—getting there quickly, surely, finely! Not for men alone, but for women as well. Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop.

I say deliberately, and with the deepest conviction, that Pelmanism *will* do what it promises to do.

Talk of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but with my own eyes I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. With my own ears I heard the testimony of employers to this effect. Why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition, heightened energies, refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough."

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. There's more to it than the making of money. It makes for a richer and more wholesome and more interesting life.

One may utilize Pelmanism as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational or cultural—but the advantages of the training touch life and living at every point.

Note.—In bringing Pelmanism to America, the needs of the United States have been considered at every point. Plan, methods and principles remain the same but American psychologists have Americanized the lessons and American instructors, carefully trained in the course, will pass upon every work sheet.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study.

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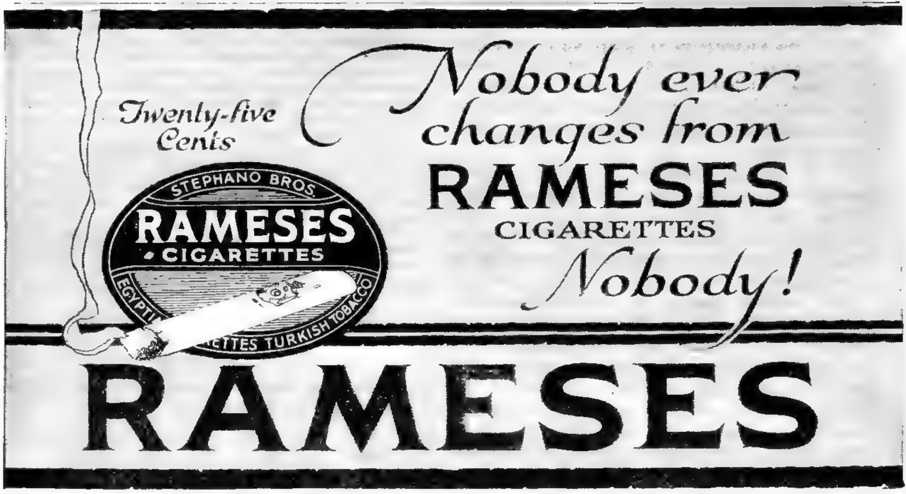
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Nobody!

RAMESES

Are You Reading the Serial Novel "THE RESCUE,"
By **Joseph Conrad** in the new magazine ROMANCE

His companion in the pink shirt spat violently at the base of the gasoline pump and shifted his fists to his hips.

"Andy," he stated, slowly and austerely, "the time comes in the life of a public official when he has *got* to fergit that he is a—a public official. Now mark my word, Andy; if that fella up there turns out to be that skunk Bennett I'm goin' to give him a taste of somethin' he won't fergit in no hurry. If I'm voted out of office—well and good. But as sure as yo're standin' there, I'll see him tarred and feathered, and rode out of Greenbrook on a rail before night!"

"Gosh!" said Andy Smith faintly. "He seemed to me to be kind of a nice fella."

"Smooth and slick!" the other sneered at him. "A little of the old third degree'll tell me all *I* want to know."

"I bet you!" Andy Smith agreed doubtfully.

"A little of the old third degree!" the orange-haired man reiterated, as if the phrase appealed to him.

"Well, you're the sheriff," the garage owner conceded uneasily. "He's up there asleep in Bill's room. But look here, Jim; you can count *me* out on that tarrin' an' featherin'."

"A little of the—" the sheriff was saying ominously, as he moved toward the stairway.

Upstairs in bed, Tommy Bennett was hastily reviewing his breaching last night of the state, county and municipal law. His brain was not a sluggard, but he could discover in the vital few seconds permitted him for carrying on the investigation that he had violated only those statutes having to do specifically with the excessive speed of mechanically propelled vehicles.

He had, in other words, killed no men and no animals, if we overlook the one lame and unnecessary cat; and the few mongrel chickens which were idiotic enough to attack his front wheels could be settled for with a handful of small change.

Tar and feathers!

There was room for no doubt that T. Allen Bennett was suspected of unspeakable mischief. In the light of the sheriff's threatening attitude, and particularly in light of his bitter employment of the word "skunk," the deed must be of a peculiarly foul and despicable sort.

Tommy convinced himself readily that he owned no desire to be ridden out of town before nightfall on a rail in a tarred-and-feathered condition.

The safest plan, he decided, was an immediate loss of identity. He had, as he recalled, fortunately revealed himself to nobody so far. For the sake of dignity, if not skin, he must supply the sheriff with a convincing alias. Simultaneously he admitted the importance of creating for his presence a logical and interesting explanation.

The heavy boots of Sheriff Hopper clumped loudly on the uncarpeted stairs.

Tommy swung his feet to the floor, adjusted the bandage about his pulsing forehead, and looked up as the doorway was filled from jamb to jamb with six feet or more of sunburned and hostile humanity.

Two steel-blue eyes of baleful coldness, their degree of actual penetration being open to doubt, settled upon his.

" 'Scuse intrusion," he said with busi-

2,000,000 Americans

will find this Christmas gloriously different from the one spent overseas last year. This year the gifts need not be confined to 9x4x3 packages and they can include something that was not born until demobilization—

THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF
The Stars and Stripes
Official newspaper of the A. E. F.

This new ***man's*** weekly is dedicated to every American who saw service under the American flag during the great war. It is full of straight talk ***from*** men who were in the service ***to*** men who were in the service. And there is no bunk in it.

Baldridge, Wallgren and all the others who, by their writings and drawings, made ***"The Stars and Stripes"*** famous, are now at work for ***"The Home Sector."*** It is packed with jokes and verse, and it prints every week the latest news from all the old Yank sectors on the other side of the Atlantic. It is lively each week with the low-down from the various trenches in the home sector where a dizzy fight is now being waged to make this America a very *bon* sector indeed.

*Order **"The Home Sector"** now for a Christmas Present*

Here is a special introductory offer that is also a splendid gift suggestion. Send us the name of the person who is to receive the present—and $4.20. Then on Christmas morning he will receive a beautiful card bearing your name as donor for a year's subscription to ***"The Home Sector"*** and a book of the incomparable Wally's cartoons. What do you think of it?

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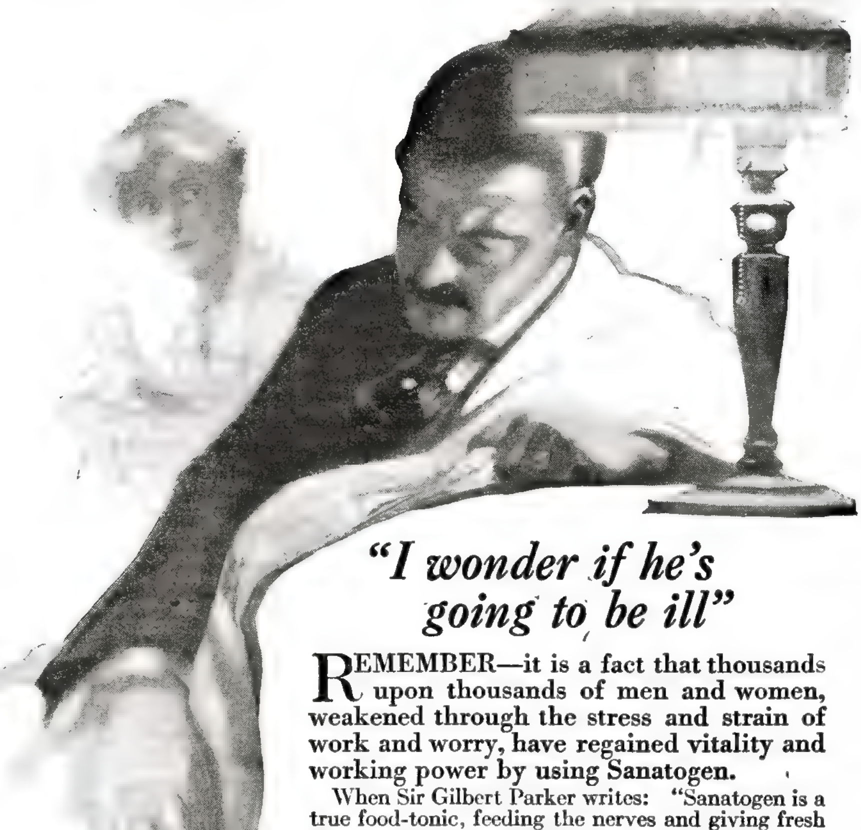

"I wonder if he's going to be ill"

REMEMBER—it is a fact that thousands upon thousands of men and women, weakened through the stress and strain of work and worry, have regained vitality and working power by using Sanatogen.

When Sir Gilbert Parker writes: "Sanatogen is a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves and giving fresh vigor to the over-worked body and mind," he but expresses the conviction of multitudes of others.

That thousands of physicians have endorsed Sanatogen in writing; that many physicians, including famous nerve specialists, use Sanatogen in their own families—these facts speak for themselves.

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Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

How to go on the Stage

First choose stage people for grandparents—but seriously the genealogical table showing how big theatrical names of to-day trace back reveals interesting facts to those interested in the stage and stage folk. Read this article in the January

Everybody's Magazine

nesslike terseness. "I'm sheriff here. Lookin' for a N'York man, name of Thomas A. Bennett."

Tommy's expression was one of sleepy surprise and curiosity; his alarm he managed to suppress.

"Do you mean the New York theatrical man?" he said gently.

"That's who I mean, my friend."

Tommy rolled his head from side to side. "I never laid eyes on the fellow. Wouldn't know him if I saw him."

Instantly the sheriff's expression hardened; that is to say, his eyes became steelier, and the muscles in the fleshy area between ears and mouth bulged and flattened.

"Who do you appertain to be?" he snapped.

"Me? My name is L. A. Burbank."

The sheriff's visage was entered by surprise; he seemed to grow uncertain.

"What town was you headin' for last night when you hit that tree?"

"Greenbrook, sir."

"Not Baker's Junction?"

"No, sir; Greenbrook."

"Willin' to raise your right hand and swear you was headin' for Greenbrook?"

"Sure!"

The sheriff looked puzzled. "What's your line of business?"

"I'm selling tractors."

The sheriff now looked rather stupid. "What make o' tractor you pu'port to be sellin'?"

"Chicago Steam Star!" said Tommy promptly.

"Never heard of it"—but the sheriff's disappointed expression was visited by interest.

"We're just putting it on the market," Tommy explained.

"Is that so?" Signs of weakening became more evident when the sheriff elected to be seated in the room's only and backless chair.

"Yep; it's a brand-new tractor. Just out."

"I'd like to see one of your cat'logs."

Tommy snapped his fingers. "Shucks," he said regretfully. "They're coming—by mail. But I'll see you get one."

"You c'n put me down for sev'ral. What's this new tractor like?"

Tommy laid a stiff forefinger along a palm, in the approved business manner, leaned confidentially toward his inquisitor, and spoke, as if from the very catalog itself.

"The Chicago Steam Star eliminates a majority of the faults inherent in the internal combustion tractor. Cost of operation is one-third less than kerosene. Fewer parts. Rugged construction. Drop forgings throughout. Built to meet the most exacting requirements. Cost completely equipped is one thousand nine hundred fifty-three dollars and twenty-five cents, F.O.B. Chicago."

Tommy paused, scouring his brain for more and safer generalities, but the sheriff anticipated him.

"What's her speed?"

"Ah! It's variable, to be sure. Any speed you desire. Throttles down to eight miles an hour with perfect ease——"

"Only eight? Good gosh! How do you plow?"

Tommy smiled. "Oh, that's taken care of nicely, of course. You can run her as much faster as you require!"

"Faster?" the sheriff intoned, with a look of incredulity. "How do you aim to get the dirt back in the field again?"

"I meant slower, naturally," Tommy corrected himself hastily. "You see, I walloped my head on the fence last night pretty hard. Not thinking very clearly this morning." He threw back his head and burst into a gale of laughter. "Faster? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The sheriff joined him. "Well, I guess you ain't, sonny!" he agreed heartily. "Say. What does she burn for fuel?"

"Oil—crude oil!"

At this the sheriff became morosely silent again. "Look at here, Mr. L. A. Burbank," he said furtively, "you ain't figurin' on sellin' stock in that tractor, are you?"

"Decidedly not!"

In silence the sheriff inched himself out of the chair, paused in the doorway, shifted his weight to the other shoe, and looked down with a queer expression.

"You *might* be able to sell sev'ral tractors, *if* they're what you say they are. When them cat'logs come, drop round to my office. Between the candy store and the post-office." He hesitated, looked away from Tommy, looked back, and added significantly: "You'll find I ain't a bad man to keep close in touch with."

Tommy replied to the narrowed gaze with one of even greater significance. "I don't see any reason why you and I can't work together on a fifty-fifty—" he began.

"Drop in on me at your convenience, Mr. Burbank!" the sheriff stopped him cordially, as he backed toward the stairs. "Call on me at your pleasure!"

Tommy studied the knothole in the unpainted door with gravity until the last footfall occurred on the stairway. He realized that he had created an elaborate complication which might readily lead him into deeper and more perilous complications. On the other hand, Tommy's training rendered him peculiarly immune to the rule which concerns the tangled web we weave when we inaugurate the practice of deception. Out of the manufacture of elaborate and delicate complications issued his fortune and his fame.

"Well, it ain't him!" announced a brisk and confidential voice below stairs.

"It ain't?" Andy Smith marveled in accents of unfeigned surprise.

"Nope, it ain't. His name is Burbank, and he's sellin' a new tractor. You watch him sell 'em! He's a live wire, that fella!"

"What tractor's he sellin'?"

"The Chicago Steam Star."

"Never heard of it."

"Well, you're goin' to, Andy. We aim to sell quite a few!"

***"You Can't Miss It"** will be concluded in the January number.*

Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Real Adventure," etc., begins his new serial, "Mary Wollaston," in the January number.

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Breed in Tooth Film—Keep It Off

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film Wrecks the Teeth

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue causes most tooth troubles. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. In crevices and elsewhere that film clings. That is why your brushing fails to keep teeth white, free from tartar, clean and safe.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been increasing despite the wide use of the tooth brush.

Dental science, after years of search, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved this by careful clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer a 10-Day Tube free now to everyone for home tests.

See the Results—Then Decide

The results of Pepsodent are quickly apparent. Some are instant. We ask you to see them—watch them ten days—then decide for yourself about them.

Pepsodent is based on Pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. The inventor has been granted patents by five governments already. It is that invention which makes possible this efficient film combatant.

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Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

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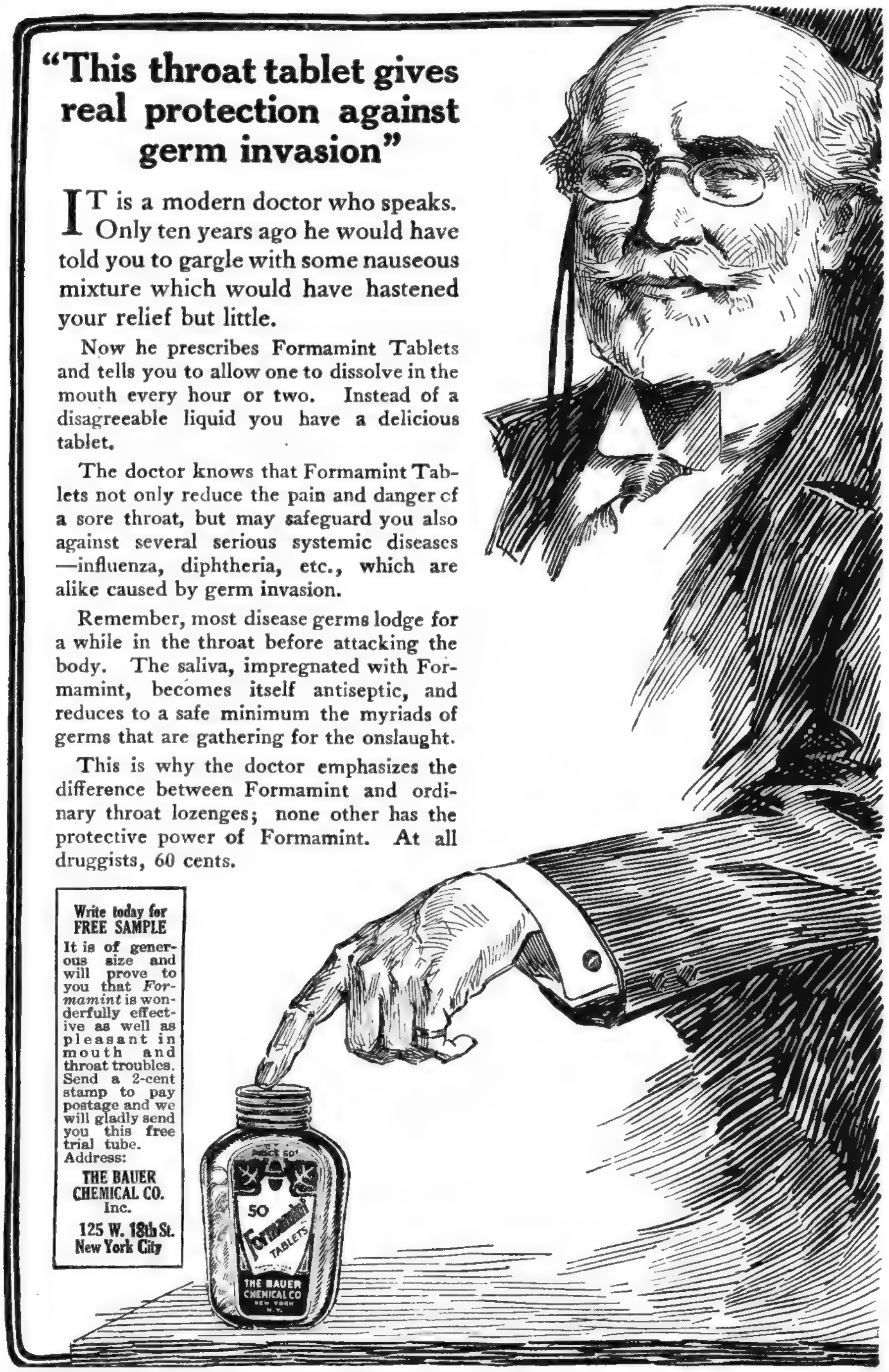

"This throat tablet gives real protection against germ invasion"

IT is a modern doctor who speaks. Only ten years ago he would have told you to gargle with some nauseous mixture which would have hastened your relief but little.

Now he prescribes Formamint Tablets and tells you to allow one to dissolve in the mouth every hour or two. Instead of a disagreeable liquid you have a delicious tablet.

The doctor knows that Formamint Tablets not only reduce the pain and danger of a sore throat, but may safeguard you also against several serious systemic diseases—influenza, diphtheria, etc., which are alike caused by germ invasion.

Remember, most disease germs lodge for a while in the throat before attacking the body. The saliva, impregnated with Formamint, becomes itself antiseptic, and reduces to a safe minimum the myriads of germs that are gathering for the onslaught.

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It is of generous size and will prove to you that *Formamint* is wonderfully effective as well as pleasant in mouth and throat troubles. Send a 2-cent stamp to pay postage and we will gladly send you this free trial tube. Address:

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE 457 Butterick Building, New York

Calvin Coolidge, American

(*Continued from page 32*)

the Silent, phrased it. Long promised, if elected, to restore the mutineers to duty; to throw Boston's police commissioner to the dogs.

"So be it," said Coolidge. "Three words shall speak our case—Law and Order." Thus clearly and directly he accepted the challenge, and once more arrested the attention of a nation beset on every hand by undoers. With the dawning of Election Day, it was felt up and down the land that the fate of many things depended upon the outcome of Calvin Coolidge's candidacy. More than anything else at stake was our American faith in popular government. Was that faith to be renewed by ballots, or in a not distant future to be sustained by bullets? How Massachusetts voted that day is history. Calvin Coolidge is the Governor of the Commonwealth by such a warrant as no executive ever held—a warrant signed not alone by his own party, but by Democrats, whose intelligence was challenged by the rank and file of organized labor, by 360,000 American men and women whose citizenship was affronted, by a majority of 130,000!

The Coolidge salary veto message ended the political career of a score of legislators who voted to override it. It ranks with the best of his state papers. It bristles: "Service is . . . not obligatory but optional. Those in whom is placed the solemn duty of caring for others ought to think of themselves last, or their decisions will lack authority."

The temptation to quote Coolidge is insistent. There is no man in American political life today of equal or greater station who wields such a sure and pure English pen. He is an economist who can write, an historian who might be a teller of tales, a politician with a faith in popular government, a statesman with a vision. The more one examines his work, the more two distinct influences stand forward—the Webster who answered Hayne, and the Macaulay who described the trial of Warren Hastings. There can be no doubt he has pored over their work long and to good purpose, but nevertheless he is himself. His Lincoln Day and Flag Day proclamations, not yet a year old, are already schoolroom classics in the Commonwealth. Children recite them as "pieces."

But it is what this man for years has been thinking of the things stirring all civilized humanity which call most pertinently to be repeated. To an Amherst Alumni Association meeting one finds him saying:

"Our economic system has been attacked from above and from below. But the short answer lies in the teachings of history. The hope of a Watt or an Edison lay in the men who chipped flint to perfection. The seed of democracy lay in a perfected despotism. The hope of tomorrow lies in the development of the instruments of today. The prospect of advance lies in maintaining those conditions which have stimulated invention and industry and commerce. The only road to a more progressive age lies in perfecting the instrumentalities of this age. The only hope for peace lies in the perfection of the arts of war. . . . All growth depends upon activity. Life is manifest only by action. There is no development physically or intellectually without effort, and effort means work. Work is not a curse, it is the prerogative of intelligence, the only means to manhood, and the measure of civilization. The growth of a sentiment that despises work is an appeal from civilization to barbarism. . . . I agree that the measure of success is not merchandise, but character. But I do criticise those sentiments, held in all too respectable quarters, that our economic system is fundamentally wrong, that commerce is only selfishness, and that our citizens, holding the hope of all that America means, are living in industrial slavery. . . . The man who builds a factory builds a temple, the man who works there worships there, and to each is due, not scorn and blame, but reverence and praise."

Again, to a chamber of commerce:

"It is only a figure of poetry that 'wealth accumulates and men decay.' Where wealth has accumulated, there the arts and sciences have flourished, there education has been diffused, and of contemplation liberty has been born. The progress of man has been measured by his commercial prosperity."

At an associated industries dinner:

"There is just one condition on which men can secure employment and a living, nourishing, profitable wage for whatever they contribute to the enterprise, be it labor or capital, and that condition is that some one make a profit by it. That is the sound basis for the distribution of wealth, and the only one. It cannot be done by law, it cannot be done by public ownership, it cannot be done by socialism. When you deny the right to a profit you deny the right of a reward to thrift and industry."

From an essay "On the Nature of Politics":

"A careless, indifferent representative is the result of a careless, indifferent electorate. The people who start to elect a man to get what he can for his district will probably find they have elected a man who will get what he can for himself. Government is not an edifice that the founders turn over to posterity all completed. It is an institution like a university, which fails unless the process of education continues. . . . There has of late been held out the hope that government could by legislation remove from the individual the need of effort. The managers of industries have seemed to think that their difficulties could be removed and prosperity insured by changing the laws. The employee has been led to believe that his condition could be made easy by the same method. When industries can be carried on without any struggle, their results will be worthless: and when wages can be secured without any effort, they will have no purchasing value. In the end the value of the product will be measured by the amount of effort necessary to secure it. . . . Laws do not make reforms—reforms make laws. We cannot look to government. We must look to ourselves. We must stand not in the expectation of a reward, but with a desire to serve. There will come out of government exactly what is put into it. Society gets about what it deserves. It is the part of educated men to know and recognize these principles and influences, and, knowing them, to inform and warn their fellow countrymen."

In Hampshire and Northampton all sorts and conditions of men are Calvin Coolidge's friends. They have known him and his deep silences for twenty-five years; his favorite words, "Yes" and "No." They know him to be a helper of men, a friend to be sought in need. They understand him. But in Boston this silent man is misunderstood by the old silk-stocking element. Few are his intimates. He goes about very little. Unless called out by a public function he may be found any night in the two rooms in the Adams House which has been his home since he became Governor. There at night he does most of his writing, carrying the copy to the State House in the morning to be typed. And any day one is as likely to run into him entering or leaving a beanery at luncheon time as to find him in one of the clubs or hotels.

Despite his simplicity in everything, his reputation among a good many Boston men is that of a coldling. But they are wrong. Only the exertion of an indomitable will and an ideal of service could have brought him to where he is in public life.

"Did he impress you as being cold?" asked one of his friends after learning that I had met the Governor.

"No. Rather shy, I should say, but with a sense of humor."

"You know what a good many say?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. The speaker seemed to be searching for a way to begin.

"Although I am Coolidge's friend, and have been for years," he said, "I did not really understand him until about a year ago. One day he came in here and, after sitting where you are for the longest time, he said out of a clear sky: 'Do you know, I've never really grown up? It's a hard thing for me to play this game. In politics one must meet people, and that's not easy for me.' I expressed my astonishment. 'No,' he went on, 'it's been hard for me all my life. When I was a little fellow, as long ago as I can remember, I would go into a panic if I heard a stranger's voice in the house. I felt I just couldn't meet them and shake hands with them. Most of the visitors would sit with Mother and Father in the kitchen, and the hardest thing in the world was to have to go through the kitchen door and give them a greeting. I was 'most ten before I realized I couldn't go on that way. And by fighting hard I used to manage to get through that door. I'm all right with old friends, but every time I meet a stranger I've got to go through the old kitchen door back home, and it's not easy.'

"He was silent for a long time after that. Just sat looking out of the window. Then he went away without another word. He's never mentioned the subject since. Nor have I, but I think I can say I understand Calvin Coolidge now. Does it help to explain him to you?"

It did. It does. There you have Calvin Coolidge, one of the most vital Americans of the time. Sooner or later, the country will make that assessment of him. He is of the stuff to go through that door of his and to play a larger part than he has ever played. He is of the stuff who have written the best pages of our history.

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Photo by Paramount Co.

Tears, Movie Tears

By Peter Merritt

WHEN the pellucid, crystal tears pour out from the nicely beaded eyelids in that sob close-up of your favorite movie heroine, in all probability it isn't onions or pinches that is producing the effect. Louise Huff assures us that it isn't.

Of course cynical cinema fans will "tush" the idea. They know studios. They know all about continuities. They know all about how pictures are made. They know that it frequently takes three weeks for the bullet fired by the villain to reach its victim. They're wise to the movies. They know just how easy tears are. A glob of glycerin inserted with a dropper, followed by rapid winking, will bring about that emotion described by the continuity writer as follows:

Francine enters the room, goes to table, picks up *Billy's* letter, registers joy on seeing his handwriting, gleefully tears it open, reads contents. Dissolve to "close up" of *Francine* reading letter. *Francine's* expression changes. She turns slowly, facing camera, her lips quiver, she swallows as though trying to be brave, she is unable to control her grief—tears pour from her eyes—fade out.

Now, how did *Francine* get that way? By the hair of her head, Belasco used to pull Mrs. Leslie Carter back and forth across the stage, so old theatrical chroniclers tell us, in order to produce the right state of emotion for the depiction of agony, but no moving picture director would think of doing such a thing these days. Kindliness, gentleness, sweetness, patience, is the keynote in all studios.

So don't feel sorry for *Francine*. No one stuck a pin in her. Louise Huff is sure of that. Indeed she adds tersely: "I'd like to see any one try it!"

No, thoughts of home and mother and "The Barcarole" played ever so softly off stage on the property phonograph are much more effective means. But music as a tear-starter has gone way beyond the phonograph stage. In the reel studios, where a thousand-dollar bill is worth about a cent, they use real big orchestras or fine string quartets to fray your heart with sob-stuff or lift it liltingly with joy-stuff at the right time. This way it becomes as easy to register any old emotion desired on the film as it is to ring up a nickel on a cash register. Dustin Farnum has himself tagged about hill and dale and studio by a quartet of heart-wringers who play him tears when sad's the word and joy when it's grin time, or madden him to breast-heaving fury with modern cacophonies when the villain's to be flung over the cliff. It's simple, you see, and quite honest, but of course you mustn't get your music mixed, or you'll find yourself grinning when your poor old mother breathes her last, or sobbing streamingly as the hero clasps you to his breast in the last ten feet of the fillum. "After all," says Miss Huff, "feeling sorry for one's poor little self is the surest means of all."

The Carriage Waits

(*Continued from page 37*)

Christmas tree with its pitiful tinsel cheer. "I—I sort of wish you hadn't told me this to-day," he said. "It isn't the best ingredient for a very merry Christmas, is it?"

"It is not." She turned her back on him and went to stare through the darkening pane at the wet roofs. When she heard his slow feet on the stairs, she started to call to him; but she changed her mind and sat down again in the low chair by the hearth. The fire had gone out and the room was rapidly chilling. The little half-trimmed tree looked ghostly in the twilight. She spoke aloud in a stubborn whispering as if she might be contradicting an inner voice. "It's myself knows what poverty is." She shivered. "Christmas indeed! Isn't the truth the truth, be it may or December?" Her large, sweet mouth with its quaint length of upper lip drew into a flat, unlovely line and she stared on into the sulking embers of the fire.

It was a loud, firm knock that roused her. "Come in," she said, crossly. Then, when she heard the door opened and felt the draught from the hall—"Come in, I'm telling you, and shut the door, the way I'd liefer starve to death than freeze!"

It was The Honorable Horace Van Dorn who stood there, puffing wheezily from his climb, done up opulently in cold defying furs.

She turned her head and looked at him. "Father-in-law!"

"So," said The Honorable Horace, jerkily, "you've sunk to this!"

"Oh," said Norah, demurely, "would you being saying 'sunk', now, five flights up?"

"You haven't mended your manners, I see—or—" with a shrewd look at her shabbiness—"your clothes. I thought so. I *thought* so. Well, I saw you to-day, and I went into that evil smelling office and got your address. And here I am."

"Ah, yes," she said, meekly, feeding her eyes on the warm furriness of him, the atmosphere of affluence, "here you are!"

"*Not*," said The Honorable Horace, sternly, "prepared either to forgive or forget your ungrateful departure from the home filled with sacred memories of your dead husband, but to ignore it in future. You are the widow of my only son; people —er—people have commented unpleasantly—I wish, of course, to maintain you in comfort, but only under my own roof. This—this is the holiday season—and my wife preserves the tradition of family gatherings. Our relatives and connections dine with us to-morrow and we greatly prefer—"

"To have the prodigal daughter home from the husks," said Norah. "I understand you, never fear, Father-in-law." She looked round the barren room and her eye fell on the battered kettle, lying forlornly on the floor, its hat rakishly askew. "Will there be plenty of fatted calf?"

He frowned. "I have always endeavored to set a bountiful table. Well, will you come?"

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The Grown-Up Boys

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Velvet Joe

Velvet
M. LEONE BRACKER 1919

Let's make this an old time Christmas

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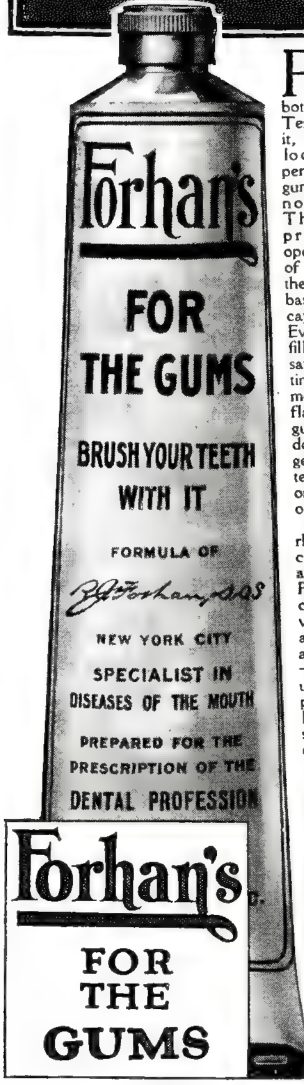
Inflamed gums—a cause of loose teeth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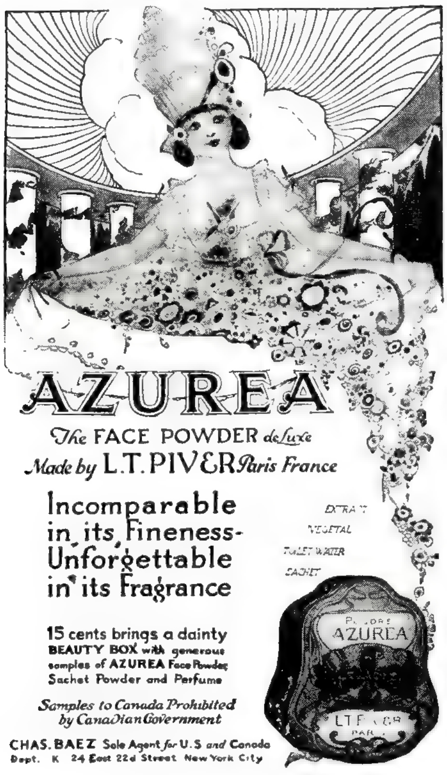

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"I will that." She got to her feet and her gaze encountered the half trimmed Christmas tree. "But, to-morrow morning. I've a friend here, is making Christmas merry for me, God help him, and—"

"You will come now or not at all," said Mr. Van Dorn, harshly. "The sooner you break away from these Bohemian associations the better."

"'Tis wild Bohemia indeed, and there's the sign and symbol of the orgies!" She gave a vicious kick at the prostrate kettle.

"Put on your wraps and let us make haste. We must stop somewhere and get you a decent gown . . . the servants . . ."

"Let you be easy,—I've the one dinner frock left from the ruin. I won't be disgracing you. Wait, now, and I'll slip inside of it in two flips of a dead lamb's tail."

He looked, disapproving, at the rickety screen and the shallow closet. "I will wait down stairs in the motor. I will wait ten minutes—no, I will allow you fifteen. Not a minute longer. This is your final opportunity for coming back to your husband's home. If you do not embrace it—" he shrugged his thick shoulders, "I wash my hands."

"Ah, but I'll come," she said, huskily. "I'll come. And Father-in-law, I'll try to come decently, gratefully, with a soft word on my sharp tongue, and a sweet thought in the bitter soul has grown on me these lean years of my life. And you—" she came up to him, now, and put a shy hand on his warm sleeve, "will you be trying to like me a little? For the sake of the kind, good lad is watching down on us from the seats of glory, will you, one day, if I'm that bettered you wouldn't know me, will you love me?" She was breathing fast and the soft purring brogue was clogged with tears. "Look at the wee scrap of a tree there, trying to tell this black hole of a room that it's Christmas, the time for opening hearts along with packages tied up with holly? Will you, Father-in-law?"

"No tears, *if* you please," he said, testily. "You know I detest a scene. You know I detest—"

"I know you detest me," she cried, hotly, "I know it, surely, but you're taking me back to save your pride, and I'm coming, God forgive me, to save my life!"

"Fifteen minutes," said The Honorable Horace, firmly, going out and closing the door with emphasis.

She flew to light the flaring gas jets and the brief candles and she was singing,—

"'*The wind blows out of the gates of the day,*
The wind blows over the lonely of heart—'"

There were two scarlet spots on her cheek bones and her hands were shaking, but she dragged out a tiny trunk and flung up the lid and began to pitch things into it. It was only a moment, though, till she paused and looked fearfully at the clock and dashed into the closet and pulled her shabbiness off over her white thin shoulders and took down her former glory, pinned in sheltering papers, and pulled it over her head. Halfway in it, she heard feet in the hall, and she pulled the screen before the closet door, making herself a dressing-room.

This time Neddy Waldron came up the stairs like a cyclone of joy, for all he was carrying a box the size of a young trunk and a handful of brisk and business-like sheets of typing. "Norah," he called before he reached her door, "what did I tell you? Things have to buck up at Christmas! You *can't* be out of luck on Christmas Eve! It simply isn't done! Oh—" he halted on the threshold, "where are you? Dressing for the party? Fine! Well, here's the box from home, jammed to the guards with goodies, and here—" he set down the box with a reckless crash and waved the typed sheets with their imposingly embossed letterhead, "here is my—"

"Neddy, dear," she called from behind the screen, twisting her arms to fasten up her frock, "you saw him, then? You guessed who he was? You met The Hororable Horace on the stairs?"

"What?" he said, blankly.

"It's glad I am you know without my telling you! Man, dear, don't be thinking ill of me! I'm going back to the flesh-pots of Egypt! Ah, I'm the pitiful weak thing, surely, but I'm going back, and will you hook me up for the love of Heaven, for I'm destroyed with the reaching!"

She came out from behind her screen, now, in a sea-green, sea-blue dinner frock which left her milk white shoulders bare and gave her a height and sweep her shabbiness had hidden.

He gasped, Neddy Waldron, and stared without speaking. Then he folded up his contract and put it in his pocket, and the light went out of his young face and left it drab and blank.

She presented her back to him. "Two hooks, just, or three, maybe, that I couldn't reach, there's a lamb! So your box came from home? Ah, but I'm glad! I'm wishful to stay and enjoy it with you, but he won't wait, Father-in-law,—fifteen minutes, only! Glory be to God—" she twisted round to look at the clock—"I've five minutes, just! Lend a hand with my packing, Neddy, asthroe!" Her cheeks were blazing and she began to sing as she flung things, helter-skelter, into the trunk.

"'*And the lonely of heart is withered away,*
While the fairies dance in a place apart!'"

Neddy Waldron had had all the time he needed, the while her back was toward him, and he was as gay as herself now. "Well, Norah, I was right,—and your old nurse was right, wasn't she? 'Your Leddyship, the carriage waits!'"

"Yes," said Norah, "—put that ragged pillow in! I mustn't leave a thing I've loved behind me! Yes, laddie, the carriage waits, surely, and a wonderful, proud dinner will restore the famine years, and a warm bath in a shining marble room, and a soft bed and a silk coverlet and a train of sleek servants to do my will!" She sang again—

"'*Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,*
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air,
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur
and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair—'"

"Yes,—the old kettle, God help it, the way I've banged it about in my black despair! Times we've made merry, the three of us—the kettle and you and I—and I mustn't leave a thing I've loved behind me!" A motor horn, far below, honked warningly. She snatched a wide black velvet hat with a drooping plume from a box and pinned it on, and the shining loveliness of her turned his courage to water, but he packed steadily. "Neddy, you'll be coming to see me, whiles?"

"Not I, Norah! I belong to the attic days, not the fat ones! You won't need me there."

"*Neddy!*"

"Nonsense—of course you won't. Hurry up—hear that?" Again the motor horn, querulous, this time.

She stood still in the middle of the tossed and tumbled room, in her fine plumage, with her scarlet cheeks, and her eyes grew wide and scared. She looked at the little, half trimmed Christmas tree and as she looked he took away the books which propped it, and it fell forlornly to the floor. She gave a little, hurt cry and ran to pick it up.

"There goes the merry out of Christmas," he said, cheerfully. "Never mind! You must *hurry!* Do you want these old bellows? No—they're too shabby!"

"Hand them here to me," she said, imperiously. "I mustn't leave a thing I've loved behind me!" And then, reaching for them, her hand met his, and stayed, and clung, and she began to laugh, a shrill child's peal, infectious, full of giggles and chuckles and happy silliness. The motor honk cut hoarsely through it.

"Norah, you must—"

She went on laughing, "Ah, the rare fool I've been!" She took off the proud, plumed hat and sent it spinning into a far corner.

"Norah, it's fifteen min—"

She set up the Christmas tree on the table. "Hand me the books again till I steady it," she said, calmly.

"*Norah!*" He was white and shaking, now, but he knelt before the little trunk to close it.

She was quicker. With a sudden, surprising strength she caught it by the lid, flung it over on its side, spilling the contents wildly on the floor. The battered kettle, quite without its hat, now, rolled tipsily under the table.

"*Norah,*" he said, again, "it's—"

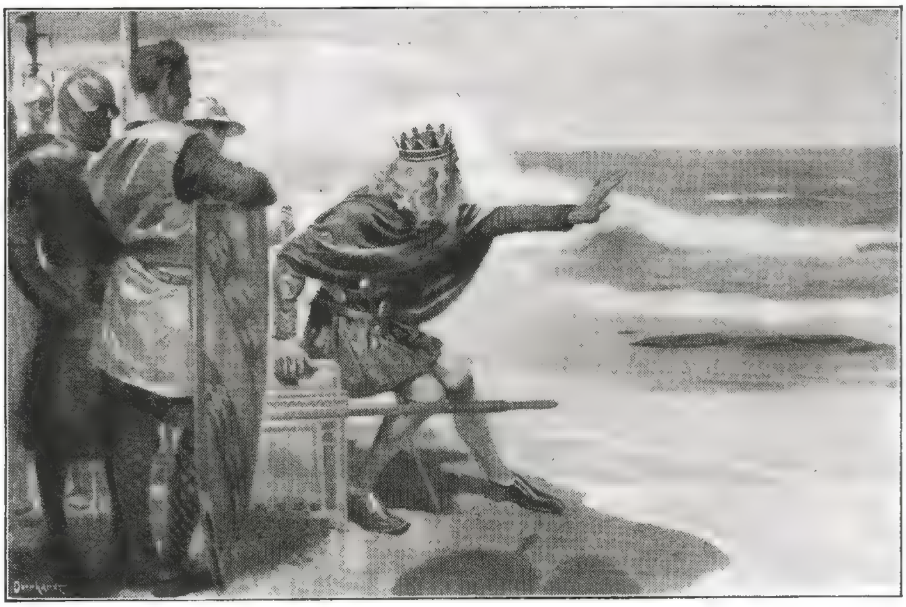
"It's Christmas," she answered him, coming close, a new tone in the velvet of her voice. " 'Tis the time for giving gifts, Neddy Waldron. Would you have any wish at all for the poor thing that's myself?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, hoarse as the motor horn, honking below in the black dampness.

"Faith, then, I mean—'tis small use would the proud food be to me, the way it couldn't get past the lump I'd be having in my throat! I mean—I'd liefer have an empty stomach than an empty heart!" A sudden gust of temper shook her. "Let you put your idle arms around me this minute, the way I'm making brazen love to you all by my lone, more shame to you!"

He caught her up to him and he held her fast beyond possibility of moving, almost beyond possibility of breathing, but he made a last and rather splendid effort. "Norah, Norah! Listen!" The Honorable Horace, five flights down in the wintry street, was sending a stern, imperative message, finality in every tone. "It means everything I can't give you for years! Remember, it's the prophecy come true! The carriage—"

"Ah," she said, bending back her bright head, holding up her wide, sweet mouth with its long Irish upper lip and its pixie grin, "great goose, core of my happy heart—don't you understand? The carriage . . . waits!"



A Modern King Canute

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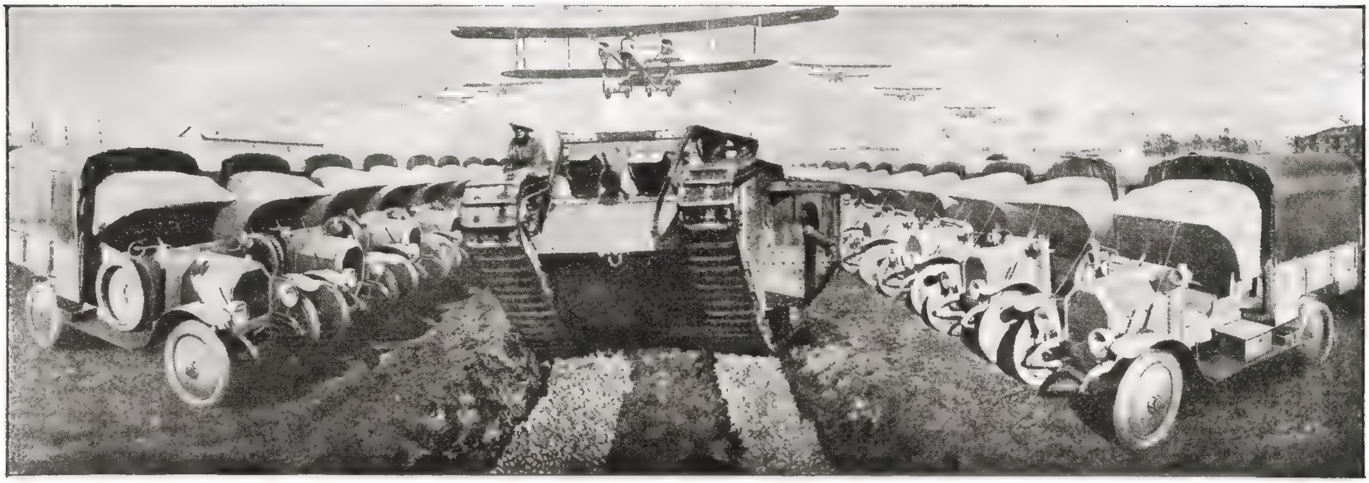


WONDERS *of the* WAR

Gunpowder and the Gas-Engine

By John H. Van Deventer

Editor "American-Machinist"

THE Civil War was a steam-power and mule-power war; this war was a gas-motor-power war, and therein lies one of its wonders. Stationary and movable; under water, on the water, under the earth, on the earth, and in the air, there were at least one-quarter million internal-combustion engines backing up the efforts of the forty-one million combatants in settling the greatest dispute of history.

People learned more about things that are wrong with gas-engines during the past four years than during any previous period. And learning what is wrong with anything is the first step toward making it right. This unparalleled stirring up of automotive brains that came because of war is going to result in another wonder—a vastly improved gas-motor. It is being evolved now by thousands of different men in hundreds of different towns and cities; a bit here and a bit there. Until these bits are pieced together no one can accurately picture the automobile, tractor or airship of the future; but from the bits that are now becoming visible we know that they will be wonderful creations. And now let's look at some of these bits.

When our designers of war aircraft evolved the Liberty motor, they produced a gas-engine extremely light for its horsepower. This was not merely a "happen so," for lightness and reliability in a motor measures the efficiency of aircraft, and efficiency is what our designers were after. One of the ways in which they fought avoirdupois was by making the motor-cylinders of steel instead of cast iron. These two materials weigh about the same per cubic inch, but steel is so much stronger that a good many less cubic inches of it are required than of cast iron. Every cubic inch of cast iron weighs a quarter pound, and each ounce saved scores for efficiency. One might ask why they did not use aluminum for these cylinders. Aluminum is not a good "rubbing" metal. In contact with the moving pistons and their rings it has a tendency to "seize," thus binding the piston—an occurrence quite detrimental to a successful flight.

Steel has this "seizing" tendency to a lesser extent, although not sufficient to bar its use, considering its weight-saving over cast iron. Steel is a compromise.

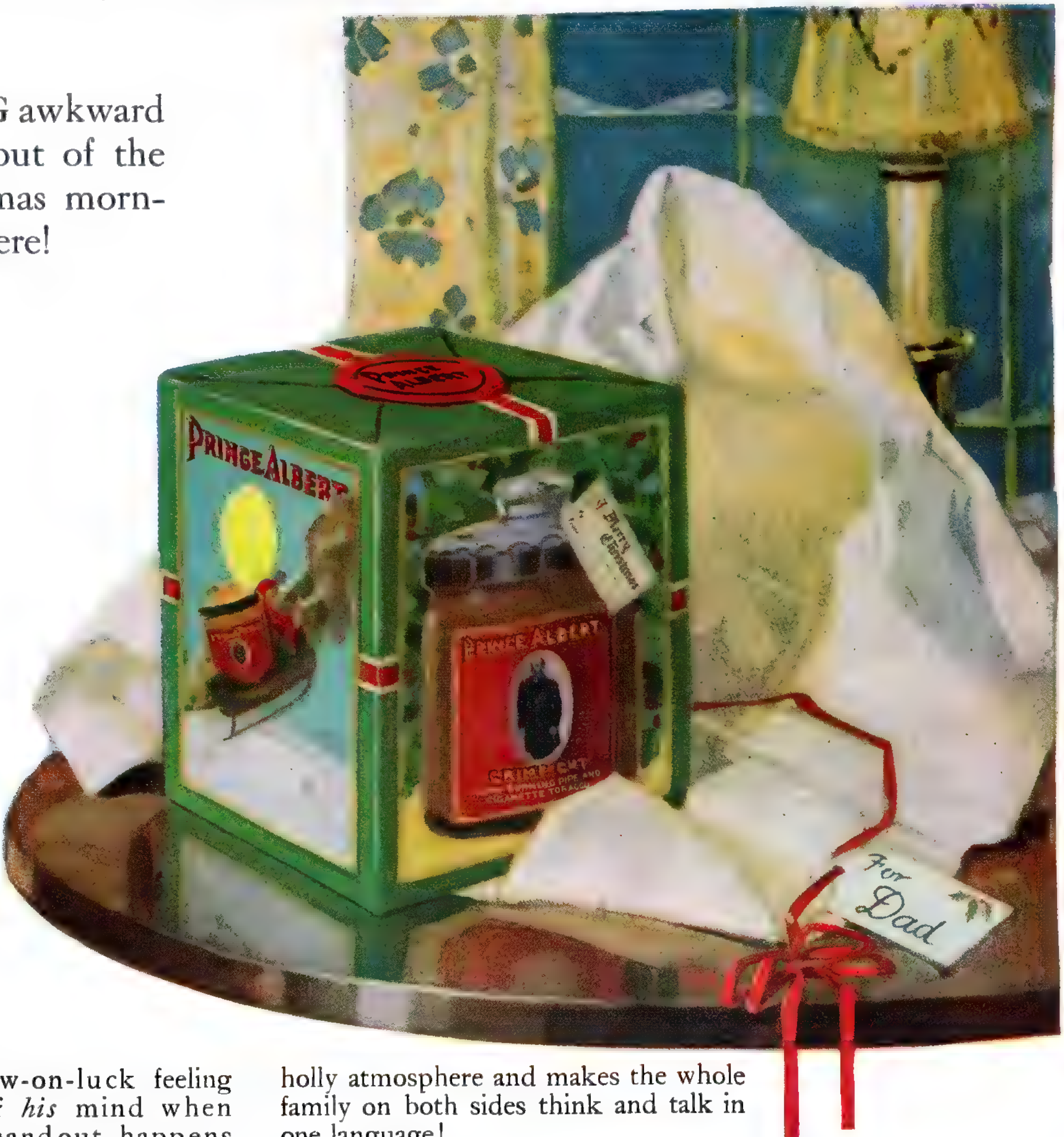
Now for bit number one. In one of our western cities, where motor-cars are propagated as profusely as are cooties in the trenches, a great automotive engineer has just succeeded in depositing a skin of cast iron on a strong aluminum alloy. Do you see what this means? It means airplane motor-cylinders of half or two-thirds the weight of the steel ones, and yet with the "rubbing" qualities of heavy cast iron. It means crank-shafts of strong aluminum alloy coated with films of cast iron at bearing-points. It means forged aluminum connecting-rods, aluminum cam-shafts, as well as pistons—in fact, an aluminum motor. This revolutionary saving in weight means a new field for aircraft; applied to motor-cars it means more miles per gallon of gas and per set of tires.

While this expert has been producing his bit in response to war's stirring of automotive brains, other experts have been equally busy. The slippery and steeply crowned roads of France were ideal testing places for the tractive qualities of loaded trucks. Every phase of automotive operation, every single part of a plane, truck or tractor, was subjected to microscopically detailed study by a band of specialists who were a part of the A. E. F. Nor were activities less intense at home. Scientists at the Bureau of Standards studied carburetion and obtained data which will make the "missing cylinder" a rarity in the future in spite of low-grade fuel. Water cooling and radiation were intensively studied by another group of specialists. Even solid rubber tires were "put through the mill," undergoing "stripping tests" in which all makes competed to see which one would hang on to its rim the longest against the measured pull of a mechanical arm. But while these minor parts came in for their share of attention, the great portion of study went to the gas-motor, for the motor is the vital part of truck, tractor or airplane.

And while America and her allies were studying motor-propelled vehicles on land and in the air, Germany was making an equally intensive study of the gas-motor under water. The faithful performance of the Diesel engines in German submarines meant a chance for life for the crew—a stoppage or bad functioning meant another chance for death. These motors were studied by German engineers with a life or death interest plus their hope of victory. As yet we do not know what they have discovered. That they have learned much and vastly improved these motors is evident from their transocean voyages. Nor can it be doubted that German industry will capitalize this knowledge commercially and industrially.

Long ago, when the explosive motor was in its infancy, an inventor pondered the problem of using gunpowder as a source of motor power instead of oil-gas. The gunpowder-motor never became popular, for who would be bold enough to harness a cannon to domestic duties! But the incident is perhaps prophetic of the great part that the gas-engine is to play later on in partnership with gunpowder. Let us hope that this war partnership is now eternally dissolved and that the improved gas-motor will play an even greater part in peaceful industry.

TAKING awkward angles out of the early Christmas morning atmosphere!



HOW that low-on-luck feeling will peel off *his* mind when the happy-handout-happens Christmas morning; and, his keen eye sights the stage all set with the pound crystal glass humidor of Prince Albert tobacco gowned in the glories of a radiant holiday rainbow! Turkey takes to the tall timbers compared with the all-star-feast *you* spread so temptingly before his smokeappetite!

PRINCE ALBERT, for Christmas, lands on a man's tank-of-thanks like a spill-of-snow when the sleigh-bells are rusty from lack of jingles! P. A. as a *man gift* is the high-sign, the last word, the directest route to his comfort, his contentment, his smoke-happiness! It's the touch-that-lifts-the-lid; that takes the awkward angles out of the evergreen-and-holly atmosphere and makes the whole family on both sides think and talk in one language!

YOU'LL enjoy seeing *him* fuss his old jimmy pipe, all-brimful with Prince Albert! Or, *getting his* "rolling his own!" Never was such a delightful makin's cigarette as P. A. supplies. He can smoke the limit with Prince Albert *for it can't bite his tongue or parch his throat!* Our exclusive patented process fixes that! He'll just want to get thirty-six-smoke-hours out of the legal twenty-four, *that's all!*

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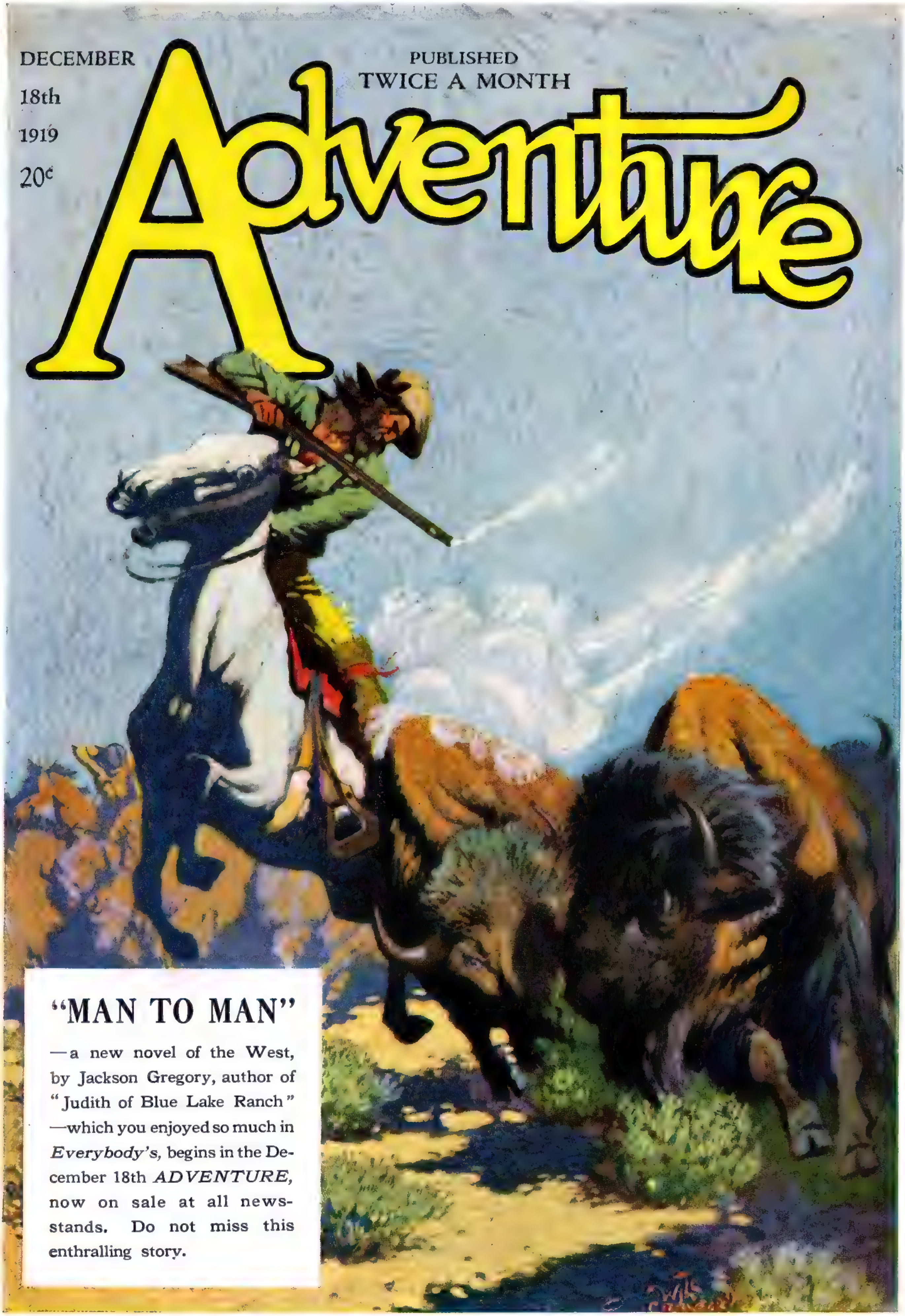
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ON THE TRAIL OF BROKEN KINGS

(Continued from page 14)

We went away feeling that we were leaving a worried household, an alien household, that knew no neighbors. I have seen immigrants land at Ellis Island who felt no more at home than Carl's family must have felt at Villa Prangins. It may have been fun to be an emperor, but it's no fun these days to be an ex-emperor. We found that out at Carl's place. Little Otto, who is seven, and who might have become emperor of Austria if the world had stayed on an even keel, has far more fun now, so say the big soldiers who attend his father in exile, than he ever had in the big gloomy palace at Vienna; and maybe—who knows?—he will even escape all that terrible ordeal of being educated to become a king.

I HAD heard that the ex-Emperor Carl had a younger brother engaged in the royal pastime of milling around Switzerland. I asked various Swiss officials where he might be found, but the whereabouts of royalty in Switzerland seems to be more or less a secret and you have to hunt them up for yourself. At last one day, at a hotel in Berne, I found that I had struck the trail of the young man. At lunch I said to the head-waiter:

"Is Max, the brother of ex-Emperor Carl, lunching here to-day?"

"Yes," answered the head-waiter. "He's right over——"

"No! No! Don't tell me. I want to pick him out for myself," I said.

I looked at all the men in the dining-room. Finally I picked out a hard-faced young man who smoked a cigarette between each course and was lunching on a quart of champagne. He thoroughly suited my American impression of ideal royal youth.

"You're wrong," said the head-waiter when I had made my guess. "He's over there."

He indicated the handsomest, tallest, cleanest-cut, clearest-eyed youth in the room; he might have been a promising young lawyer or a comer in Wall Street. There aren't many of us common folks as fine looking as he; nor many royalties, either. You couldn't say he looked kingly; as a matter of fact, the only kingly man I saw in my whole quest was a Greek captain who acted as orderly to the King of Greece; but he did look like a good, sound young man that any father would be glad to have for a son-in-law.

I found out later that Max was famous in royal circles in Europe for his good morals, his love of outdoor sports, and his thoroughgoing general decency.

It was interesting to look at him. I did, until he began looking at me. Here, right before us, was the living blood of one of the royalest of the royal families of Europe; one of the families that has known the most tragedy. He has the blood of Maximilian, who died in the effort to reign as emperor of Mexico; his aunt, an empress, was assassinated by a madman; another aunt, who shared the shaky throne of Maximilian, is mad in a castle in Belgium. His family archives are filled with tragedy and mystery, and it was the sudden assassination of his uncle at Sarajevo that gave the signal to the Germans for the world war. What world-upsetting secrets he carries under that shining, curly brown hair! And here he sits calmly chatting with the head-waiter. He smiles! The head-waiter has told him that I—the head-waiter told me about it afterward—had struck on the champagne-luncher as a member of the Austrian royal house.

It developed that young Max was also under bonds, as it were, to keep the peace in Switzerland; he, too, had given a pledge to the Swiss not to try any political shenanigans in their country, and, in some way or other, all the royal folks of Europe seem to have got interviews and politics sadly confused.

There was still another branch of the Austrian royal family wandering around the little country from hotel to hotel. In the dining-room of a hotel at Lucerne I saw the Archduke Frederick, brother of old Franz Josef. Here was a man who had spent his whole life in a royal court; he had passed through all the family tragedies of his time; the royal gossip of the courts was only neighborhood talk to him. He had taken part in the indescribable pomp and circumstance of the most pomp-ridden throne in Europe; and yet, plump and placid, wearing side-whiskers in the form known as "Piccadilly Weepers," he was dining with his equally plump and placid wife, as comfortable and content as any commoner in the room. As I looked at them, I wondered whether the story I had heard in Vienna was true, that none of the ladies or the gentlemen of the Austrian court ever wore a pair of shoes the second time. Within two or three days the old couple had moved to a hotel in a higher altitude; with all their seventy years they couldn't resist the royal impulse to move about the cage.

The story goes in Switzerland that the Archduke Frederick came into exile the richest royalty of them all. He had the milk monopoly in the Vienna district in peace times. He got toll on almost every drop of milk that entered the city. It was fine milk and low-priced, with special rates for the poor. His herds were about the finest in the world. He owned nine thousand head of cattle and, just before the break-down of the Central Powers, he sold out and made a gigantic clean-up. He got most of the money out of Austria, too, before the final collapse of Emperor Carl. Unlike many of the royal fugitives in Switzerland, he knows whence next year's meals will come.

ROYALTY-HUNTING in Switzerland is one of the chief pastimes of the hotel habitués and the consular officials of the Allies. The Swiss do not always make public the names of the royal fugitives who cross their borders.

The rumor spread around consular circles some months ago that Eitel Hohenzollern had entered Switzerland. Almost every Entente consul that I met asked me whether in my wanderings I had come across the trail of Eitel.

"He'll be disguised, surely," one official gentleman told me. "He'll have a black mustache, deeply dyed, and his hair will probably be long, instead of short, as he wore it in the German army."

Word also got around that Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony, had escaped to Switzerland.

"I'm not worrying so much about finding him," one diplomat told me. "He'll be discovered by the way he eats. I dined with him once in pre-war days." Frederick, as the story of this diplomat ran, can't disguise himself at table, no matter how he may be camouflaged otherwise. There is only one Frederick Augustus in all this world when it comes to the use of spoons, knives and forks. He, it would seem, is the champion trencherman of both German and European royalty.

I DRAGGED the story of the dinner from the unwilling diplomat.

"Well," he said, "it was like this. You remember the Barmecide feasts in the 'Arabian Nights'; meals in which food was brought before the hungry guests and then taken away from them just as they were about to eat it. They got up from the table, after great ceremonies, without having eaten a bite. When I told my friends that I had been invited to dine with Frederick Augustus they said to me, 'Better eat a full meal before you leave your home. You won't get anything to eat if you dine with King Frederick Augustus.' I laughed at them and told them no waiter could put a plate of food before me and then take it away again before I had done at least a little something to it.

"Augustus is a great, huge man. He sat at the head of the table. A royal servant brought him a plate of soup. He bent right down over it and simply scooped it into his person. He didn't wait for any of the rest of us to be served. In the meanwhile the servants were distributing soup as rapidly as they could among the guests. Some of us got some and others didn't. Just the minute that Frederick Augustus came up for air and settled back into his chair with a sigh the waiters, who saw his empty soup-plate, made a dash, like a lot of firemen, at all the other soup-plates in sight and whisked them away before any of us had had a chance for more than a few spoonfuls.

"I determined that I would eat as rapidly as Augustus; I had made up my mind to get a meal out of the occasion if possible. But the king had the start on us. The servants brought him his fish and he pounced on it without ceremony. In the meantime we had to wait for the servants to bring us ours. They hurried to serve us, too; but none of us had a fair chance. It was the code at that table, as at all royal tables, to cease eating your course, even in mid-channel, as soon as the king put down his knife and fork.

"Between courses the king would sit back and chat most affably; he didn't know his guests were missing their food; his face was always too close to his own food to notice that fact.

"It was the same with the meat course and with the dessert and cheese.

"My friends were right. When I went home that night, I had to ask a servant to bring me a big, comforting supper. No. No matter how Frederick may disguise

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himself for the street or the hotel lobby, he can't hide his identity at the table. We'll hear about him, sooner or later, if he ever dines in public in Switzerland."

Up to the latest reports, however, none of the head-waiters of Switzerland had reported any extraordinary eaters in their dining-rooms.

However much we may criticize kings, I noted, nevertheless, that, if you follow instinct, you get a thrill in the presence of a king or an ex-king. It is possible, of course, to take hold of your republican self with a firm hand and say, "Look here! This fellow is only a two-legged man, who eats and sleeps and thinks and does other things just as I do. There's nothing sacred about him. Buck up and look him in the eye." You can do this, I know, because I have done it; but way down deep, when I was off my guard, I felt an abysmal regard for a royal person, whether I knew that royal person was right or wrong.

For instance, down in a hotel in Genoa, Italy, where I had the only room with a bath, the manager came to me and said:

"The King of Montenegro is coming this afternoon to take the rooms next to yours, and I must give him your bath."

I surrendered. I found myself saying to myself: "A king's got to take his daily tub, of course. This king of Montenegro is an old man. These Europeans give everything to a king that he wants, and there's no use of my trying to keep this bath if the king wants it." Some king-loving ancestor of mine—we've all had such ancestors, you know—had his way with me, and I gave up the bath without a struggle. Plenty of reasons for doing so arose in my perverted mind.

Before night the king moved in with his suite. Huge Montenegrin body-guards stood in the hallway; messengers came and went; a piano was brought to the suite, and that night it sounded far into the hours of sleep.

Later, when I told an American friend—who, please note, had never been in the presence of a king—how I had given up my bath to a king, he looked at me with surprise. He went, without comment, to the hotel desk and asked for the Almanach de Gotha, the directory of royalty. He turned to the Montenegro section.

"What's the population of Montenegro?" he asked me. I didn't know.

He pointed out the figures to me: two hundred and thirty-five thousand.

"Only two hundred and thirty-five thousand people," he said in disgust. "Why, you must be acquainted with mayors of American cities that have more then two hundred and thirty-five thousand people in them. Would you give up a bath to a mayor?"

"Well, if he was an old man—" I suggested.

"Rot!" said my friend. "You fell for him because he was a king."

That stirred me up.

"Listen here!" I answered. "I didn't stand a chance in the world to keep that bath. We were in Italy. The daughter of the King of Montenegro married the King of Italy. The King of Montenegro was in his own son-in-law's country. Do you suppose that hotelkeepers would have gone to the King of Montenegro and said, 'You can't have that bath because an American's got it and won't give it up'?"

Just to show how little some Americans really do know about kings, this one didn't even know that King Nicholas was King Victor Emanuel's father-in-law. When I explained this to him, his arguments and recriminations ceased.

"Well, of course if he was on his own home ground, as you might say, you had to follow ground rules, I suppose," he ended weakly.

But he had been right, at first, I'm afraid. I believe to this day that I'd have given up that tub, anyhow, without any other reason than that Nicholas had been a king. And I don't know many Americans who wouldn't have done the same, even if their ancestors, like mine, had been born in America for seven generations back.

THE king thing is being gradually bred out of us; but it is a mental coccyx with us yet. I once saw, in the grounds at Tsarskoe Selo palace, near Petrograd, a little whiskered man, in a fur-trimmed overcoat, shoveling snow. Through the railings of the fence I was gazing at him, in company with hundreds of Russians, who, only a few weeks before, had helped to overthrow him. They were all silent and open-mouthed. Along the fence inside the grounds were Russian soldiers guarding the prisoner. They did not stand as grim, disinterested, duty-bound guards. Their rifles were at slack and they, too, gazed at the once royal figure under a sort of charm. More than once I saw those silent crowds at Tsarskoe. I can understand how those men who finally drew their rifles on the czar pulled their triggers still under the awe of that strange charm, with an extra thrill in the fact that they were proving that a king was only human and could perish by bullets.

This awe of kings I found more obvious in Holland than in republican Switzerland.

When I went to that little two-storied wooden house on the island of Wieringen where the young man who might have become emperor of Germany was residing as a prisoner, I discovered that the islanders and all the folks in the near-by Dutch towns on the mainland were inclined to venerate him. His little house there is the center of propaganda. The proprietor of the hotel near by showed me his hotel register containing the names of hundreds of German officers who have come to the island to confer with the ex-crown prince. If I could have waited over two weeks, so I was told by Herr Mulner von Mulnheim, the secretary to his once royal highness, I might have had an interview with him. His once royal highness is giving interviews to the proper sort of correspondents almost weekly. Japanese correspondents he especially favors. Not one of them is ever turned away from Wieringen if he can afford to wait until his once royal highness is ready. I couldn't wait; my boat was sailing for America. So Herr Mulner von Mulnheim—who used to stand beside the crown prince on hilltops watching the German army fight, but who now lives with him as secretary in the little Dutch house—gave me a pamphlet of thirty pages, telling me and whoever else might choose to read it what a fine young fellow the ex-crown prince really is. While the Swiss regard for royalty is not low, it is certain that they would permit no fallen royalty in Switzerland to go as far in propaganda and in political activity as the Hollanders were permitting the ex-crown prince to go when I visited Wieringen last autumn.

The master of the island of Wieringen is the burgomaster. He is appointed by the Holland national government, not elected by the citizens as an ordinary mayor. If you desire to approach the ex-crown prince, you must meet the burgomaster. He acts as the go-between and the buffer for the ex-crown prince.

On the little boat that plies between the island and the mainland, as I was leaving the island, a young fellow said to me:

"You're a correspondent, aren't you? They told you you'd have to wait a couple of weeks to see the crown prince, didn't they?"

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Oh, the burgomaster told me. He knew all about it. But he let me see the crown prince. I was in talking to the crown prince while you were out in the yard."

"Are you a correspondent?" I asked him.

"Lord, no! I'm in the fruit business in Amsterdam. Look what the crown prince gave me."

He showed me a cigarette-case of fine leather, bearing on it, in deeply sunk gilt, the initial "W" and the crown prince's coat of arms.

"My boss in Amsterdam heard the crown prince couldn't get any fresh fruit on the island and so he sent me down here with a basket of it. I went to the burgomaster and he telephoned over to the crown prince's house. They telephoned right back that the crown prince would receive me. The burgomaster told me how to behave when I met the crown prince and I hurried right over to his house with the fruit."

"How did you behave?" I asked. "What did the burgomaster tell you to do?"

"Oh, he only told me to be sure to call him 'your royal highness.' That was all. He says everybody who goes there must call him 'royal highness.' It makes him feel better.

"Well, when I came in with the basket of fruit, they met me and gave me a glass of sherry. Then the crown prince came into the room. He made me sit down, but he stood up. He told me he liked the Holland people very much. He talked about the weather to me and then he gave me this cigarette-case and told me to thank my employer for the fruit. He's a fine fellow and I should think you'd wait around here until you can meet him. The Dutch people on the island didn't like him at first, they tell me, but he's been around painting pictures of their little children, playing billiards in the village hotel and talking to them about fishing; and now they think he's fine."

The father of the ex-crown prince, who has purchased a country estate in the east of Holland not far from the German frontier, is just as silent as his son is active.

In the castle of the Bentinck family at Amerongen—a castle surrounded by a moat which is filled with water from the River Rhine, so that the ex-kaiser still from his bedroom window keeps his watch or that well-known stream—the ex-

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kaiser, until he bought his new estate, was a guest who was no little burden to his hosts.

Count Carlos Bentinck, son of the ex-kaiser's host, accompanied me personally over the estate. With a nice regard for the rules of hospitality, he never once mentioned the ex-royal guest, but, after we had passed several Dutch sentries, who stood about the grounds and at the entrances, he sighed and said:

"This is very much like living in a prison, isn't it?"

There spoke the son of the house, who was free to go and come as he pleased. I couldn't feel, from what he said, that the Bentinck household or its guest was happy.

A long-bearded, gray-haired, broken man is the man who was emperor of Germany. He might stand at the foot of any of his own statues in Germany and be unrecognized. His mustaches he no longer trains upward. They droop at the ends, and, between beard and mustache, his mouth is hidden. He might go on the streets of any city in the world—this man more photographed and painted and sculptured and statued than any other man in the world—and pass unknown through the crowds. He is afraid of people. On a little separate piece of land, protected by a moat and a high wall, he spends his time in sawing logs. The Bentincks for many years have sold timber for mines. Much of it went to Belgium and northern France. The trees which the Bentinck workmen carry to the castle grounds are sawed into mine timber by the ex-kaiser and this timber is carried off to be sold. It is quite probable that some of it will find its way to the mines at Lens, which were destroyed by the German army.

In a little hotel at Amerongen, where the newspaper men were keeping watch on the ex-kaiser, I saw also a worried-looking German in civilian clothes. He is the ex-kaiser's physician. Once before I had seen that gentleman. It was in the winter of 1914 in the kaiser's palace in Berlin. I had gone there, with other correspondents, to ask about the kaiser's health, which at that time was bad. He came to meet us then in a splendid uniform. He alighted from a magnificent motor-car, spoke with us for five minutes, and then disappeared into the palace. To-day, sitting on this hardwood chair in the yard of this little hotel in this little country town reading a German newspaper of antiquated date, as newspapers go, he does not seem the same man. He would talk to correspondents in those days of security. Now he dreads them and moves from his chair when they come near. He goes several times every day to attend the wife of the ex-kaiser, whose heart is gravely affected. After each visit he returns to the hotel, sits himself down in the yard and pores over the papers from home or spends his time thinking. The only happy, lively man I saw of the kaiser's suite was his cook. With a face that strangely resembles his master's, and with his mustaches upturned in true *kaiserliche* fashion, he goes to the village market or moves about among the villagers with happy greetings, a hero in their eyes and in his own.

The ex-kaiser will not talk to correspondents or to anybody but his old and trusted friends. He has sent personal notes to the correspondents, saying that he can never imagine himself talking or writing for the public.

All in all, I gather that he is the brokenest, the unhappiest, and most hopeless of all the fallen monarchs. In a heedless mood you might, as a republican American, be inclined to gloat just a bit over some of the fallen but still life-loving royalty that you see in Switzerland. But this broken, fallen man is too miserable to excite anything but wonder at the very depths of his error and misery.

The driver of my car had driven the ex-kaiser a few weeks before to see the country place which he was about to purchase; it was the only time that the ex-kaiser had left the Bentinck estate.

"A very sick man! Suffering very much! Very old and very sick!" he told me in broken English.

Later, in Italy, at Santa Margharita, I saw the Italians follow with their glances the figure of a great, tall, lanky man who walked along the country road from a suburban hotel to shop in their town. He was Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the czar of Russia. He had once been commander-in-chief of the great Russian army. By his simple word and gesture hundreds and thousands of men had gone to their death; he had held the destinies of millions of homes in his long, slender palms. Now he was bereft of all state and pomp and power. He did not even have an automobile. He might order, in thunderous tones, the most humble peasant to step off the sidewalk and let him pass, and that peasant need not obey. He paid his hotel bills like any other mortal; he had a few old friends with him at the hotel, trusty friends who had fled with him for their very lives from the Bolshevik-ridden Crimea. He came down to meals when the gong rang like the rest of us, and he liked his coffee in the coffee-room, with folks sitting about the various tables, smoking and chatting. He could speak English. He refused an offer to write a series of articles for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE that would have put an ordinary person on Easy Street for several years. He simply said that anything he said or wrote would be construed as politics—and he was out of politics; in fact, had never been in it.

He was about the sixth ex-royal person who had told me he couldn't talk for publication.

It gets tiring, in time, to be told this, even by royalty. Thrilled as you may be at sitting face to face with folks from fallen thrones, one gets tired of talking with them unless one can publish what they say. Three or four weeks of this fallen-king hunt, without one single printable interview, was quite enough for any magazine reporter. Some of them, I found, would trust you; they would let you know what they thought and felt about things; they would answer all the questions you felt free to ask, but not for publication. You might, in a general way, sort of speaking for yourself, tell about them and their troubles, as I have done in this article, but none of it could be printed first hand.

I had started out determined, if possible, to get at least one king to talk. I had seen enough of royalty and heard enough to realize that they were all only a lot of a certain kind of folks, with a certain kind of education and certain sets

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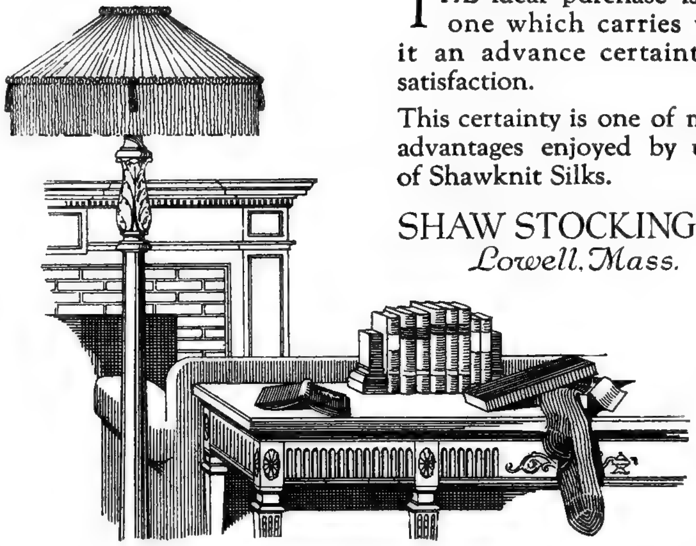

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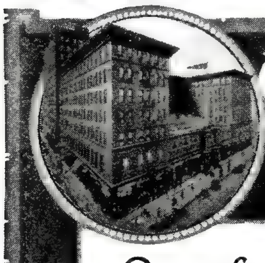

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of general ideas, like all the rest of us. I knew that a free and open talk with one of them would prove, more than anything else, that kings, after all, were only folks.

"Tino" did it for me; Constantine of Greece; brother-in-law of the ex-kaiser; husband of the ex-kaiser's sister, the temporarily Episcopalian Sophia; Constantine, who was run off his throne by the Allies because he prevented Greece from coming into the war; Constantine, whose second son now sits on the Athenian throne.

With a group of American correspondents who were dining at a hotel in Lucerne, I heard that ex-King Constantine was living in that same hotel. We were guests of a number of Swiss gentlemen and the dinner was going right merrily when we sent up word to the ex-king's equerry that we would like to meet the king. Word came back shortly that Constantine would receive us at 9:45, after he himself had finished dinner. One of us mentioned the fact that we ourselves would not be through dinner until 10:45. Our Swiss hosts had some speeches to make. We sent back word that 10:45 would be a better hour for us. The equerry replied that the hour we had set would be agreeable to his majesty.

At 10:30 our republican Swiss hosts enthusiastically watched their republican American guests rise from the table and start for the elevator to go up-stairs to talk with a king.

They bade us Godspeed; they were as interested as we.

"We'll wait right here at the table until you come back," they said.

A huge, tall, blondish, big-boned man in a Tuxedo; a bald-headed man with a fascinating depression across his head right abaft his tall brow stood waiting for us in a reception-room. We had been informed that it was the code to address him as "majesty." His hands were in his trousers-pockets. You may not believe it, but he looked nervous. It seemed to me that he felt as if he were thrusting out his chest against a storm. After we had been presented, one after the other, he put his shaking hand back into his pocket, and said:

"Well, gentlemen, is there anything you would like to ask me? I understand that you are American correspondents."

"Yes, we are," admitted one of us.

"Well," said the ex-king, hitting directly on the crux of what was in the minds of some of us, "I don't want to apologize for anything I did in the war, but I do want to say that I have never been anti-Entente. I did my best to keep Greece out of the war because I thought that a little nation like Greece couldn't gain anything by going into the struggle with the great nations."

"But do you think she lost anything by coming in at last?" asked one of us.

"No," he replied, "she didn't. But, you see, she came in too late to be badly hurt."

That was the way the interview started. This king was very human. To speak vulgarly, like unroyal folks, he was trying to square himself with us, and, through us, with America. He talked of many things that provoked further questions on our part.

Did he like the treaty?

He was in a neutral country, he said,

where politics were not discussed, but did we think the treaty would end all wars?

"I understand that there are twenty-four little wars going on in the world now," he added. "I counted them up, lately, in the newspapers."

"And," he added, "if the League-of-Nations idea is good, why is it necessary for the Americans, England and France to enter into a special alliance?"

We didn't know, and we told him so.

But it wasn't politics that I really wanted to discuss. I wanted to talk about kings and their affairs. Ever since old King Edward referred to his profession as "the king business" and suggested that kings ought to stand together, I had cherished the perverse idea of saying to some royalty some fine day: "How is the king business getting along?"

And before I knew it this question was out of my mouth. I reminded the former king of what King Edward had said, then I asked, "Have you noticed that the king business has become more difficult of late?"

He might have got angry and closed the interview; he might have refused to answer, on the grounds of impertinency. Or he might have smiled, as if it were all an American joke.

He did none of these things.

He remained earnest. He turned to me and said, slowly and seriously—this man who had sat on a European throne, whose father had been a king, and who had spent most of his life in the palaces of his relatives, who form the reigning houses of Europe:

"Let me tell you. I think that the monarchical idea is an exploded principle."

I think we all gasped.

One of us spoke up, after a time, and said:

"Do you mean that the monarchical form of government is dead? Or do you mean that the idea of the divine right of kings is exploded?"

"The divine right of kings is through with," he answered. "I never believed in it."

"You were personally acquainted with all the kings and queens of Europe, were you not?" I asked.

"I believe I knew them all, personally," he answered.

"Did you know any of them who believed in the divine right of kings?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," he replied slowly.

"Can you tell us who it was?"

"The Kaiser and the Germans," he said. "He was the only ruler I knew who believed in the divine right of kings. None of the rest of us believed in it. Divine right of kings is solely a German idea. It existed only in Germany, but the Kaiser believed in it, and so did all his people."

"Did you know the Czar of Russia?" I asked, thinking that perhaps he had overlooked Russia on the divine-right issue.

"Yes, I knew him very well. He was one of the most liberal-minded men in the European courts."

"If he was so liberal, how was it that people were so discontented?"

"The Czar never got the truth about anything. He was surrounded by men who misinformed him about everything. He was always misled."

For a moment or two he was silent.

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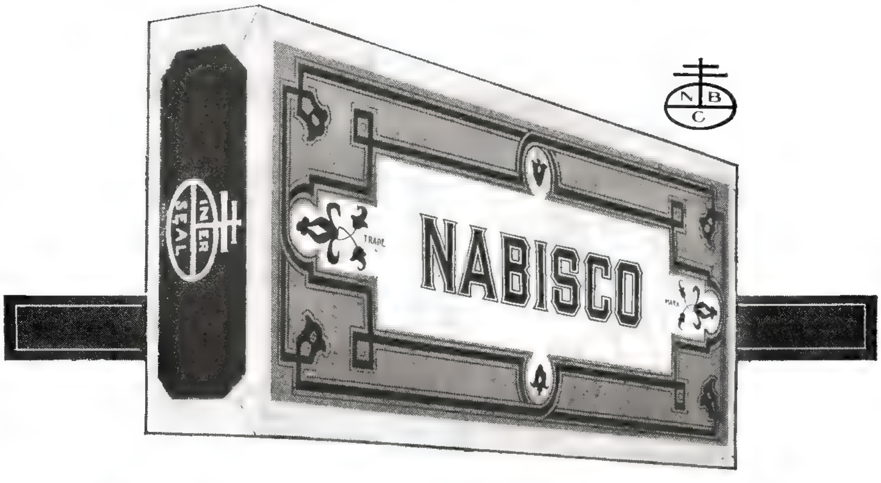

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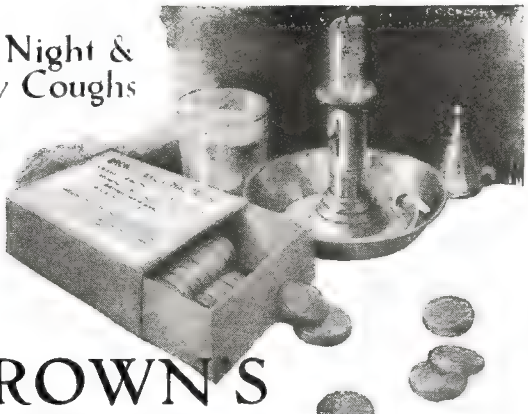

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Then he looked up at us with a mischievous smile, and said:

"I knew all the kings of Europe; that's true. But I never have known one who had the power that is possessed by your President of the United States."

We all agreed that might be true. We had been at the peace conference in Paris and had seen commoners like Lloyd George and the Socialist Vandervelde speaking for kings like George V and King Albert, and we knew that what this ex-king said was true.

But we also realized that there was a catch in his statement somewhere. He was intimating that "the king business" was fairer to people than the republican form of government might be as we knew it back in the United States. At last one of us found the catch and put it into words, slowly, respectfully, and mainly in the form of simple questions.

"Yes, our President has a lot of power," we agreed. "But what do your people in Europe do if one of their kings goes wrong in the use of power? Every four years in the United States we say whether or not we want our President to continue to handle our affairs. How do the people in Europe express their opinion that they want a new king? Is there any way of doing it, without a revolution?"

"No. There isn't, as matters are arranged now," answered Constantine.

But his next remark showed that he, like other kings that I have heard of recently in Europe, is looking forward to a new day for kings.

"I only hope," he said deliberately, "that the next elections in Greece will be fair ones, and that the people will have a chance to freely express their will at the polls. Speaking plainly, the issue is between me and Venizelos——"

Wonder of wonders! A European king, member of the king-trust of Europe, going to the polls against a lawyer!

"I'm willing to abide by the decision of the Greek people. If they vote against me, I will accept their decree. But I do want to know that they will have a fair chance to vote in the elections of 1920."

"Don't you think the elections will be fair?" we asked.

"I have reason to believe that they will be controlled by soldiers, and that they will be juggled," he replied. "I wish you correspondents would make my wishes clear to the people of America. There are three hundred thousand Greeks there."

A king in politics, at last! Out in the open, with his lightning-rod up, like a presidential candidate! A humble seeker for the mandate of the people.

Just to relieve the seriousness and, perhaps, the shock of it, one of us told the ex-king how we republicans, at a dinner with republicans, had left our speeches and ceremonies half an hour to meet a king.

"Well," he said with a smile, "the right sort of kings aren't so bad."

And there it all is, in a nutshell. All the kings—and queens—who are tramping around the Swiss bear-pit these days are trying to figure out how, if they ever get back again, they can be the "right sort of kings." Born to thrones, they are now quite willing to be voted to them instead.

The war has changed us all. The whole king business, so I found on my quest, has been turned as topsy-turvy as everything else.

The Passing of the St. Louis Bearcat

(*Continued from page 56*)

ing days leaves as remote and improbable as ever.

The rubber repeated: "You get yours now, Sim; come on."

Sim leaped up. "Sure—say the altitude's gettin' his goat?"

"They say so, but I don't b'lieve it," declared the rubber, who by now worshiped his idol.

Sim felt the partizanism in the boy's tones.

"Well—I'll go in and help the altitude," he uttered with dry lips. It was his little jest. The other boys had made one. He had made one, although there was none to hear except the hostile rubber.

Luring Sim like a mirage through the smelly hallway floated a wedding with Maggie. To that bliss, the Stingaree's body was the ladder he meant to ascend. His day-dreams were solidifying. Maggie and marriage, no longer a nebulous paradise, a reality just beyond the passage door. His heart began pounding. His whole body felt light as a feather. Sim did not know it, but among all the orderers of dope in the dressing-room, he alone had received a stimulant.

A wide buzzing struck the boy like a breath. Somebody laughed harshly, and stopped as quickly as if he had been choked.

A brilliant core of light under the arcs formed the center of the gymnasium; from it washed a sea of nebulous human heads. The air was warm and stinking and stripped of oxygen. Amid this blur of impressions, four or five saliencies pinned Toyne's attention. Maggie sat watching the brilliant ring with anxious eyes, shielding her face from the glare overhead with her handkerchief. In the middle seat, Adele gripped her chair-arms and stared into Sim's face with wide, scared eyes.

Action sped briskly in the ring. Two negro rubbers, naked to the waist, massaged a huge, white figure. The blacks worked furiously, kneading the thighs, arms, and great pectoral muscles of the champion. Occasionally one poured ice water over him, rubbed his face with a sponge or let him chew it.

It was as Sim had feared: Stingaree was not Fahey. This man was immense.

As Sim skirted a shoal of legs and feet toward the ring, his eyes fixed on his opponent, to his amazement, the man's features did melt into those of Fahey. It was Fahey, this huge naked man; huge with that sense of hugeness super-developed muscles give to anything—even a two-inch statuette.

Maroney came to the edge of the ring, reached down and bounced Sim lightly over the ropes on to the canvas. There were spots of blood on it here and there.

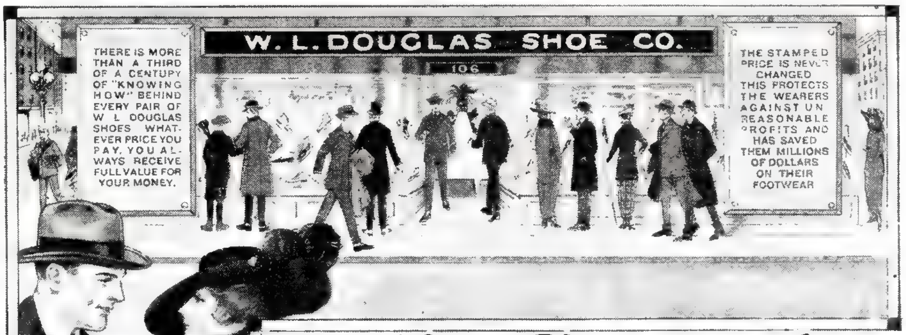
"La'es zan Gents!" he boomed, "Mr. Sim Toyne, the last and final number on the program."

"You mean *pogrom!*" laughed a voice.

A scattering of hand clapping.

"Bow!" whispered Maroney in a breathy voice.

Sim bowed to a high tide of shadowy faces that seemed about to inundate the brilliant ring.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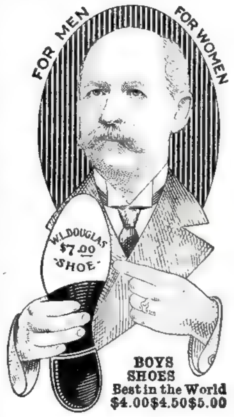

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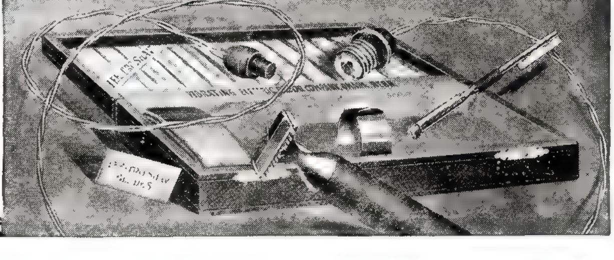

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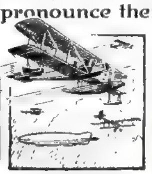
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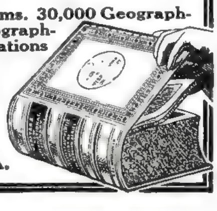

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Maroney took advantage of the moment to aspirate, "Th' altitude's got him—heart's hunderd'n forty—eat 'im raw!" Then he propelled Sim toward a corner with stools, and buckets in it.

Almost before the boy sat down, the negroes lifted the St. Louis Bearcat, and practically brought him across the ring to Sim's corner.

The boy got up ready to hit or dodge. He quivered from head to foot. But the Bearcat only reached for Sim's hands, felt them over carefully, picked up the gloves and felt them. As he did so, Sim saw Fahey's hands were tightly bandaged. The champion offered these to Sim, who took them blankly.

One of the negro rubbers whispered in a soft, blubbery voice, "Feel uv um, Boss, feel uv um—let on lak you is ef you ain't."

Sim felt of them. He had no idea why. Then the two "Y" rubbers leaped at their principal and began jamming the new green gloves on Sim's hands which he extended stiffly against their pushes.

In the center of the ring Maroney boomed out something about "Marquis of Queensberry—fighting allowed in clinches—break clean—" It was all confusion to Sim. Then the trainer beckoned the fighters together for final instructions. Suddenly the brilliant white square seemed immense to Sim. He had to walk a long way to reach the center. The trainer put his arms about the two boxers' shoulders and was saying something with nods of his head and cigar. The crowd leaned forward in their seats with a wide rustling. Then complete silence. The gong rang. Maroney jumped back, leaving his neophyte in the center of a vast canvas square.

Boy and man touched gloves at arm's length, gingerly—that was the handshake, then the Bearcat bounced back and fell into a kind of rubbery vibration. He jigged like an enormous gnat in the beating light. He dabbed at Sim from one side, now from another. He was queerly compact, all in a ball, flipping, snapping—here—there—a big gnat dancing in the light—

The situation began to hold a sort of fantasy for Sim. It annoyed him; he tapped tentatively at the face which hovered right before him. It jiggled aside and suddenly, a glove out of nowhere rapped him on the nose.

It stung. A roar of laughter arose out of the darkness. Sim felt foolish and backed away with a warm sensation about his nose and lips. He might as well have backed from a wasp. The Bearcat hovered like a horror in a dream just outside his guard, now close, now far, one side, the other side—a blurred movement; something struck Sim's jaw.

A throb of anger went through the boy. The crowd already hot in its lust for bruised flesh could endure no preliminaries. It began hooting, "Hey git action!" "Quit running—'sain't no marathon!" "Biff him, Sim!" "'Chout, he'll bite your mit, Sim!"

Anger and the goading burnt up Sim's caution. He swung back an arm to annihilate that jigging phantom—he telegraphed his blow seconds ahead—

The arc light seemed to explode. Pain and a gong-like ringing roared through his head. He felt himself reeling, falling. The ropes caught him and bounced him back. Thanks to his brief training he

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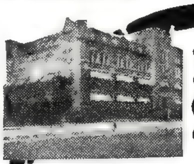

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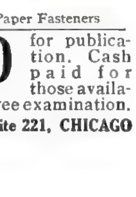

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dropped into a shaky crouch, covering stomach and head with gloves and forearms. When his ears could hear, the yelping and roaring of the house filled them. The Bearcat was turning to his corner when one of the negro rubbers yelled and pointed at the boy half doubled, dazed, but still on his feet in the center of the ring. The Bearcat flashed at his victim. A terrible fear of losing Maggie shot through Sim. He stumbled forward, guard down. The Bearcat swung viciously—the gong rang.

In Sim's corner, the boy rubbers started amateur ministrations. They could really do nothing. Sim was not tired yet. His head rang and ached from Fahey's blow, and his nose still bled from that first light tap. This made breathing difficult in the fetid atmosphere. The ice-water sponge felt good to his head and bruised mouth. The boy tried to see Maggie, but his eyes were too unsteady to make her out. He heard voices betting that he would not last out another round. There was a good deal of laughter, and somewhere a child was crying. The boy seemed hardly to drop on his stool before the gong struck.

The "Y" rubbers boosted Sim to his feet and he went forward with a more careful guard. But the Bearcat rushed straight from his corner and landed on the boy's sore mouth. Pain made the novice furiously angry. He lashed out with both arms, bulled his way into a smother of blows. The boy worked with the peculiar awkwardness of tyros, swinging his thin arms desperately, much into air, now and then into gloves, occasionally landing on meat. Yet he made a great flutterment as the lightweight snapped under and over his guard, jabbing, uppercutting, hooking; doing it all deftly, without lost motion as the string of openings developed before him.

With a shift of sympathy, the house began cheering the boy. Adele's piping stood out above the uproar. The child seemed on the verge of hysteria, "Hit him, Sim! Hit the mean ol' man—he's a mean ol' man!"

The round ended with Sim dripping from sweat and utterly exhausted from his surprising flurry. When the bell released him, he got to his corner, flopped on his stool and hung arms and head limply over the ropes. His body was marked with pink oozy patches, that flamed into fire as the boys massaged him. One of his ears felt torn off.

But his attack had electrified his assistants. The whole house had taken notice of their man and now they worked with immense morale. From time to time they glanced at the two negroes operating on the champion and imitated their movements.

This kneading brought back some faint tone to Sim's spent form. In further imitation of the negroes, one of the boys grabbed a towel and began fanning. Sim opened his mouth and gulped the air.

Beside the platform a small voice wailed forth,

"Is he a-dying?"

"Naw! Naw Sis, Naw!" cried one of the attendants, "he's puttin' up the scrap of his young life!"

Laughter rippled through the buzz of bets and speculation in the shadows.

"S-Sim, le's go home— I—I want to go home, S-Sim!"

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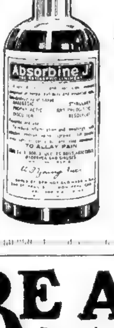

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The boy dropped down one of his arms, found Adele and petted her dumbly. He felt her clutch his arm and press her hot cheek to his skin. Her hair tickled.

"Kain't we go home now?" she asked shakily, "What makes you wear such a big glove, Sim? Did he hurt you, Sim?"

The boy shook his wet head above her.

"He's sick!" cried the child in alarm, "I tell you, he ought to go home! What you doin' to him?" she screamed at the rubbers. The crowd laughed again, and a woman's voice said, "That's a shame!"

A grateful fancy played through Sim's aching head. When he and Maggie married they would have a little daughter like Adele, a silken little daughter— Gong! —and the rubbers heaved their hero into the arena.

The champion may have been trying to finish quickly before the altitude really prostrated him. It is a long ascent from St. Louis to Leadville. The air is thin in Colorado and in this particular spot deoxygenized. At any rate the Bearcat was on Sim before the boy was well out of his corner.

Next moment the air was filled with terrific impacts. The boy's head rocked and roared. As he staggered backward, a swing to the pit of his stomach brought him cramping agony. Again the ropes caught and unmercifully held up the collapsing youngster to further punishment. Sim clung to the manila with a terrible vibrating figure before him. It worked like some infernal dynamo, shocking him, making the lights flare and fade. The ring, the crowd, the whole house danced before his wobbling head.

At last pity touched even the crowd, "Hey stop it! Cut it out! Stop 'em! Lay down, Sim! Lay down!"

The very ropes to which Sim clung were melting to nothingness, when he heard a shriek, rather like a fighting tomcat's, right under him. Next moment, he saw dimly a small beribboned figure scramble through the ropes and dart at his persecutor.

The little virago gripped the monster's leg, her mouth snapped to his hip, and Adele, still gurgling her scream, took a furious mouthful out of the light-weight champion of the world.

Fahey stared down and twisted from the closing teeth,

"Sister! Here Sister, Sister!" he protested earnestly, trying to press back her beribboned head with gentleness.

In that brief respite, Sim caught a wavering glimpse of a jaw. With his last foot-pound of strength, he struck.

The boy, the spent athlete and the little girl, all slumped over on the white canvas beneath the beating light and lay still.

And that shadowy wave of heads broke over the brilliant arena in a roar. Maroney jumped for Adele and handed her to a rubber with ice water. Then he waggled his arm over the men and counted ten. He himself had no idea whom he was counting out.

Then ice water brought both fighters around. Amid bedlam they shook hands, this time quite fraternally. The crowd was yelling for a decision to settle bets.

"It was a foul!"

"Who fouled?"

"Who lost?"

"The boy knocked him out!"

"The first one that came to, won."

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"That was the little girl!"

On the lap of one of the rubbers, Adele was saying with astonishing composure, "I don't like that St. Louis Bearcat, he's a mean man."

The rubber grinned, "You ought to know. You tasted him."

Eddies from the departing crowd drifted back to shake Fahey's hand. They also shook Sim's hand. After all, glory comes through hard knocks; brides are won by brawn.

The boxing class appeared, smelling of witch hazel, their faces interesting studies of yellows and blues.

Then Sim saw Maggie standing between her father and the St. Louis Bearcat.

Maroney was saying, "Gents of my boxing class, tried and trusted friends of me and muh family, and friends, I hope, of Mr. Fahey, who you have just fought with so much honor to yourselves and Leadville—noble young friends, I now invite you to adjourn to the auditorium of this building, where the Rev. Maudsley, our b'loved Bible instructor, will solemnize the wedding of the St. Louis Bearcat with muh daughter, Maggie. They leave on the two o'clock, so's Mr. Fahey can pull off his match t'morrer night at Denver. Come one, come all. This'n's on me!"

Cheers! Whoops! Renewed shaking of hands.

A dizzier feeling than Mr. Fahey ever punched into Sim swept over the boy. A rough hand clutched Sim's left glove and the voice of McGillicuddy shook in his ear, "Godfrey's Cordial!"

A pull on Sim's right glove dragged him down to the level of a small girl who threw both arms about his neck, and plastered faintly perfumed kisses on his bruised lips. Between kisses she jigged in ecstacy.

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

Maggie's face and neck were shell pink. Her clear eyes clung to her huge-looking little champion.

Suddenly renewed enthusiasm filled the air. McGillicuddy first got the definite statement.

"EATS, Sim!" he yelled, "Eats in the audotorium!"

Toyne disengaged Adele's arms and got to his feet, "I'll go," he said gloomily, "and I'll eat, and I may seem light and gay, Lengthy, but deep in my bosom'll gnawr a secret sorrow—I'll tell that to the world."

Remembrance

By Amelia Josephine Burr

GIVE me at our parting
  No flowers that fade,
Give me no keepsake
Another's hands have made,
Nor the singing silence
Of a final kiss.
Give me for remembrance
No less than this—
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Your hands more strong to serve earth's
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THE KING'S THUMB

(*Continued from page 50*)

wages to be rewritten. There was the standard of credit to be reconstituted. The social order was askew—new times and new conditions to be explored. Now, suddenly, he was ambitious. He drew a deep breath, squared his shoulders. Now he could dip into his reserve of power, the reserve of which no man knew. Money? No; not money. Supremacy. That was it! Let the *hoi polloi* flock to the November polls and give voice to their opinions. Unseen and unknown, he could now sit back and mold Circumstance that was the root of the opinion of the world of democracy. He was born ten thousand years ahead of his time.

Young Zack! A mental defective; an atrophied intelligence that dabbled with the newspaper headlines of life, as a child pretends with dolls. Young Zack would be the richest youth in the world. The earnings of this vast aggregation of capital accrued to young Zack. But he was left powerless to taint the mass itself with his incompetence. That had been amply provided for. It was Winship who would manipulate, without let or hindrance. The accretions to this private fortune—which would grow like protoplasm under the hand of the master—would be the tithe collected by young Zack as the wages of being his father's son.

Winship picked up the telephone, pressed one of its battery of buttons that cut out eavesdroppers in the house; a trunk carried his signal into town, and he called for a number.

"Zack," he said, "your father is dead. While he was reading. Very easily, I think. I have just found him. You will want to come at once."

As he turned again to the figure in the chair, an impulse of tenderness moved him to lift the limp dead hand and place it again on the arm of the chair. Then he passed out. In a few minutes the great house was ablaze with light.

IV

WINSHIP had been abroad. Coming back, the ship's wireless went out of business, and for once, in this era of existence, he knew a few hours of ease. He drove straight to his office from the dock—that was the man. Young Algernon Wainright, a cousin, was sitting there waiting for him. The market had played ducks and drakes with young Algernon; he had coppered the wrong cards.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Winship, "that work—honest toil—is the logical excuse for bread and butter?"

"You have never taken the pains to teach me that," laughed the young scamp. "It pleases your vanity to have dependents."

"How much is it?" said Winship; and as the youth shamelessly doubled his needs, Winship made a memorandum. The time had come when he had grown ashamed of this blood-letting; he hid it, even from his secretary. As the youth went out, Winship looked up. There was another man there. He looked twice. It was old Verdelet, the lawyer, grown wolf-like in age.

"What do you want here?" asked Winship, as he turned to his desk.

"At your leisure, I wish to speak to you," said Verdelet.

"See Wilkins," said Winship shortly. Wilkins was his Man Friday. The lawyer rose and went out. Winship ran through the papers on his desk. One commanded his attention. It was signed "James Patton."

One of the oddities found in the Colson will was the old man's love for his enemies—some of them. Patton was one of the favored. Patton was an economist, a man of high ideals, unshakable convictions, absolute integrity. For thirty years he had inveighed against the crimes of Colson and the Sons of Oil of the Seventies.

When the will was opened, James Patton was one of the trustees of the Colson fortune. They were the dictators of the institution. There were three of them, Winship, Patton, and an old associate of Colson, also grown righteous in old age, Solomon Banks. To the general surprise, Patton had accepted the trust. This letter ran:

> Owing to the pressure of other duties to which I am bound I find it impossible to give time to the Colson trusteeship that it deserves. Therefore I must reconsider my action in accepting. Please consider this my withdrawal. With keen appreciation of the honor, etc., etc.

Winship rang. Wilkins came in; and as Winship held up the letter Wilkins stared at it, wordless.

"Well!"

"I tried to reach you by wireless," the secretary blurted out.

"You blithering idiot! Wasn't there such a thing as a tug—to reach me at the Hook, or off Quarantine?"

Wilkins strove to say something, but his voice faltered, his glance wavered. Winship leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes for a second. He saw the sum—as a mathematical prodigy sees, written across his retina, the value of x, in intricate roots, powers and reciprocals, without conscious calculation.

"Tell Verdelet to come in here," he said quietly.

Verdelet looked about furtively, and waited for the door to close on the heels of the secretary before he took his chair. Then he said: "We are alone. I am acting for Mr. Colson. You are to resign."

"*You* are acting for Mr. Colson? *I* am to resign!" roared the great man. His glance of unutterable contempt swept Verdelet from head to toe, Verdelet the King's Dog whom he had deliberately picked as his first enemy.

Verdelet rose to his feet, adjusted his cuffs, fingered his cravat, cleared his throat.

"Mr. Winship," he began, with great pomposity, "a great public institution is a great public trust! It becomes a hereditary responsibility. Man may make laws, but Mother Nature is inexorable—"

"Don't make a speech, Verdelet," interjected Winship tartly. "Put your cards on the table. Why did Patton get out?"

Verdelet indulged in a fatuous smile.

"He was laughed out," he said. "He couldn't stand ridicule. He had been the pet enemy of old Zechariah Colson for too many years for the harpies of the press to keep their hands off when he went in as executor. Mr. Winship, your colleague, Mr. Patton, is on the run."

"A run subject to acceleration from extraneous sources, I suppose?" said Winship, amiably.

"Possibly," admitted the little man, pulling at his whiskers.

"But we still out-vote you two to one, Verdelet," went on Winship. "There's Banks."

"*Was*, Mr. Winship," corrected Verdelet gently. "Mr. Banks, I am happy to say, came around to our point of view entirely. In fact, for the good of the institution, and so that he might not be suspected of standing in anybody's light, he has consented to retire, in favor of—"

"Oh, ho! So the old reprobate *was* for sale was he? You succeeded in buying him off, eh?" Winship was eyeing Verdelet with his odd smile. Verdelet also smiled.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" said Verdelet unctuously; he was rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Colson," he said, "considered it a crisis, that must be met at once—without waiting for the benefit of your—ah—counsel, and—ah—advice—though no one questions your disinterestedness, Mr. Winship! There was a special meeting of the Board this morning—before your ship docked. Mr. Colson—" he dwelt lovingly on the name— "asked me to assume Mr. Banks's place. My loyalty to the memory of his father would not permit me to refuse—although it is a great burden for one of my age—as you can understand, Mr. Winship."

"I see," said Winship; and he laughed outright in grisly humor. "And the—ah—the mental defective? I suppose he has received a call to fill his high station?"

"Exactly! Mr. Winship," said Verdelet. "You put it very aptly. I pride myself," he went on, smoothing his whiskers, "on some small part in arousing a sense of duty in Mr. Colson. It is not just, Mr. Winship," he continued, with a magisterial air, "for a young man to inherit such wealth, without being willing to devote—ah, his—ah—his inherited talent, to its administration. I congratulate myself on having been the humble instrument to awaken his sense of sacrifice. He has finally consented to assume the Chairmanship of the Board, vice Ferdinand Winship, resigned, to carry on his father's great trust."

Kicked out! Dished! Chagrin told him to fight. Logic counseled cold-blooded acceptance. To struggle was futile. They had impaled poor Patton, on the pen of ridicule. They had satisfied Banks's itching palm. They outvoted him, Winship, two to one.

Winship gazed about him at this room—this full room. His mind floated back to that first day when he came here, with this same Verdelet standing in the door to wish him well. There is a spiritual essence of events that persists in some unknown limbo after the event and the excuse for it have passed. Now he tasted again the essence of his coming, his first terrifying impression of emptiness, the sudden recollection of old Colson's words—"A man is

Linda Condon

A Novel

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

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his own excuse for survival!" Well, he had peopled this room. His creative imagination, like the field of a great generator, had stirred into life lines of force that radiated like spokes of a fan, crossing rivers and mountains, penetrating humble homes, rich counting houses, vast industries, with confidence and content. And to-day, as he looked down from his height of achievement—crash!

The King's Thumb! A mental defective, a poor wight born ten thousand years behind his time, using the power of inherited wealth, manipulated by this cunning old fox who had been trodden under foot and forgotten years gone by—this man, impelled by his *alter ego*, had taken advantage of the unforeseen chance of Patton's retirement, and turned down his thumb! Young Zack had been prodded, tossed into his own, through a carefully inflated sense of his importance to the world. Winship had always been vaguely conscious of the consuming envy of young Zack; Zack's assumption of fellowship had never concealed it. There is nothing so lasting as the hate of a dull man, Winship told himself now. And *he*—he would be Chairman of the Board. The irony of it was that old Zechariah Colson and Ferdinand Winship after him, had builded so well that this institution would go on and on, without diminution, through the impetus strong men had imparted to it.

Winship's cold eyes were fixed on Verdelet. He nodded and rang. Wilkins came in, timidly, looking askance at Verdelet, who sat smiling and pulling at his whiskers.

"Write out my resignation—and sign it," commanded Winship.

"To whom shall I address it, sir?"

"To Mr. Zechariah Colson," said Winship, rising.

He took up his things and went out. He walked along the marble galleries, looked down on the nests of desks and brass-ribboned rooms. He noted names on doors—his men; men he had watched, studied, tapped on the shoulder, whispered to—"We want you in the bank!" Several of them met him; they shook hands effusively, to welcome him home, with that transparent cordiality of men who seek to avoid a patent fact. This thing had been culminating for days. At a sudden thought he turned; and finding Verdelet treading softly behind him, he said: "It was curious about the wireless aboard ship breaking down at a critical moment."

Verdelet looked at him with level eyes. "Very!" he said; and he passed on.

At the corner Winship ran into young Algernon Wainright, coming out of a brokerage office.

"I suppose you have guessed them right this time, Algy," said Winship, eyeing the flushed face of the gambler.

"I do pride myself on some perspicacity," said Algernon. "This is the easiest game in the world to beat, if you know how."

"I hope you know how!" retorted Winship. "From now on, Algy, you are on your own." He moved off and was lost in the crowd, leaving the young man staring stupidly after the man of destiny.

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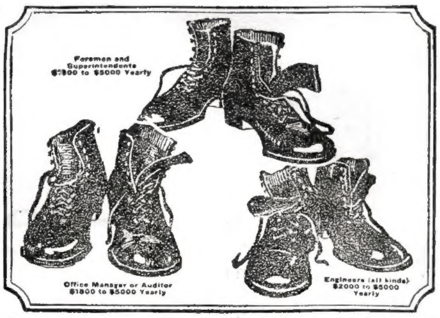
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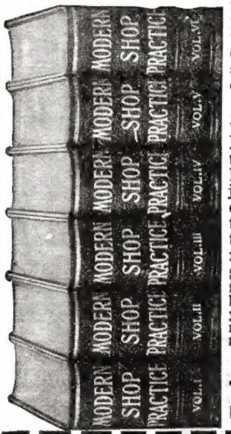
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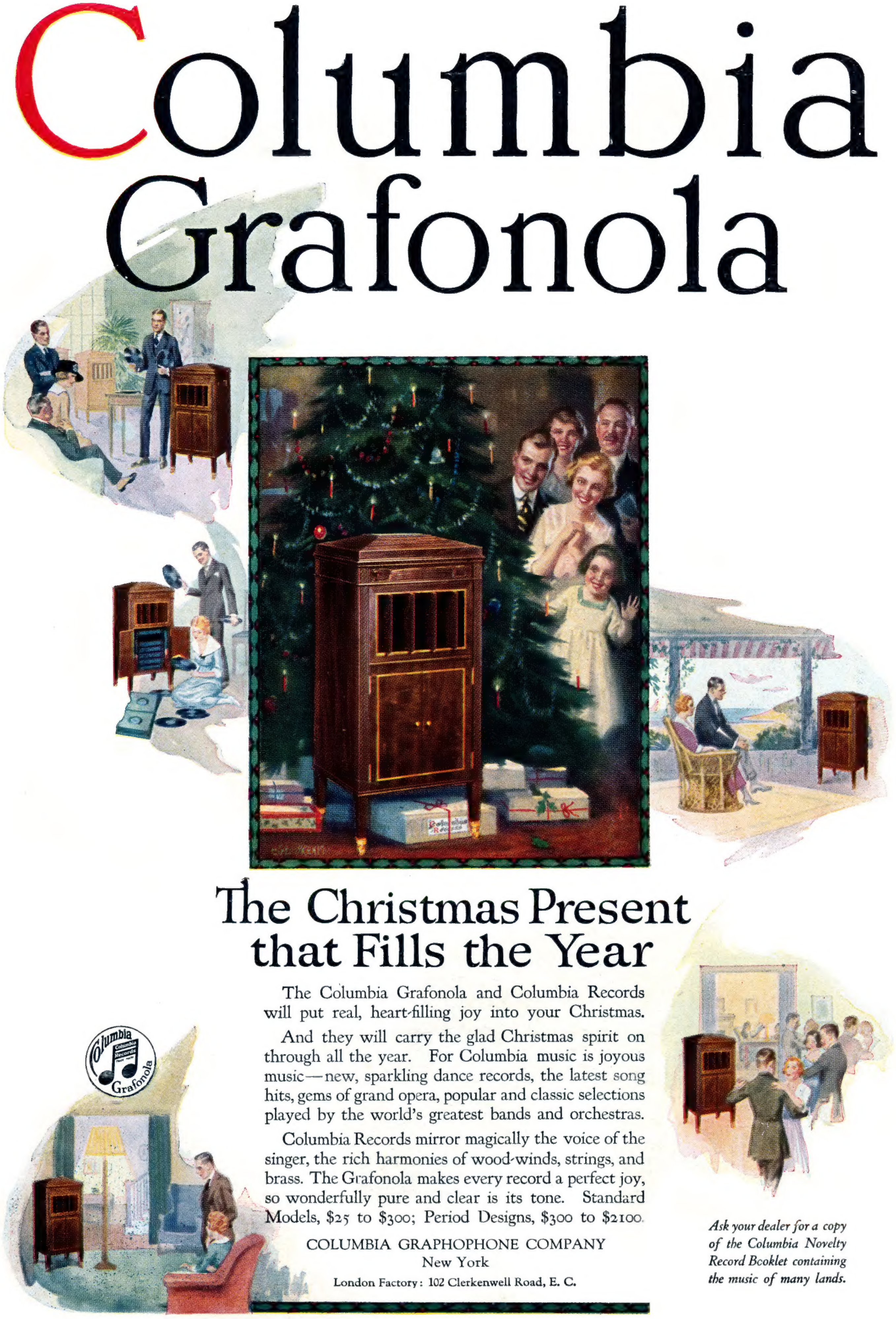

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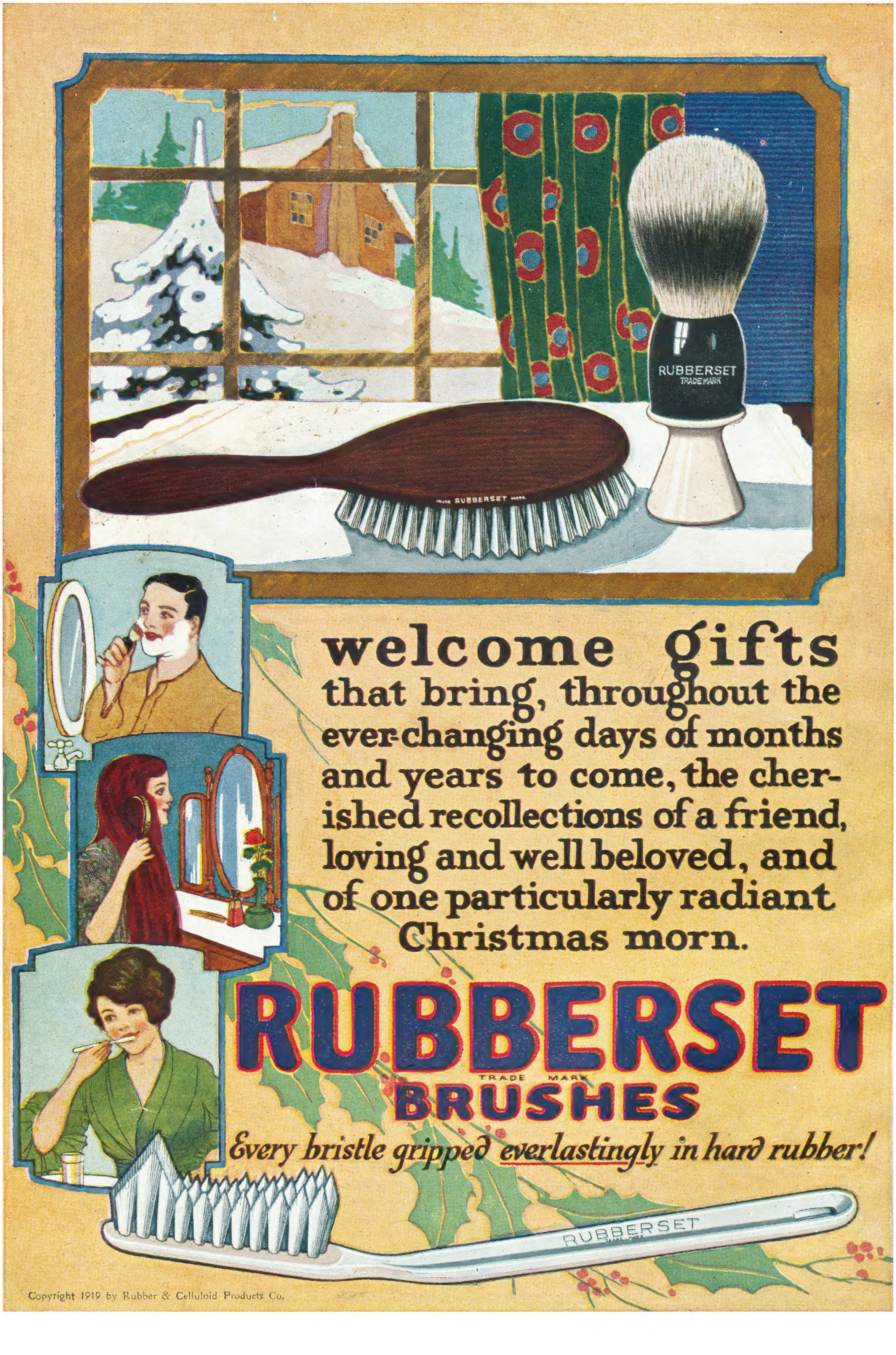
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